FAR PEOPLES

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FAR PEOPLES

By

GRACE DARLING PHILLIPS

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To

ALL THOSE OF OTHER RACES
WHEREVER I HAVE KNOWN THEM
AND ESPECIALLY TO
THE TWENTY UNDERSTANDING FRIENDS
WHO MADE THIS BOOK
POSSIBLE

EDITORS' PREFACE

A contracting world has its difficulties as well as its advantages. In the physical order it produces earthquakes; in the national order it produces misunderstandings and sometimes war. There is no necessary connection between intimacy and friendliness. When nations and civilizations are first brought into contact the reaction has seldom been friendly. Misunderstandings are by no means the outgrowth of ignorance alone. Imperfect acquaintance is quite as likely to be irritating as it is to be a source of friendliness. Novelties are very likely to be interpreted as inferiorities. That is one reason why it is unsafe to accept the judgment of tourists upon the peoples whom they may have visited. They too often see only what seems to them strange. It is when we can look beneath the habits and institutions of a foreign land to discover their origin and purpose that we begin to have real understanding of another civilization. Then it is that we discover a common humanity underlying most diverse cultures. There is, in fact, nothing so corrective of national self-sufficiency as a knowledge of the ways of thought and action which have constituted other civilizations. Nor should such acquaintance limit itself merely to matters of political institutions, languages, and religions. Anyone who wishes to understand the world in which he lives would do well to acquaint himself with the less-organized interests of other people: their songs, their proverbs, their games. Of course the best method in which to make this sympathetic acquaintance is to live in another civilization long enough to get over the sense of its difference from one's own. One may then still feel

free to criticize elements of another civilization, but such criticism is far less likely to be arrogant.

But few people can have such intimate acquaintance with other peoples, and most of us are likely never to have anything like cosmopolitan friendships through travel and residence in foreign lands. Miss Phillips has therefore rendered real service to a good international understanding by bringing into literature some of the materials which go to make up the everyday interests of other lands. Probably the sense of novelty will persist in the use of her material but it will be accompanied by the desire to understand and appreciate. The material is designed for use by both adults and children, often by both together. As adults feel the fellowship of joy with other peoples they may achieve a genuine sympathy with them. But naturally more is to be expected from the appreciation of the young folk. If we can get children to feel the interest of childhood the world around, and especially if we can help them appreciate the music and poetry of other people, at least one step will have been taken toward the development of what can freely be called the "international mind." For, after all, the process of building up a friendly world must rest upon a friendly attitude on the part of those who are to constitute the world a generation hence.

THE EDITORS

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

SOURCE OF THIS MATERIAL

Most of this collection has never before been published in English but has been gathered at first hand from persons native of the countries represented. It was found impossible to secure original material from India and Japan as it developed that practically all the folk lore of those peoples has already been translated into English. For all the other countries, however, I believe the stories of this collection appear in English for the first time.

The difficulty of translating meter and rhyme generally prevented me from using new songs and poetry, and it has seemed best to take versions already in English. In the case of Korea and Africa, however, very little translating has been done for either songs or poetry, and music has seldom been put into written form, even in the native language. This materially limited the number of songs and poems to be included from those countries. I have been able in a few cases to secure original translations and musical settings. For both words and tunes of "The Contest for a Tiger Tooth" and "The Snail and the Deer," African songs, I am indebted to Mr. Charles G. Blooah, now living in Chicago, and for the written music, to Dr. A. C. Lunn, of the University of Chicago. For China, the following songs are now published for the first time: "The Loom Song," "The Woodpecker," "During the Pecking." These come from Mrs. Hsueh. For Brazil, the singing-game "In Bahia" comes from Miss Marinho. For the rhyme and metrical arrangement of all these songs as well as for the verse which appears in some of the stories I am grateful to Miss

Polly Ames, of Chicago. With all of these friends there has been far more than the material contribution; there has been a spirit of helpfulness which is greatly appreciated.

With the exception of the five songs already named, those in this collection have been taken from the following books:

Brown, James Duff, and Moffat, Alfred. *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations.* Glasgow: Bayley & Ferguson, 1901.

Hague, Eleanor. *Spanish-American Folk Songs.* Boston: American Folk-Lore Society, 1917. G. E. Stechert, New York Agent.

Hulbert, H. E. *The Passing of Korea.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900.

Journal of American Folk-Lore, Vol. X. Boston: American Folk-Lore Society, 1897.

Luce, Allena. *Canciones populares.* Chicago: Silver, Burdette & Co., 1921.

Murphy, Helen A. *No Lantern for Wu Lee* (a play of China for boys and girls). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1924.

Noss, Carol D., Gerhard, Blanche A., *et al. The Cross Triumphant* (episodes in the progress of Christianity in Japan). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1928.

Schindler, Kurt. *Sixty Russian Folk-Songs.* Vol. I. New York: G. Schirmer, 1918. (English versions by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler.)

Schwab, Jewel H. *In the African Bush* (a course for junior boys and girls). New York: Friendship Press, 1928.

Van Stone, Mary R. *Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico.* Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.

The poetry in this collection has been taken from the following:

Ayscough, Florence. *Fir-Flower Tablets* (poems translated from the Chinese; English version by Amy Lowell). New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1910.

Filipino Student Bulletin. New York: 347 Madison Ave., Jan.–Feb., 1927.

Gover, C. E. *Folk Songs of Southern India.* Madras: Higginbotham & Co., 1871.

Headland, Isaac Taylor, *Translator and Illustrator. Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.* New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., 1900.

Hulbert, H. B. *The Passing of Korea.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900.

Journal of American Folk-Lore, Vols. X–XI. Boston: American Folk-Lore Society, 1897–98.

New Orient. New York: New Orient Publishing Co., 12 Fifth Ave. May–June, 1924.

Poet Lore Magazine, Vol. XXVI. Boston: Summer, 1915.

Poor, Agnes B. *Pan-American Poems.* Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1918.

Tagore, Rabindranath. *The Crescent Moon.* New York: Macmillan Co., 1914.

Tagore, Rabindranath. *Gitanjali.* New York: Macmillan Co., 1916.

Waley, Arthur. *One Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems.* London: Constable & Co., 1920.

Walsh, Clara A. *The Master-Singers of Japan,* "Wisdom of the Near East Series." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Walsh, Thomas. *Hispanic Anthology.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920.

Wiener, Leo. *Anthology of Russian Literature.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902.

It is through the kindness of the authors and publishers that selections are used from these books.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I shall always remember my twenty friends who have given of their treasures for this work: José Macapia, Platon Callangan, Francisco Acosta, Tado Caro, Eloise Marinho, Charles G. Blooah, Mrs. Catherine Ling Hsueh, Cecilia Chang, Siao-Mei Djang, K. Kawamura, Yama Shimamura, Lalit Kumar Shah, Sibyl and Jasmine Peters, Dr. John Jesudason Cornelius, Brucia Dedinsky, Olga Hess, Hannah Kim, Sunduck Youn

and Chai Hong Sim. Their unfailing courtesy and generosity are deeply appreciated. Having these friends has made life richer and broader. I only hope I may be such a friend, not only to these, but to all from far lands with whom I may come into contact.

Many others have helped to make this collection possible. To all I am very grateful, especially to Dr. Theodore Gerald Soares, of the University of Chicago, whose advice and kindness have been invaluable to me.

G. D. P.

University of Chicago
November, 1928

WORKING SUGGESTIONS

Programs.—This collection of folk lore provides material for programs representing India, China, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Brazil, Africa, and Russia. The material is adapted to adults as well as to children. Stories and games appeal primarily to boys and girls, but when these forms of entertainment are interpretative of other races and are also closely allied to those of our own race, they become especially interesting to older people. Much of the song and poetry is of course beyond children. It is intended, therefore, that selection shall be made with reference to the type of audience. It is also possible to have a program that will be suitable to a company composed of both children and adults.

The variety of material allows for two or three different ways to plan the program. An entire evening may be devoted to one country, stressing whichever feature is desired. The program may be all Russian games, it may be all Chinese stories, or it may be all Japanese drama. Again it may be a variety program but still centered about one country. In this case the evening would be planned in two parts: first, the formal program and, afterward, adjournment to another room for games and refreshments. With this arrangement stories may be interspersed with songs and poetry or all be given together in a group at the close. Ordinarily, it would be best to stress stories, in which case all other material will be used mainly to create atmosphere and to prepare for this feature. Not more than an hour should be given to all the preliminary features, and about another hour to the stories. Yet great care should be given to the accompaniments of pictures, music, games, and such de-

tails. The more realistic they are in the presentation of the country the better will be the atmosphere for the stories. The right atmosphere goes far toward creating a sympathetic attitude toward the people being interpreted.

Still another type of program would be one unified as to material rather than as to country. Such a program would be all stories, all music, all poetry, etc., representing several countries on one program.

Stories.—It will be found that many of the tales from other lands are similar to those of our own. For instance, "The Tiger Aunt" is much like "Red Riding Hood." But more than that, sometimes the stories of one country are similar to those of another; thus "The Cowboy and His Fairy" in China resembles "Hagoromo" and "The Weaving Princess" in Japan. The Chinese are a much older people than the Japanese, and Chinese influence is often seen in Japan. One story should not be discarded because it is like another, but rather should be used to emphasize how much we all have in common.

A few of the stories in this collection are hardly the kind we should choose to tell to boys and girls. Yet if these were discarded, our idea of life in some country might be very one-sided. These stories are included in order to show the ignorance, the superstition, or other condition which we desire to understand and to relieve. A word of explanation before telling such tales will insure the right attitude toward them.

Of all the forms of entertainment here gathered together I have found story-telling to be the most popular. The stories, of course, are not to be read from the book nor memorized and given *verbatim.* If they are really to live for those who listen, the narrator should read them many times beforehand, be sure that he grasps the outline and all the details, and then give

the stories in his own words. Referring either to notes or to the printed page breaks the continuity of the story and makes it mechanical.

Pictures.—It has been found that stories from another country are much more effective if accompanied by something to make the life of that country seem real. Information about the person who told the stories creates a personal interest in him and in his people. If the audience is small pictures may be passed around or, better still, one may show a few stereopticon views. The Chicago Public Library has an excellent collection of slides, many of them colored, which include all the countries here represented. Any citizen of Chicago may borrow from this collection without charge. People outside of the city may have the use of them for the small price of ten cents a slide. This collection has no catalogue. In ordering, simply state how many slides are desired and of what sort, whether of indoor life, of cities, of industry, etc. Address the A. W. Swayne Collection, Public Library, Chicago, Illinois. Pictures and slides often may be had also from the museum of a large city.

Songs and poetry.—Songs and poetry original with the country are very helpful, not only in varying the program, but in creating the proper atmosphere. But they cannot be used with the best results unless given with real understanding and artistic interpretation. All the books from which the music in this collection has been taken give some historical notes and explanations of their selections. The songs and poetry given here are representative. Others may often be had from public libraries. Large libraries always have poetry of other countries in translation as well as collections of folk songs. The *Poetry Magazine*, 232 E. Erie Street, Chicago, often publishes poetry from other lands. An excellent collection of songs representing many different countries is that by Florence H. Botsford, "Folk Songs

of Many Peoples," in two volumes, published by the Woman's Press, New York.

Games.—Games furnish entertainment whether used by themselves or in connection with a foregoing program. If a social hour is desired, world-fellowship games give novelty and recreation as well as some acquaintance with people who should be better known.

Refreshments.—The accompanying suggestions for refreshments in order to be practical are all of the simplest. Many times it has been found both for games and for refreshments that something typical of one of these countries is also typical of our own. In these cases, an explanation of the fact should be made and the similarity used to further the acquaintance desired.

Dress.—All who take part in the program as well as those who serve the refreshments should wear the dress of the country represented. Too much care cannot be taken to see that the dress is truly representative and that it is pretty and becoming. As explained in the text, it is best not to try to make the dress of either China or Japan, but with the exception of these two countries, in case it is not possible to rent or buy the needed costume, it can be made from the descriptions which are given in sufficiently definite detail. If one wishes to rent costumes, they may be had from the headquarters of most of the denominational boards located at either Chicago or New York. The following organizations rent costumes for only a nominal fee plus the price of transportation:

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Congregational Church, Commission on Missions, 19 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Northern Baptist Convention, Board of Education, 276 Fifth Ave., New York City.
World Service Commission, Pageants and Costumes Division, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

Some additional addresses may be serviceable, though the rental from these companies is much higher:

Charles Chrisdie & Co., 41 W. Forty-Seventh St., New York City.
Chicago Costume Works, 116 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Eaves Costume Co., 110 W. Forty-sixth St., New York City.
Fritz Schoultz & Co., 58 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Pichler & Co., 511 Third Ave., New York City.
Tam's Costume Emporium, 318 W. Forty-sixth St., New York City.
Van Horn's Costume Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A word of explanation should be made for the list of pageants and plays that are given in the Appendix. This does not pretend to be a complete list of drama for any one country. The number of missionary plays and pageants which have been published is unlimited. But missionary drama does not always show the life of the country at large and often is written in a pious or patronizing style which is resented by the people concerned. The aim of this list is to note for each country a few pageants and plays which on personal examination have been found to represent the general life of the country (not the missionary life exclusively), and which meet the people from other lands on a plane level with our own. With the exception of Africa, Brazil, and Korea, certain material from the native drama has been found available for our purpose. Care has been taken to note only that which seemed simple enough to be performed by amateurs.

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CHAPTER I

INDIA

Contributors: Lalit Kumar Shah; Sibyl and Jasmine Peters (Otherwise Promila and Yasmin Prakash); Dr. John Jesudason Cornelius

THE VISIT

Lalit Shah has the dark complexion which we expect from India. Queer how people get their ideas regarding foreigners! He says the people of India are not all dark. Sometimes they have fair hair and pink cheeks. It is in Southern India that people are lighter in complexion. He is dark, however, but his features are similar to ours, his hair is smooth and straight, and all his ways are American.

He can tell fables by the hour but knows none of the religious stories of his country. Of course we wanted religious stories also; why did he know none of them?

"Because," he answered, "My people were Christians and I was raised in a Christian mission. The missions never used to teach any Indian language or literature or history or religion."

"Oh, that seems too bad! Then you really don't know very much about your own race, do you?"

"No," he agreed. "It really is a shame. When I go back I am going to study about my country and my race." Then he added, "Mission schools are beginning to teach some Indian history and literature."

We had to have some religious stories. He kept saying:

"You can get them in books." We kept answering:

"But we want some that never have been translated into English." At that he laughingly said:

"Well, you can try, but I think they have all been translated. I will bring you friends of mine; they will know religious stories."

So we met the two sisters, Sibyl and Jasmine Peters. Peters seemed a very queer name for these oriental-looking girls. Surely there must be something wrong.

"Did Mr. Shah say your name is Peters?"

"Yes."

"But that does not sound Indian. Where did you get that name?"

They both laughed.

"No it is not Indian; our real name is Prakash."

"Don't you like your real name?"

"O yes! And some time we are going to use it again, but Peters is the name our people took when they became Christians."

"Oh! Did they have to give up their real name?"

"Yes. Missionaries in India used to require that when people became Christians they would take Western names to show that they were not Hindus. This was done for so many generations that some Indians do not even know what their original names were."

It seemed like robbing people of a birthright. We were glad to hear that missionaries in India no longer have this practice.

These girls were also of dark complexion but with features like ours. They both were so cultured and friendly that it seemed impossible for their dark skins ever to have caused them harsh treatment here. But Sibyl said that at one place where she went to look for a room, the woman had yelled at

her: "Get out of here; we take only white people," and slammed the door in her face.

"Race need not make any difference," Sibyl said with tears in her eyes. "An American girl once told me I was the best friend she had ever had."

Yes, they knew a few religious stories, but they also added:

"You can get many from books."

"But," we explained again, "we want some that have never been published in English."

"O you cannot find that," and they laughed. "But," said Sibyl, "I will tell you one of the favorite stories. All Indians know this one." She told "Rama and Sita."

Mr. Shah had another friend, Dr. Cornelius (again a name which was not native to India), who taught philosophy in that country. The five of us had dinner together one evening, and a very lively time it was. He had traveled much and studied much and had many interesting things to say about life in India and life here. We talked about racial color.

"Every race" he said, "thinks it has the best color of skin. In India there is a legend that God made all men. They were all made of clay and baked. The first that came out of the oven were white. That was not what God wanted so he let the others bake a little longer, then he took out some more. They were yellow and that did not yet suit, so the rest were left in still longer. When they were taken out they were brown and God said, 'That is as it should be.' So we find people with the three different colors of skin, but the brown is best and that is the Hindu."

"What do the Chinese and Japanese say about it?"

"The Chinese have a legend also. It goes this way:

"In the beginning the Chinese thought that all people in the world were yellow. They, themselves, were yellow and they

knew God had made them, therefore the yellow skin was his work. But after a while they met some people who were white and some who were darker. That surprised them and they said:

" 'How's this? God made us, surely God made all people. How is it, then, that all are not yellow?'

"The wise men of China studied the matter carefully and this was their answer:

" 'God made all people and he made them from clay. They had to be baked; some were underdone and they are the white people; some were overdone, they are the brown people; and some were just right, they are the yellow people. God made all the different colors of skin, but the yellow people are the chosen of God.' "

"That is good!" we all exclaimed.

"I leave you to give the legend for the Western world," Dr. Cornelius added. He was sure that Westerners believe their white skin is best. We could not deny it, and we felt confused and ashamed before him.

We talked also about what it means for people of the East to come to Western countries and stay so long that they become like Western people.

"Indians like us have no country," he said, "we are neither English, nor American, nor Indian. Even our native names have been taken from us. We are like a drum; we are beaten on both sides. Indians call us foreign and do not want us and Westerners call us Oriental and do not want us.

"More than that," he continued, "Western life has caused us to lose the finer idealism of the Hindus. Originally, Indians do not value material possessions, but when Indians become Christian and live in the Western way, they value material things as much as Christians do."

"Each race should keep what is good in it, shouldn't it?"

"That is the way it should be. Of course there is both good and bad in every race and religion. We thought at first that Western life was all fine and good; now we find you have wars and dirt and meanness. You thought at first Hindu life was all wrong; now you are beginning to see in it pure, good women, splendid, self-sacrificing men, and simple, true ways of living. We each need to learn the best from others and to remember always our own best."

There is good in all of us but none of us is perfect. We each need all the rest of us.

STORIES

Rama[1] and Sita

Sita was a beautiful princess, the daughter of the King of Northern India. Everybody loved her very much, especially her father, the King. He was anxious that for her husband she might have the finest man in the whole kingdom. She had many suitors so the King called a *sawembar*[2] to decide which was the right man. All the suitors of the princess answered the call to contest for her hand. The King had a bow so big and strong that no ordinary man could use it. This he gave to each suitor in turn.

"He who can bend this bow and shoot arrows from it," he said, "gets the princess."

This caused great fear and trembling, but also much high hope. Every man tried his best to be the winner. The King's whole household was there to watch, and it was a great occasion. Among the suitors were two brothers, Rama and Lakshman. Both of them succeeded in using the great bow, and they were the only two who did. Garlands were hung about their necks, and Sita was left to choose which man she would have. She chose Rama, so Rama and Sita were married.

Now Rama's father was also a king and Rama was the eldest son and therefore next in line for the throne. Rama's father was a very fine man, and the son also was good and kind and liked by everyone. Rama was not eager to rule but he wanted to do what was best and what would please his father.

"When I begin to get old," the King said, "I shall no longer be fit to rule; it will then be Rama's turn."

A day came when the King found one white hair in his head and at once he declared that he would no longer be king. He proclaimed everywhere, "Rama is king!" The time was set for the coronation, and all over the country decorations were put up in honor of Rama.

However, it was not so easy to make Rama king. His father had three wives, and one of them, Keikei, was determined that her son, Bharata, should be king. When the King proclaimed Rama his successor,

[1] Rama pronounced *Răm.* [2] A contest.

Keikei was very sad. She would put up no decorations, but instead dressed in mourning. All through the celebrations she wore black. At last, the day before the ceremonies were to be held, Keikei went to the King in all her mourning clothes to see what she could do.

"Do you remember many years ago when first you married me," she said, "how happy you were to have me?"

"Yes," answered the King, "I love you still, Keikei."

"And you told me then," she went on, "that I might have any two boons I would ask."

"My word is sacred," replied the King, "but you would not ask any boon."

"Not then, but now! And your word is sacred, O King. Two boons I require."

"What are they?" and the King smiled graciously. Triumphantly Keikei drew herself up and spoke her demands:

"This is my first boon: When you give up the throne, make my son, Bharata, king. And this is my second boon: Send Rama to the forest to stay for fourteen years."

The King was speechless, overcome with grief and dismay. The throne belonged rightfully to Rama, he had promised it to him; and all the country wanted Rama. But Keikei had said the truth; the King's word was sacred. He had promised as she said, and her boons must be granted. He pleaded with her that this could not be, that she must change her boons, but still she said:

"The King's word is sacred; these are my boons."

At last he saw that there was no way out of it. Slowly and solemnly he arose from his throne and said to her:

"So shall it be. Tomorrow Bharata shall be made king and Rama shall be exiled to the forest for fourteen years."

Immediately word of the new ruling was spread throughout the land, and everywhere there were weeping and mourning. The people wanted Rama for king, and they took down all their decorations. It was hard for Bharata; he did not want to be king that way, and besides he loved Rama and thought Rama ought to be king. At first Bharata refused to sit upon the throne, but Rama said:

"O yes, you must. It matters not to me. You will make a good king and I will be glad to have you rule. Come, let us be true to our father. It is hard for him also, but he cannot do otherwise. Let us do as he says."

So Bharata became king, but always he wore Rama's sandals as a sign that the throne belonged to Rama and that he, Bharata, was only ruling for him. Rama said farewell to everyone and made ready to go off into the forest alone. But Sita would not allow that.

"I am your wife," she said, "and you are my beloved. Is it not the wife's duty to go with her husband? What do I care for life without you? To live in the forest will be sweet with you. We shall eat berries, wander all day among flowers and ferns, and sleep with the birds. I shall go with you."

Rama tried to tell her that life in the forest would not always be easy and beautiful. He reminded her that there were scorpions and snakes and tigers and lions in the forest, that sometimes there would be nothing to eat or drink, but Sita was not to be dissuaded. Thus also it was with Lakshman. He declared that he also would go. And so it was decided. Rama and Sita and Lakshman left their home and all their friends and went off together for the fourteen years of exile.

The forest life was full of troubles and danger as well as of happiness and beauty. The three exiles wandered for many days and weeks until they felt they must have some place to stay. They had no tools and no way to build a house, but they were able to make themselves a little mud hut with a thatch roof. A poor sort of place for those who belonged to kings, but at least it gave them shelter. They kept grasses and fresh leaves spread over the floor, and there they came to be at home. Then it was that the birds, squirrels, monkeys, deer, and all the wild life of the forest that would be friends learned to know them. Sita loved these wild things and helped them to find food, took care of them when they were hurt, and talked with them when she was lonely. They all knew her and became her friends, watching over her to keep danger away.

All went well until the King of Ceylon heard about Sita and made up his mind to have her. He was sure that the only way to get her would be to steal her away without Rama and Lakshman or even she, herself, knowing his design. After thinking a long time about how he could do it, an idea came to him. He knew that she was fond of the deer and of all the harmless creatures of the forest, and determined to secure her through their aid. Being versed in magic, he was able to change himself into a golden-colored deer. He watched until Rama and Lakshman had gone away and Sita was left alone, then he wandered around to the hut and came very near that she might see how beautiful he was and think she

could catch him. As soon as she saw him she thought to herself, "I must catch him and keep him for a pet." The deer seemed tame and let her come very close to him, but just when she was about to lay her hand on him he leaped away. Of course she tried again, and again he ran away before she could get hold of him. Over and over again this happened, the deer luring Sita farther and farther away. She did not realize how very far he was taking her, but at last he had her down in his own Ceylon. There again he was King and she found herself a captive.

When Rama and Lakshman came home and Sita did not come back they were wild with grief and fear. The birds told them where she was and what had happened. Poor heartbroken Rama wanted to go right after her and begged the monkeys to show him the way. They gladly agreed and Hanuman, the chief of all the monkeys, even went with them. They went on through woods and wilderness and lovely flowered meadows, till they came to the gulf which separates India from Ceylon. Then Rama was in despair. How could he cross the gulf? And how could Sita have crossed? He thought at first the monkeys were playing a trick on him and would not believe that she was over there. But they told him they were sure and offered to make a bridge to take him over. This they did; each one curled his tail around the body of the next one, and each end monkey swung himself to a tree to which he held fast, and there was a bridge clear across the gulf! Rama walked over and up to the place of the King and boldly demanded Sita, and he got her. He brought her back to their little mud hut in the forest of India and all the monkeys and birds came with them, rejoicing in the recovery of Sita.

In time all things must end, and the fourteen years of exile in the forest came to an end. Rama and Sita went back to their home in India and were received with great rejoicing. Bharata gladly stepped down from the throne, Keikei could do nothing more, and Rama and Sita became the rulers. All over Northern India that night the *digas*[1] were set in the windows.

Many, many years have passed since Rama's death, yet he still lives. Every time the Hindus see a squirrel they think of Rama. In India, these little animals have five stripes along their backs; the Hindus say they are the finger marks of Rama. When he stroked the squirrels his goodness left these marks. The people remember him also in their greetings. The Hindus' way of saying "Good Morning" is "Rama, Rama." And they

[1] A special sign of rejoicing; a light made by burning a wick set in oil.

look to him in time of death. In the sad journey on the way to the cremation of the dead, it is Rama's name which is spoken for comfort and Rama who is called upon for help. Rama is still the beloved hero of India.

The Lion and the Bull

The lion and the bull were great friends. The jackal saw them together often and watched their good times and grew more and more unhappy because he was not sharing their happiness. He was jealous. One day when the two friends were lying on the grass under a tree, the jackal went up to them and said:

"Great Mr. Lion and good Mr. Bull, won't you be friends with me?"

The bull did not like the jackal and would not answer. He just went on chewing grass as though he had not heard. The lion looked around but he did not say anything either. That made the jackal very angry, and he vowed to himself that he would get even with them. He thought of a plan. Watching until he found the lion alone, he went up to him and began praising him.

"What a splendid animal you are!" he said. "Such big teeth and such strong legs! But you aren't as strong as your friend, the bull, are you? He is bigger than you are." That made the lion angry and he growled at his tormentor. The little beast did not wait for anything more. He hurried away as fast as his legs would carry him.

The jackal next hunted out the bull and tried the same game on him. When the bull was peacefully grazing all by himself, the jackal sat down a little distance from him and looked at him a while. Finally he said:

"It must be fine to be so big and strong. You could fight almost anything, couldn't you?" The bull tried not to listen, but the jackal went on, "Of course you couldn't fight the lion though, for he is the king of beasts; he is stronger than you are." At that the bull raised his head and snorted, and suddenly reared himself up on his feet. He would have charged upon the jackal, but that quick little beast was already running out of sight. He had made the lion and the bull both jealous; now he wanted to see what would happen. "Maybe they'll fight," he chuckled to himself, and he wished they would, for then he knew they would not be friends any more.

Of course they did fight. Each one started off to find the other. They met out on the plain. The bull charged the lion and the lion sprang at the bull, and how they did fight! The sod was kicked up, the dirt flew in

every direction, they snorted and they growled, and over and over they rolled! At last the lion crushed all the life out of the bull and the bull gored the lion to death. There was no more friendship to trouble the jackal, but two splendid animals were dead and still the jackal had no friend!

[Motto: "Do not let anyone meddle with your friendship."]

Honesty and Dishonesty

It is an old custom in India for people to bury their money under trees. To this day Indians do not like banks; they would much rather choose a tree and hide their possessions under it, deep down in the earth. Anything that is buried in the earth that way is usually safe. There are very few people who would dare to touch it. They would be afraid, for they believe something terrible would happen to anyone who did such a thing.

Once two men, one who was honest and one who was dishonest, both went out to bury their money under a tree. Each saw where the other put his savings. The dishonest man thought:

"Wouldn't it be nice if I could have that man's money, too?" He kept thinking about how much he'd like to have that money, till before he knew it he was planning how he could get it. At last he forgot all about being afraid and what might happen to him, and dug up the other man's savings.

When the honest man found his money was gone he felt sure he knew who had taken it. Just one person had seen him bury it; who else, then, could be the guilty one? The honest man went to the dishonest man and said:

"So you would steal, would you? Well, I know you've done it, so you might as well give me back my money." But the dishonest man vowed he had not taken it.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I would not do such a thing." Then he thought he had a fine idea and added: "You just go and ask the tree. It will be my witness that I did not take your money." What he had thought he would do was to climb down and hide in the hollow of the tree and pretend the tree was talking. He went right off then to the place and hid himself. When the poor man who had lost all his money came to the tree, he stood under it and looking up into its branches called out:

"Tree, O tree, you know who took my money. If it is he who also

buried his money here, give me a sign to tell me." Then came a voice from the tree saying:

"No, oh no. It was not he. I, the tree, testify."

The man under the tree listened and thought. That was a voice he knew. He was sure it was not the tree talking, and he decided to find out who it was. Hastily he gathered some dry leaves and branches and built a fire against the tree and the fire began to smoke. It smoked worse and worse. Right up into the heart of the tree the smoke curled and down it settled till the hollow was all blue with it. The smoke rose higher and became denser. The man hiding in the tree began to think Satan was coming after him. Soon he could stand it no longer. His eyes and nose and throat were all smarting with the smoke and he choked and sputtered and wiped his eyes and out he climbed and there was the honest man standing by the fire waiting for him. When he came out of his hiding-place of course he owned up to the theft.

Thus was one man proved honest and the other dishonest.

[Motto: "A bad man gets his own reward."]

The Snake and the Crow

A snake was hunting a meal. Not far above him in a tree he saw a crow feeding its little ones.

"There," he thought, "is my dinner," and he slipped quietly through the grass till he could get a good view of the nest. For a long time he lay still watching it. He was waiting for the mother-crow to leave. At last he saw her fly away. Then he wound around and around that tree and up to the nest. When his head rose up over those little birds, what a peeping and calling there was! But the mother-bird was far away and no one near to help. The snake ate all the little birds in a wink, then lazily slipped down to the ground again. After a while the mother-bird came back. She saw Mr. Snake, and before ever she saw the nest she knew what he had done. When she reached her nest, sure enough, it was empty, and all her little ones gone. The awfulness of it made her crazy with grief and anger. She flew wildly around and down to the snake; she screamed at him and pecked at him and tried to make him give back her little ones, but he would not. She offered to give him her own food in exchange, but it was of no use. He glided away into his hole and left her.

The crow then flew back into her tree and began to think. There must be some way to get even with Mr. Snake. Suddenly she had an idea. She

knew where there were some bright, pretty things that people like and she knew if people lost those things they would work hard to get them back. That was her chance. She flew to the palace and from an open window stole a shining gold bracelet. With the treasure held tight in her beak, she flew straight back to the snake's hole and dropped the bracelet into it. A maid at the palace saw the crow fly off with something. Quickly she called the other servants, and they ran after the crow till they came to the place where she had hidden the bracelet. Nothing was in sight, but she kept flying around the place and they knew something was there. The servants began to poke down into the hole and to dig, and they kept on till they came to the bracelet. It had rolled way down in the hole to where the snake was. They brought a spade and dug down after the bracelet, and when the spade cut through the earth it cut into the snake. They got the bracelet and with it a dead snake, and that was the end of him. The crow got rid of her enemy and the snake got his reward.

[Motto: "The wrong you do to others will return to you."]

The Three Fish

Once there were three fish that lived in a small lake. They swam around and were as happy as fish can be till one day they heard a fisherman say he was going to drag the lake. Every fin and scale and shell of them knew what that meant. It meant the fisherman would most likely catch them all.

One fish immediately left the lake. He swam to the outlet and glided away with the stream. He didn't know where the stream would take him.

"But anyway," he said, "I'll get away from that fisherman."

"Oh, well," the second fish said, "if the fisher gets me in his net I guess I can leap out again," and he wouldn't let the fisherman spoil his home or drive him away from it.

The third fish floated lazily with the current and said nothing for a while.

"What are you going to do?" the second fish asked.

"I? Oh, nothing. Why worry? I can't help what happens to me. If it's my life I have to take it, that's all. Drag-nets are made for fish, and I can't help being a fish." And he drifted about in his same old way and sunned himself in the ripples.

It was not long till the fisherman came with his net. He threw it out into the deep water and dragged those fish in with it, but the second fish

was on the watch. He gave one mighty leap high into the air and he was free. When the third fish saw that he was caught, he dropped limply against the net and a shiver ran all over him. "Just my fate," he murmured and died.

That ends the story of the three fish. Two worked and dared and got away and lived many more happy days. One was scared and would not try and he was caught and died.

[Motto: "Do not give up. You can make your life what you will."]

The Heron and the Crab

A heron lived near a pond full of fish. He was very fond of fish, and one day he went to them and said:

"I have had a warning about you and this pond."

Of course they all said: "What is it? Tell us! Tell us!"

"Some day," said the heron as he slowly pulled one leg up under him comfortably, "the water in this pond is all going to dry up and every fish who doesn't get away will surely die."

Then the surface of the pond was all a-ripple with the trembling of the fish and the water bubbled and boiled as they gasped with fright.

"Mercy, mercy!" they cried, "What shall we do?" And they all swam up around the heron. The heron stood very still watching them. He liked to have the fish near him, and he let them come just as close as they wanted to. At last the heron answered solemnly:

"Well, the best thing for you to do is to get away from this pond as quickly as you can."

"O Mr. Heron," they pleaded, "how can we? Won't you help us? We can't get to another pond by ourselves." The heron calmly turned his head to one side and thought a minute, and the poor scared fish came closer and closer.

"I suppose I might help you," he replied. "If I took you one at a time I could carry you out."

"Oh yes, Oh yes," they agreed, and they eagerly darted this way and that.

"All right," said the heron. "Who will be first?" And he let down his other leg and got ready for business.

"Take me, take me," they called all together. The heron was ready. He lowered his long neck, caught a fish in his bill and flew off with it—where do you suppose? Not to another pond, but to a tree, and there he

ate the fish! Oh, but it was good! And one little fish was not nearly enough for a big, grown-up heron. He wiped his bill across his feathers, then flapped his great wings, and away he flew to the pond for another fish. Again and again he carried away fish until they were nearly all gone. Then he came to a crab and started to scoop it up in the same way, but the crab had seen too many fish disappear. He saw through the trick. When the heron reached down, the crab reached up and cut the heron's throat. The water there by the bank turned red and that was the end of the heron. The crab was saved.

[Motto: "Do not trust everybody."]

The Merchant and His Friend

Once there was a merchant who had to go on a long journey. He had some weighing-scales of iron which he wanted taken good care of so he gave them to a friend to keep till he should come back. When he returned he went to the friend and said:

"Thank you for taking care of my scales. My journey is over now and I'd like to have them, please."

"I am sorry," the friend answered, "but the scales are gone; the mice ate them."

"Gone!" the man exclaimed. "The mice!"

"Yes," said the friend, "the mice gnawed them all to pieces till there wasn't enough left to stand up."

The merchant could not believe it. Who ever heard of mice eating iron? But the man did not want to quarrel with his friend, so he said goodbye and went away. It made him feel very bad to lose his scales, and especially for his friend to be so mean about it. He thought it over and wondered what he could do. At last he had a plan. One day he started off for a bath and as he went he said to his friend:

"Send your son with a towel, will you, please?"

The friend did so, and the merchant kept the little boy and did not let the father know where the child was. When the merchant came back alone the father said:

"Where is my boy?"

"I am sorry I can't bring your son back," the merchant answered, "but a hawk carried him away."

The dishonest man saw that his friend had not been fooled and owned himself beaten. Without a word he went and got the scales and gave them

to the merchant. Then the merchant went and brought his friend's son and returned the boy to his father.

[MOTTO: "Friends are not always to be trusted."]

GRATEFUL ANIMALS AND AN UNGRATEFUL MAN

There once lived a Brahmin[1] who was very poor but very good. He was so poor that he had no money and nothing to eat. At last when there was not a bit of food left in the house and it looked as though they were going to starve to death, the Brahmin's wife drove him away from home saying:

"You go get some food and don't come back till you have some."

He could not buy food for he had no money. What was he to do? He wandered around and thought and wondered about it. When he reached the edge of the town and saw the woods beyond, it occurred to him that maybe there might be something to eat in the woods. He went on till he was in among the trees. Soon he came to a river which had overflowed its banks. Then he found something which made him forget food; he came upon all sorts of creatures that had been caught by the overflow and were about to drown. Immediately the good Brahmin went to work to help all he could.

In the midst of the overflowed ground was a tiger very much frightened by the water all around it. The Brahmin helped the tiger to dry land and went on. A little farther he found a monkey up in a tree that was all surrounded by water. The monkey wanted to get down and the Brahmin helped it. Next he met a snake that was almost covered with water and about to drown. The Brahmin saved it. Then down the river he heard someone calling to him. A man had been trying to swim across and was so worn out that he could swim no longer. The Brahmin swam out to him and brought him to land. The man, he found, was a goldsmith that all the animals knew only too well. The animals were all very grateful to their rescuer and wanted to do something for him, so they warned him against the other man. They said:

"Beware of the goldsmith; he cannot be trusted."

All this while the Brahmin had been busy helping those in need, and he had not had time to find anything to eat. Now it was getting dark and he knew he ought to be going home, and, besides, he was very hungry.

[1] In India a priest is called a "Brahmin."

"It is my turn to help," said the monkey, and he gave the Brahmin some fruit.

"I want to do something for him," said the tiger, and he gave the Brahmin some jewels.

The Brahmin ate the fruit and thought, "I can sell these jewels and get some food for my wife." He forgot all about the warning of the animals and took the jewels to the goldsmith. Then before he had had time to think what was the matter, he was thrown into jail. Those jewels had belonged to the Prince, and when the goldsmith saw them he exclaimed, "This must be the man who killed the Prince," and he did not wait to find out about it but had the Brahmin locked up right away.

Of course the poor Brahmin had not killed the Prince, but how could he prove it? It seemed there was nothing to do but to lie in prison till he died. But the gods were planning to free him. While he was lying in jail, he thought of the snake. Immediately the snake went and bit the Queen. The people were terribly frightened and did not know what to do. A snake bite meant death, and they were alarmed for their beautiful Queen! Then all at once someone thought of the Brahmin. He had great power to cure all kinds of sickness. So now everybody began calling for the Brahmin.

"The Brahmin! The Brahmin! Where is the Brahmin? Bring the Brahmin!"

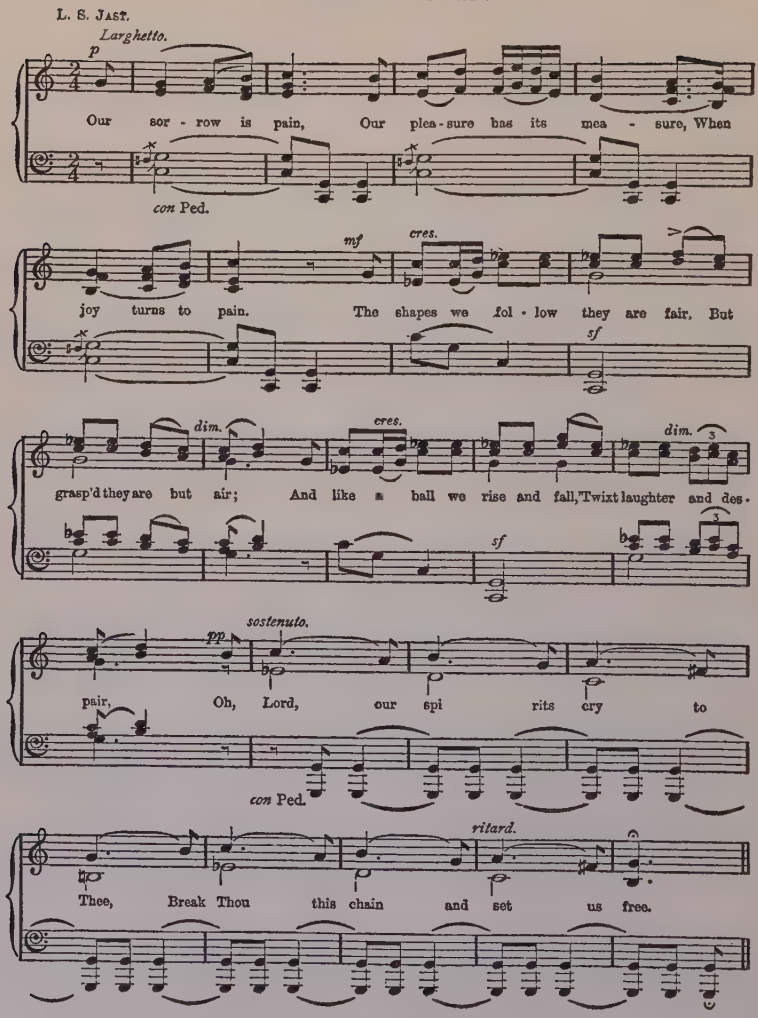
They went in every direction till they found him. They took him out of jail, for who could stand in the way of the Queen's needs? They took him to the palace and brought him to the Queen. What a great chance for the Brahmin! He touched her and she was cured!

This is how it was that the Brahmin saved the Queen's life. She was very happy and grateful and would not allow him to be sent to jail again, so the Brahmin went free. Then the goldsmith was punished for the wrong he had done the Brahmin. The ungrateful goldsmith was sent to jail.

[MOTTO: "Man may be ungrateful, but animals, never."]

East Indian Song[1]

"Our sorrow is pain"

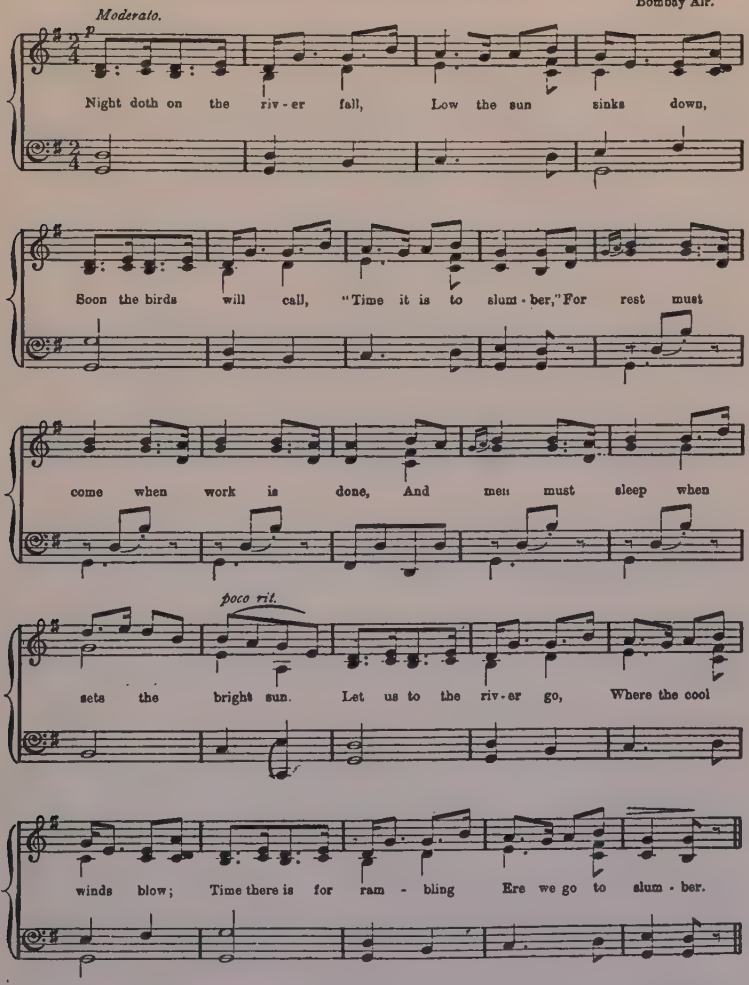

L. S. Jast.
Larghetto.
p
Our sor - row is pain, Our plea - sure has its mea - sure, When
con Ped.
mf
cres.
joy turns to pain. The shapes we fol - low they are fair, But
sf
dim.
cres.
dim.
grasp'd they are but air; And like a ball we rise and fall, 'Twixt laughter and des-
sf
pp
sostenuto.
pair, Oh, Lord, our spi rits cry to
con Ped.
ritard.
Thee, Break Thou this chain and set us free.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

Hindu Song[1]

"NIGHT DOTH ON THE RIVER FALL"

Bombay Air.

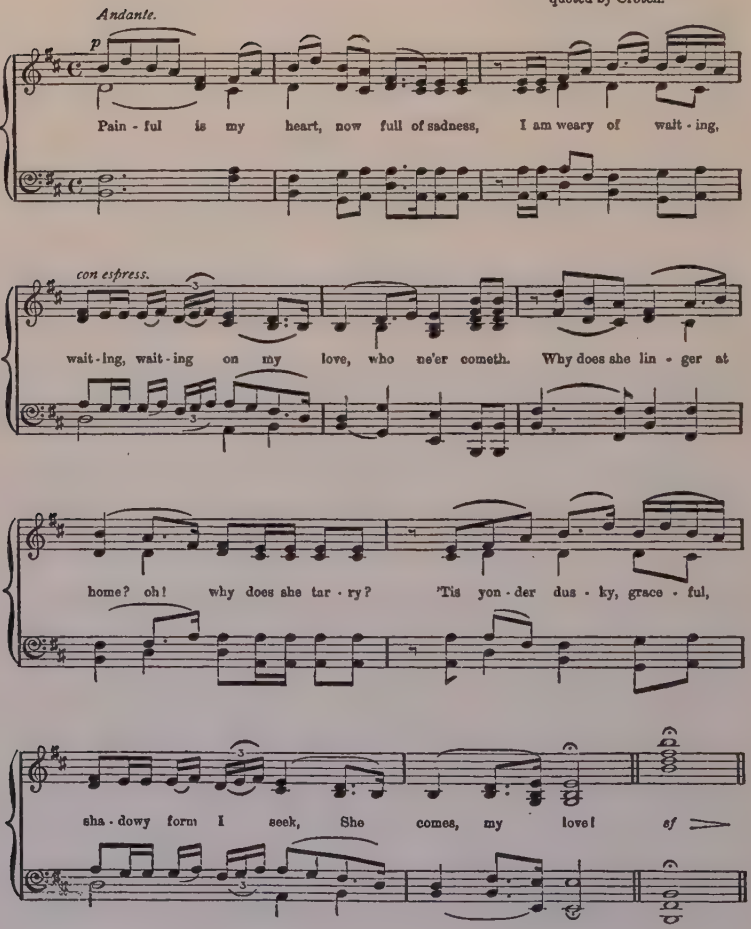

Moderato.
p
Night doth on the riv - er fall, Low the sun sinks down,
Soon the birds will call, "Time it is to slum - ber," For rest must
come when work is done, And men must sleep when
poco rit.
sets the bright sun. Let us to the riv - er go, Where the cool
winds blow; Time there is for ram - bling Ere we go to slum - ber.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

MALAY SONG[1]

"PAINFUL IS MY HEART"

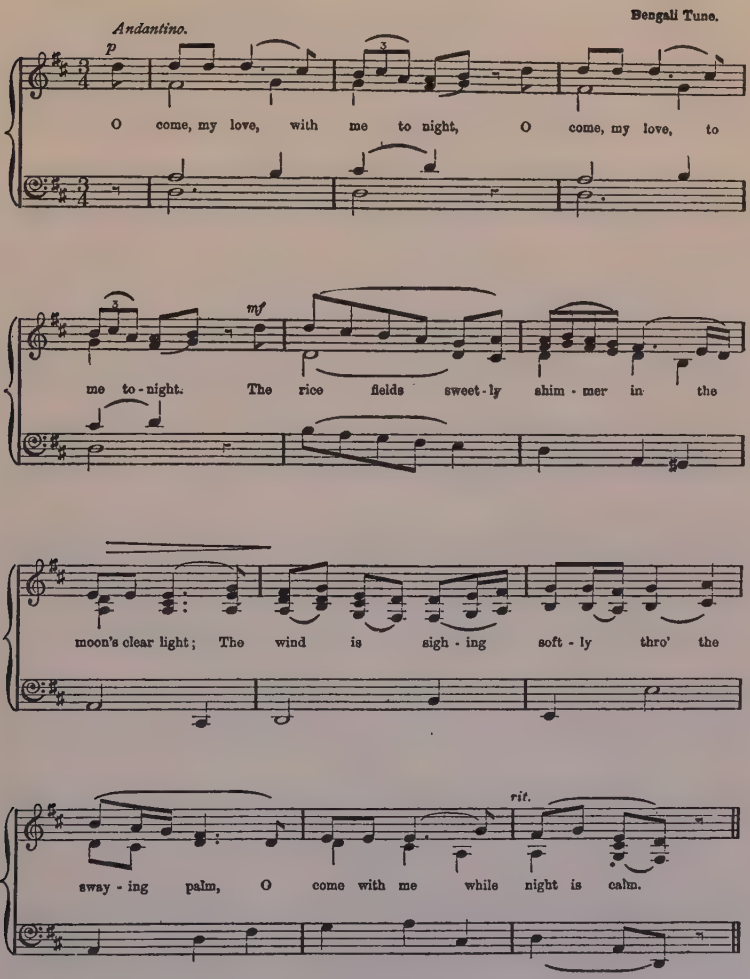
Tune—Javanese Air, "Longkie," quoted by Crotch.


Andante.
p
Pain - ful is my heart, now full of sadness, I am weary of wait - ing,
con espress.
wait - ing, wait - ing on my love, who ne'er cometh. Why does she lin - ger at
home? oh! why does she tar - ry? 'Tis yon - der dus - ky, grace - ful,
sha - dowy form I seek, She comes, my love! sf

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

Indian Serenade[1]

"O come, my love, with me tonight"


Bengali Tune.
Andantino.
p
O come, my love, with me to night, O come, my love, to
mf
me to-night. The rice fields sweet-ly shim-mer in the
moon's clear light; The wind is sigh-ing soft-ly thro' the
rit.
sway-ing palm, O come with me while night is calm.

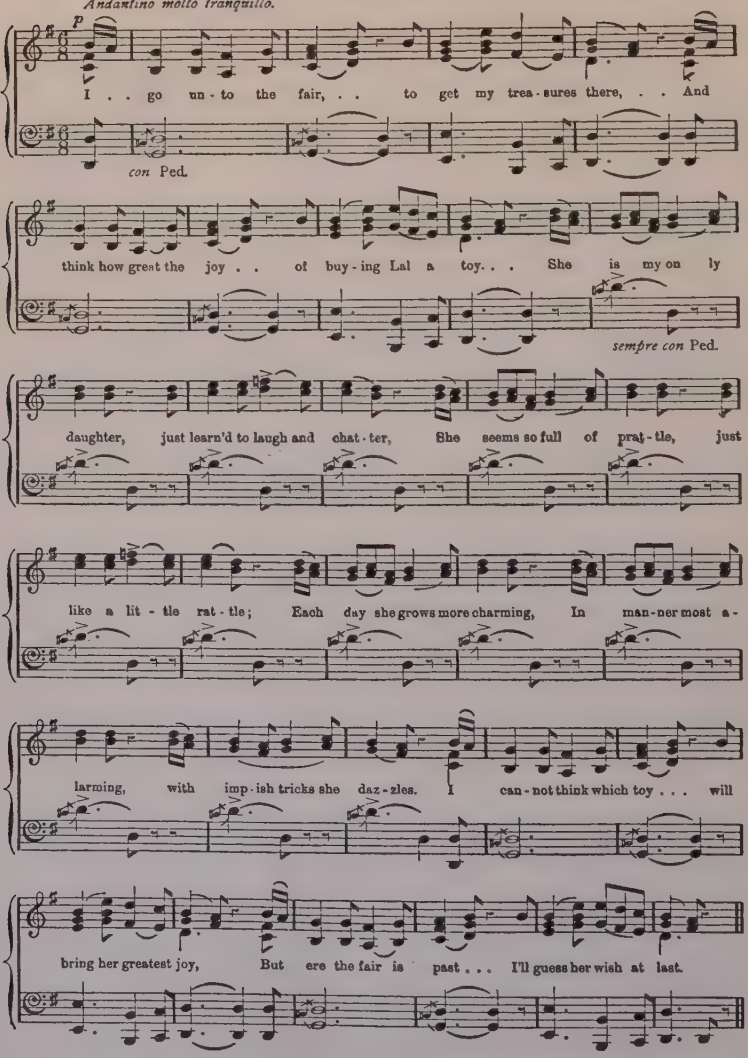
[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

THE HINDU CHILD[1]

"I GO UNTO THE FAIR"

Hindu Song.

Tune—Traditional.


Andantino molto tranquillo.
p
I . . go un - to the fair, . . to get my trea - sures there, . . And
con Ped.
think how great the joy . . of buy - ing Lal a toy. . . She is my on ly
sempre con Ped.
daughter, just learn'd to laugh and chat - ter, She seems so full of prat - tle, just
like a lit - tle rat - tle; Each day she grows more charming, In man - ner most a -
larming, with imp - ish tricks she daz - zles. I can - not think which toy . . . will
bring her greatest joy, But ere the fair is past . . . I'll guess her wish at last.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

POETRY

Children's Rhymes[1]

THE BOILING

When the fruit of Jack tree boils,
It singeth "chada," "chada."
When the kambala fruit boils,
It singeth "guda," "guda."

THE FINGERS

The little finger nail is small,
The finger for the ring is gold,
The middle finger loveth coins,
The fourth is calléd Kotera,
The thumb is Murutîka,
And both are gone for cheese.

COORG LULLABY

Júwa, júwa, baby dear!
When the baby's mother comes,
She will give her darling milk.

Júwa, júwa, baby dear!
When the baby's father comes,
He will bring a coconut.

Júwa, júwa, baby dear!
When the baby's brother comes
He will bring a little bird.

Júwa, júwa, baby dear!
When the baby's sister comes,
She will bring a dish of rice.

[1] From C. E. Grover, *The Folk-Songs of Southern India*. Higginbotham & Co., 1871.

Child Poems[1]

SLEEP-STEALER

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.
Clasping her pitcher to her waist, mother went to fetch water from the village near by.
It was noon. The children's playtime was over; the ducks in the pond were silent.
The shepherd boy lay asleep under the shadow of the banyan tree.
The crane stood grave and still in the swamp near the mango grove.
In the meanwhile the Sleep-stealer came, and snatching sleep from baby's eyes, flew away.
When mother came back she found baby traveling the room on all fours.

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know. I must find her and chain her up.
I must look into that dark cave where, through boulders and scowling stones, trickles a tiny stream.
I must search in the drowsy shade of the bakula grove, where pigeons coo in their corner, and fairies' anklets tinkle in the stillness of starry nights.
In the evening I will peep into the whispering silence of the bamboo forest, where fire-flies squander their light, and will ask every creature I meet, "Can anyone tell me where the Sleep-stealer lives?"

Who stole sleep from baby's eyes? I must know.
Shouldn't I give her a good lesson if only I could catch her!
I must raid her nest and see where she hoards all her stolen sleep.
I would plunder it all, and carry it home.
I would bind her two wings securely, set her on the bank of the river, and then let her play at fishing with a reed among the rushes and water-lilies.
When the marketing is over in the evening, and the village children sit in their mothers' laps, then the night birds will mockingly din her ears with:
"Whose sleep will you steal now?"

[1] Rabindranath Tagore, *The Crescent Moon* (Macmillan), 1914.

FAIRYLAND

If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.
The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.
The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyards, and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth of seven kingdoms.
But, let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, where my king's palace is.
It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away shore of the seven impassable seas.
There is none in the world who can find her but myself.
She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears; her hair sweeps down upon the floor,
She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand, and jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles.
But let me whisper in your ear, mother; she is there in the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river for your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.
I sit on the corner where the shadows of the walls meet together.
Only puss is allowed to come with me, for she knows where the barber in the story lives.
But let me whisper, mother, in your ear where the barber in the story lives.
It is at the corner of the terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

VOCATION

When the gong sounds ten in the morning and I walk to school by our lane,
Every day I meet the hawker crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"
There is nothing to hurry him on, there is no road he must take, no place he must go to, no time he must come home.
I wish I were a hawker, spending my day in the road, crying, "Bangles, crystal bangles!"

When at four in the afternoon I come back from the school, I can see through the gate of that house
The gardener digging in the ground.

He does what he likes with his spade, he soils his clothes with dust, nobody takes him to task if he gets baked in the sun or gets wet.
I wish I were a gardener digging away at the garden with nobody to stop me from digging.

Just as it gets dark in the evening and my mother sends me to bed,
I can see through my open window the watchman walking up and down.
The lane is dark and lonely and the street-lamp stands like a giant with one red eye in its head.
The watchman swings his lantern and walks with his shadow at his side, and never once goes to bed in his life.
I wish I were a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with my lantern.

TWELVE O'CLOCK

Mother, I do want to leave off my lessons now. I have been at my book all the morning.
You say it is only twelve o'clock. Suppose it isn't any later; can't you ever think it is afternoon when it is only twelve o'clock?
I can easily imagine now that the sun has reached the edge of that rice-field, and the old fisherwoman is gathering herbs for her supper by the side of the pond.
I can just shut my eyes and think that the shadows are growing darker under the mandar tree, and the water in the pond looks shiny black.
If twelve o'clock can come in the night, why can't the night come when it is twelve o'clock?

MY SELF[1]

I came out alone on my way to my tryst. But who is this that follows me in the silent dark? I move aside to avoid his presence but I escape him not.
He makes the dust rise from the earth with his swagger; he adds his loud voice to every word that I utter.
He is my own little self, my lord, he knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come to thy door in his company.

[1] From Rabindranath Tagore, *Gitanjali* (Macmillan, 1916).

BOAT SONG[1]

Waters glisten and sunbeams quiver,
The wind blows fresh and free.
Take my boat to your breast, O River!
Carry me out to Sea!

The Sea, beloved by a thousand ships,
Is maiden ever, and fresh and free.
Ah, for the touch of her cool green lips,—
Carry me out to Sea!

Take my boat to your breast, dear River,
And carry it out to Sea!

—VALGOVIND

[1] From *New Orient* (May–June, 1924). New Orient Publishing Co.

GAMES

Kabaddi[1]

Two groups of players, each with a captain, face each other across a "dead" line. The captains take turn about in naming a man who is to try to put one of the opposing groups out of the game. The man chosen does this by crossing over to the other side, touching one of the men of the opposing group and getting back across the line, all the while holding his breath and repeating "Kabaddi, Kabaddi, Kabaddi." If after crossing the line he once loses his breath or fails to say "Kabaddi" then he is a "dead" one and has to get out of the game. If, however, he succeeds in holding his breath and repeating "Kabaddi" until he touches someone and gets back home, then that one he touches is "dead" and has to leave the game. There is a great deal of fun when one side tries to make the visitor from the other side lose his breath. Whichever side is most successful in so doing will in the end have the most men on its side and thus will be the winner.

Dhup Chaen

A favorite game to play in the moonlight. The players are divided into two groups: one choosing the light of the moon and the other the shadows of the moonlight. The players of each group seek to stand in the realm of the other group without being caught. Those from the shadows will run quickly out into the light calling, "I am in your light," and dart back quickly. Those standing in the light will run into the shadows, calling, "I am in your shadow," and as quickly run back again. No one can be caught when standing where he belongs, be it light or shadow, but one must be very quick not to be caught when standing in the space of the other group. This makes the fun. There are two ways of deciding the winners. One is to put out of the game everyone caught; then that group wins which has the most players at the end. The other way is to say that whenever one is caught he must play on the side of those who caught him, and again the winners will be the group which has the largest number at the end.

[1] Accented on last syllable.

Guttak

Like our "Jacks," but played usually by girls and with hard round beans. Five is the number used instead of nine as here.

Khokad

Two competing teams are arranged in one line with a captain at the head. In the first team all squat down about a yard apart facing alternately the captain's left and his right. In the second team all stand, each one between two of the squatters, and facing the captain.

The game begins by the captain's going around the line three times, after which he shouts "Ready" and runs down the line with arms outstretched to catch whom he can of those standing. The standing team may dart to one side or the other of the sitting team but must always keep between the two seated players.

Three points the captain must observe:

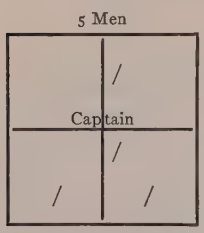
1. In order to bewilder the players he may run around the line quickly without stopping, but every time he makes the round he must touch the heads of those seated at each end of the line.
2. He must never run between the seated players.
3. When running down a line he must always run its full length; he cannot go part of the way and then turn around and come back.

Any mistake made by either team must be paid for by allowing the one who has been caught to return to the other team. As soon as the sitting side has caught someone the captain may, if he wishes, exchange places with one of the seated players. He does this by calling "Khok" and the name of the person chosen, but he can say this only when he is at the end of the line. In taking the squatter's place, he must be careful to run down the side to the back of the squatter he has called. The player thus called to be captain may at once catch anyone who happens to be standing near.

Either team has won as soon as all on the other team have been caught. As fast as any are caught, they are put out of the game. For the second inning the two teams exchange places, the standing team becoming the squatting team. Any number may play this game—the more the merrier—but there should be at least seven on a side.

Atga-Patya

This game requires a field about the size of a tennis court. The field is divided at right angles into four parts. The players are divided into two sides of five each. The aggressive side with its captain forms a row across the top boundary line; the defensive side distributes itself over the cross-sections, one on each of the sectional dividing lines except the middle horizontal line, all of which belongs to the captain. He may go out on either side boundary line as well as on the center line, but his four men must not leave the section lines assigned to them.



When all are ready both captains clap their hands as a signal to begin. The aggressive side then tries to get by the defensive side, run to the farthest boundary and back again without being caught. They score 2 each time they succeed in doing this. When one of the aggressive side is caught, or when anyone goes out of his bounds, that ends the inning. Five innings usually make a game.

If a smaller field is used, the game can be played with a smaller number.

REFRESHMENTS

Drinks

Tea served with sugar and cream.

Limeade made as we make lemonade, using limes instead of lemons.

Fruit

All our fruits are common in India as well as many more which we do not have. Any fruit, therefore, that one may wish to serve would do well for India.

Peanuts

The Hindus like peanuts fried. Where it is possible to get raw peanuts, they may be fried and used as an Indian dish.

Khasta

A kind of cookie very dainty and crisp is made as follows:

2 Cups flour
2 Tablespoons sugar
Salt
Mix with milk, knead, and roll as thin as possible;
cut out with a small cutter and fry in deep grease.

Ice-Cream

One of India's most popular refreshments is ice-cream, but it is made much richer than we make it. Thick cream is always used—never any milk, eggs, or cornstarch. For flavoring, the people over there generally use pistachio nuts or fresh fruits. Mashed berries, cantaloupe, or peaches put in the cream would make it right for India.

Hindu Confections

If one wishes to order confections from a Hindu shop they may be had from Nainsinh Thakar, 359 Mosholu Parkway, New York City. Following are some quotations from him:

	Per Pound
Sakarapara (diamond-shaped cookies)	$1.00
Ladoo (round, ball-shaped confection with nuts)	1.50
Koparapaka (squares containing coconut, almonds, etc.)	1.00

	Per Pound
Peda (patties, a milk preparation)	$1.10
Gulabjambu (rich, golden-brown, egg-shaped confection)	2.00
Badama Barafi (squares of a kind of almond paste)	1.50
Barafi, plain (cream squares flavored with saffron or rose)	1.10
Chana or Dahl (flavorsome rival of salted peanuts), respectively	0.75 and 0.80
Tamarind syrup (one or two teaspoonfuls in a glass of cold water makes a delicious drink):	
Small jar	0.55
Pint jar	1.00
Sample box containing about ten sweet and salty dainties, postpaid	3.00
Gift box of assorted sweet and salty dainties, postpaid	2.50, 4.00, and 5.00

DRESS

Women

The woman's dress is made by draping around her five yards of cloth. Bordered material may be used, otherwise a braid or some sort of trimming should be sewed all along one side of the material. For the upper part of the dress the woman wears a *kurta*, which is a plain waist. This may be made with large armholes and straight, wide sleeves, with long narrow sleeves, or with short sleeves. For both parts of the dress, cotton, silk, linen, or wool is used. In parts of India which are very cold wool is used.

The skirt the woman wears about to her ankles, the width of the cloth making the length of the skirt. Beginning at one side, the cloth is placed around the waist with a few big pleats, the border side at the bottom. The Hindu woman has a knack of putting this around in a way that holds itself in place. We may get the same effect by tying a ribbon around the waist to hold the cloth tight, or by pinning around a band of the same material. The material left after thus making the skirt is brought diagonally across the back up over one shoulder and down the front, fastening at the waist line. This leaves a corner of the material to fall down over the front as an overdrape. Where the material crosses the shoulder, it may be gathered together and held in place with a bar-pin or other ornamental pin. Also on the other shoulder it is drawn up and held in place with a pin. The Hindu woman does not pin the material; she shoves it back up on her shoulder every time it drops down in her way, but Miss Peters said:

"I do not like that. I pin it, so my arm is free."

This part of the cloth which is draped over the waist is called the *sari*. When a covering is desired over the head, the pins on either shoulder are removed and the *sari* falling across the back is brought up over the head in mantilla style. The Hindus wear no hats, but when something more than the *sari* is needed they carry umbrellas. They use umbrellas like ours, black, white, or colored.

For a wrap, three yards of cloth is used, and it is draped as is the *sari*, from the waist line diagonally across the back to the opposite

shoulder, then across the front, fastening at the waist line again. In this case, it is not fastened on the shoulders, but is pulled loose and left to hang over the back and arms. This wrap may be made of wool, silk, or cotton. It is often handsomely embroidered.

The Hindus are fond of color, and except in the case of widows use all colors. Widows can wear only white with no ornaments, and must have their hair shingled. The *kurta* of the woman's dress is usually some other color than the skirt and *sari*, or it may be white.

The women of India often go barefooted. Sometimes they wear sandals or fancy slippers. These slippers are much like Turkish slippers, flat soled, with pointed, turn-up toes. They are often of bright-colored silk, embroidered or trimmed in braid of a different color.

Jewelry is much worn in India. The women wear pins; rings on their fingers, and, when barefooted, on their toes; big, elaborate pendants from their ears; necklaces of gold and silver set with precious stones (no strings of beads but many necklaces at once); jeweled collars; bracelets both around their wrists and above their elbows; sometimes a gold or silver chain around the waist to help hold the skirt in place; anklets of silver with little bells something like sleigh-bells that jingle when they move; and forehead decorations. This latter consists of a large ornament with a long hook from the top. The hook is fastened in the hair above the forehead so as to allow the ornament to hang right in the middle of the forehead. Women of the Hindu faith also wear a red dot in the middle of the forehead just above the eyebrows; this distinguishes them from Mohammedans, Christians or those of other faiths.

Men

The men of India have two different styles of dress according to whether they are Hindus or Mohammedans. The Hindu men wear a kind of trousers called *dhoti*. They are made by draping four yards of cloth around the waist and up between the legs. Shirts are made with soft bands at neck and wrist. Any color may be used.

The Mohammedan men wear trousers of white cotton that are tight at the ankle, soft white shirts, and long silk coats made much like a pajama coat. This coat comes below the knee and is always of some color. For head covering they wear the tall, tight-fitting, red Turkish cap with a long black tassel hanging from the middle of the crown.

CHAPTER II

CHINA

Contributor: Mrs. Catherine Ling Hsueh

THE VISIT

People say the Chinese are stolid, but they who say so do not know Mrs. Hsueh. Ask her to tell the stories of her country and, presto, you find a real actor before you whose magnetism is irresistible! When it was the story of the monkey we became quite enthusiastic about its cuteness. When it was the story of the girl soldier, each girl felt as though she were that poor timid girl, then was transformed with her to the brave soldier. Mrs. Hsueh's story of Moolang was a great surprise. We had always thought that Chinese women were very retiring and dependent, but Mrs. Hsueh explained that ages ago women in China led a free, independent life. This story perhaps comes from those times. After she had told her tiger story, there could be no doubt as to the fierceness of tigers. When she pictured the beauty of her homeland and the Chinese devotion to the family, she leaned forward in her enthusiasm and her face lighted up with love and pride until we almost wished we had been born Chinese.

She loves her family dearly, yet for the sake of the Chinese people she can leave them all for four long years. She is thousands of miles away from home, she is among strangers and studying in a foreign language, all because she wants the mothers and poor people of China to be well and to know how to take care of their homes and their children. She is preparing herself

for social service. Her two-year-old child is with its grandmother in China; her husband is working in Seattle and she is studying here. "Sometimes," she said, "to be far apart like this seems so hard that I feel all sore and aching inside, as if all the bones even were sore."

She showed us the picture of her child—roly-poly and sweet—and the picture of her husband—an educated, bright-looking man dressed in American style. One could realize it would be hard to be separated from them. Anyone who can be so devoted to the cause of others is a hero indeed.

We told her some of our stories were very much like some of hers. This caused her to smile and to manifest great pleasure. Then she became serious and said: "We are all the same inside."

STORIES

The Winter Season

There are many festivals in China, at least one each month. Each season of the year is celebrated with a festival, and each has a legend about it. This is the story told at the beginning of the winter season:

Once there was a boy whose mother went off on a trip to a mountain and there met a monkey. She liked that monkey and the monkey liked her. They had such good times together that the monkey did not want her to leave and she did not want to go either. That monkey was a great playfellow. He was full of tricks and surprises and kept her guessing what he would do next. So she stayed that day with the monkey, and the next day and the next, till she forgot all about going home.

She and the monkey lived in a cave for a long time. All the while her little boy was very lonesome without his mother, and wanted her to come home. He went to see her many times, and begged her to come back, but the monkey always hung around her and moaned and hid his face in his monkey-hands. The boy could not get her to come with him. The queer thing about it was that after she had been with the monkey a while she began to be like the monkey, then of course she forgot that she had ever had a home and a child.

Her little boy did not forget though, and he began to watch the monkey to see if he could work out some plan by which to get his mother back. Finally he found out that the monkey was very fond of flour balls. These were a kind of pastry that the little boy knew how to make. So he made a great many flour balls, and he put them all along the top of the wall from his house to the cave in the mountain where the monkey lived. Then he hid and waited to see if he could catch the monkey.

What happened surprised the boy. His mother came out first and found a flour ball right at the door of their cave. She ate it hungrily. When she had finished it, she looked up. There was another on the wall, and she ate it. Every time she ate one flour ball she saw another one on the wall ahead of her. She liked them so much that she kept on going along the top of the wall, eating flour balls. All the while she was getting nearer and nearer her son's home. She was not thinking about

anything but flour balls, and she did not know where she was going. But when she had eaten the last flour ball, there she was at home. Her little boy was watching so he caught her and shut her up in the house and kept her. At last all the family was together again and there was great rejoicing! Now that the mother was home, she forgot all about her monkey life; she became herself again and was happy to be with her family.

It was in the winter time that the little boy's mother came home, so now every year at the beginning of the winter season, the legend of her return is celebrated by eating flour balls. It is a time when all the members of the family come home, and they take great joy in all being together. That is why this pastry is made round; the roundness stands for completeness and means that the whole family is together.

The Tiger Aunt

Out in the country there once lived a family of a mother and her two girls. The mother loved her girls very much, and they loved her and were good daughters. Now this family had many relatives whom they used to go to visit, and the relatives often came to see them. One day the mother went away to visit in an uncle's home. That uncle lived rather far off, and the only way the mother could visit there was to stay all night. The girls were willing. They wanted their mother to have a nice time, and they told her they would be good while she was gone and take care of everything at home. So the mother cooked a supper for her little daughters, and told them she would be back the next day. When she said goodbye she cautioned them, "If anyone knocks be sure to ask who is there before you open the door." Then she went away.

It was winter time and got dark early. By six o'clock it was hard to see without a light. Then there came a knock at the door. The girls asked:

"Who is there?"

"Your aunt from the country place," a voice answered.

"My," they thought, "an aunt from the country! We never heard of her before." But they knew they had many relatives, and they thought maybe this happened to be one they did not know. They wanted to be polite to all their relatives, and they were such little girls that they did not know what else to do, so they opened the door and said:

"Come in, auntie."

The aunt had on a cape and something pulled over her head and down

around her face so that in the dim light they could not see what she looked like. She came in and said:

"Is your mother at home?"

The little girls answered, "No, kind aunt."

"Well," said the aunt, "that is too bad. I came a long distance to see her. When will she come back?"

"Not till tomorrow," they said.

Then she asked them some more questions to make sure that the two children were alone in the house. When she found all was safe she added:

"Perhaps I can visit with you a little."

It was just time for supper. Of course the little girls invited her to stay.

"Oh yes, auntie, and stay to supper with us."

"Thank you," said the aunt, "that will be nice."

"Won't you sit down," said one child, "and take off your wraps?" She brought a chair, but the aunt said:

"No, thank you, I am so cold I will keep my wraps on." And she did not take the chair. She looked at it and explained:

"I have not been very well and I do not feel comfortable sitting on that kind of chair." Then she looked around the room and over in the corner she spied a chicken-coop.[1] She went over and picked it up and sat down upon it. That just suited her. She liked it because she was a tiger aunt and wanted some place for her tail.

"This is fine, thank you," she said. "Now you can get the supper."

They thought it was queer that she sat on a chicken-coop and would not take off her wraps, but with that long cape on and her head all covered they could not see who she was. They thought her an aunt of the ordinary kind, and they went on to get the supper. Soon the meal was ready. They all sat down to the table and ate together. It was a very good supper but the tiger thought she had never eaten such a small one in her life before. Perhaps it was plenty for those children but as for her it was just a beginning. After supper she pretended to be very tired and said she guessed she would like to stay all night.

"I can sleep in your mother's bed, can't I?" she asked.

They had to say "yes," besides they were glad enough to get her out

[1] The Chinese have chicken-coops made out of bamboo. They are round like our waste-paper baskets but a little larger and open at the bottom and top.

of the way. They took her to their mother's room and then they went to their own room and went to bed. When the tiger was left alone she took off her cape, gave herself a good shake and smoothed her fur into place. My, but it felt good to be free of clothes! Her whiskers bristled and her eyes gleamed in the dark. She leaped on to the bed and stretched out to wait till the two girls were asleep. After a while all was quiet. Then she got up and stole out of the room, no longer pretending to be an aunt, but a sure-enough tiger now. She crept into the room where the girls were sleeping and noiselessly pounced upon the first one. With one sweep of her great paw she gathered her up, and crunch, crunch, the child was soon gone. The tiger was getting a good supper at last. The shaking of the bed woke the other little girl and when she saw the beast she gave a wild scream. Then the tiger caught her up and finished her in short order. And that was the end of the two little girls.

Moolang

There once lived a girl who was a weaver. Moolang[1] was her name. She was about twelve years old and lived with her father and mother in a country place where there were lovely woods and streams.

One day when she was sitting out under a tree with her weaving a soldier came bringing a big envelope addressed to her father. Her father was not at home so the messenger handed the envelope to her. She opened[2] it and there she found a letter from the government saying that war had been declared and that every family must send a man to fight for China.

Now Moolang was greatly worried, for there was no boy in their family and her father was very old. Of course she thought the emperor must be obeyed, but how could they send a man when there was no man but a very old one? She did not tell her father about the letter then, but went to bed thinking and thinking what she could do about it. At last she had a plan.

She was up bright and early the next morning, dressed herself like a man, and appeared at her parents' bedside. At first they thought she had dressed up for a joke, but she showed them the letter and told them

[1] Also the name of a yellow flower which is very beautiful and very fragrant. People in China often name their children for flowers.

[2] In China no one would think of opening the mother's mail, but it is quite right for anyone in the family to open the father's mail.

she was going to be their son and fight for the family. They hated to have her in such danger and doing such hard work, but what else was there to do? They had to let her go.

The first nights in camp were lonely enough, yet she was really very glad to serve for her family and to fight for her country. She could shoot arrows and handle a sword as well as any man. She acted just like a soldier and that helped her to be brave. For twelve years the war lasted. Moolang fought through it all and year by year became a better soldier. No one ever knew she was a girl.

At last the war was over and she came back home. Such a happy family they were then—the parents relieved to have their daughter back and she glad to be with her dear family again! She dressed like a woman now and sat out under the beautiful trees and did her weaving as she used to do. It was good to be herself once more.

Yet she could not go home and sit down that way unnoticed. She had been very brave and had done some great deeds and when the war was over the government wanted to reward the soldier who had helped so much. But strange to say that soldier could not be found. No one had seen him since the war was over. At last an officer was sent to his home to look him up and then they found that the soldier they were looking for was the girl, Moolang! So Moolang was rewarded. Her family was very proud of her, and she is still remembered for her loyalty to her family and her bravery for her country.

The Cowboy and His Fairy

Many years ago there lived a boy who took care of the cows. He was called a "cowboy." Every morning he had to get up early and be gone all day with the herd. Every night when he came home he was so tired that he ate his supper and went straight to bed. No one seemed to care for him. He was very lonely but he made friends with the cows and talked to them. One cow was his favorite. He gave her the best food he could find, he kept her well cleaned, and he never tired of bringing her fresh water. He loved to pat and smooth her soft neck while he talked to her. He told her all his troubles, and many times leaned his face against her neck and let her soft skin dry his tears. The cow always listened, and used to turn and look at him sympathetically with her great brown eyes.

After a while the family began to think the boy was spending too much time with the cow, and they decided to take her away from him. The

cow knew about it and was very unhappy. Before she was taken away she wanted to do something for the boy who had been so good to her, and she told him a wonderful secret. She said:

"One day soon the seven fairies who dwell in the Pleiades will come down to earth to bathe in the pool at the edge of the woods. If you want to, you can get one of them to stay with you and be your champion."

"Oh," said the cowboy, "that would be fine. Tell me how."

"You watch when they go into the water. Wait till they are not looking, then take the clothes of one fairy and carry them away with you. She will follow you, for she cannot fly back to heaven without her flying-clothes. If you keep them from her she won't be able to leave at all, but will stay with you."

The cowboy was very happy with the secret. Every evening after he had herded the cows home, he hurried to the pool where the fairies were to come. He forgot about being tired now. Night after night for six nights he watched and still they did not come. On the seventh night he almost gave up, but he finally decided to try one more time. He threw himself down on the ground beside the pool and watched the stars come out. At first everything looked the same as usual, then after a while he noticed some filmy clouds up near the Pleiades. As he looked at them, they floated lower and lower and began to turn many different colors—pink and violet and yellow—then he saw they were the fairies. The fairies were flying through the sky and trailing those beautiful colors after them! Swiftly and quietly they flew right down to the pool, and the boy lay very still behind the bushes. They alighted and dropped their flying-clothes at the edge of the pool. After they had gotten into the water, he stealthily crept out, snatched an armful of filmy colors, and away he ran. He had gotten the flying-clothes of one of the fairies, but she soon saw it. Sure enough, she was out of the pool and after him in a minute. The cowboy had gotten a good start. He ran all the way and he reached the house first. He had time to hide the clothes before the fairy arrived. She had to stay with him then. Of course he was very, very happy and did everything he could for her. She was miserable at first, but she came to like the boy and they had many good times together. The fairy learned to weave and she lived there with the boy for over a year, but still she did not like to be living on the earth. She missed her fairy companions and the wide, free skies.

The cowboy felt that she longed for her fairy life, and all the time he

was careful to keep her flying-clothes hidden, lest she should find them and leave him. One day he had to take a trip. He knew it was risky to go away and leave her alone, and he had not gone far till his fear made him come back. He could not bear to think of her finding her clothes and flying away. He looked to see if the flying-clothes were still in their hiding place. They were there safe, so he took new courage and started again. Again he felt too worried to go on, and he came back. Three times he started, and every time his fear that she might escape made him come back to see if the clothes were still there. Finally he said to the fairy:

"Don't look over there behind that screen."

The fairy had never thought of looking behind the screen, but as soon as he was gone again she now went over to it and looked. There were her flying-clothes! My, but she was glad to see them! Quickly she put them on and away she flew! The boy looked back just in time to see her flying off. With a great cry he stretched out his arms toward her and started running. He ran and he called but he could not make her look. He began to cry and still he ran harder and harder, but she only flew farther away. Finally she looked down to the earth and saw the boy running and crying. She was sorry to have him unhappy and she wanted to see him sometimes. Then she thought of a plan. As she passed in her flight, she said to a magpie:

"Tell the cowboy we can meet by the pool once every seventh day." And she disappeared up among the clouds.

But the magpie got it wrong, and he said to the boy: "The fairy says you can meet every seventh day of the seventh moon."

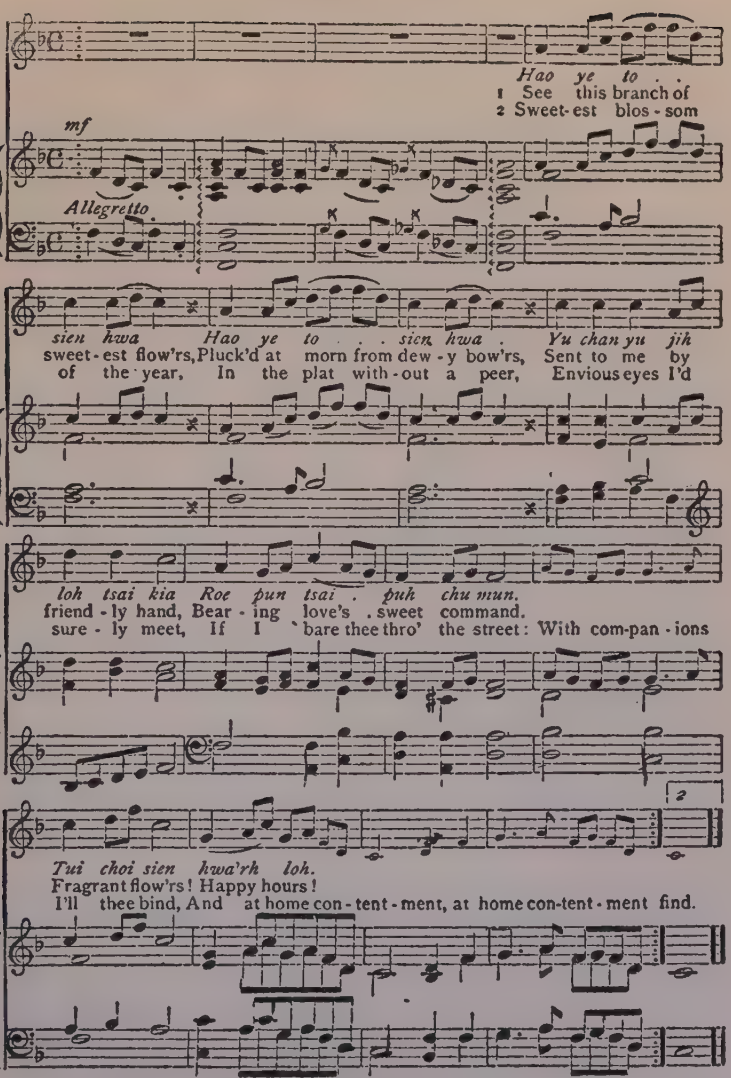
Now that was only once a year. The boy went sadly on counting the days and the moons till the seventh day of the seventh moon should come. The fairy came down to the pool on the seventh day but the boy was not there. She was greatly disappointed. She kept coming every seventh day. Of course the boy was never there, and she became very angry that he did not come to meet her. But the boy did not know. He, for his part, was hurt that he should have to wait till the seventh day of the seventh moon before he could see her again. At last the fairy asked the magpie what was the matter. Then she was angry at the bird instead of at the boy. She punished the magpie by pulling the feathers off its head. This is why every year the magpies in China are bald for a while during the seventh moon.

After that the cowboy and the fairy always met on the seventh day

of the seventh moon. The fairy continued to live in Vega, her star in the Pleiades where she came from. The boy continued on the earth as long as he lived, but when he died he went back to live in his star in the Aquila, for that was where he came from. And ever since, on the seventh day of the seventh moon, the stars of Vega and Aquila have come together and thus the cowboy and the fairy have met.

Each year the Chinese watch for the meeting of these stars. At that time this legend is acted in theaters all over China. The people are glad to have the cowboy and the fairy together. In memory of that companionship they all seek companionship and happiness. The children celebrate with beans they are very fond of. These beans are cooked till they are crisp and dry, then are given to the children to play with. They exchange beans and by eating from each other's supply become more friendly with each other. In this way the companionship of the cowboy and his fairy is remembered by all the people, both old and young.

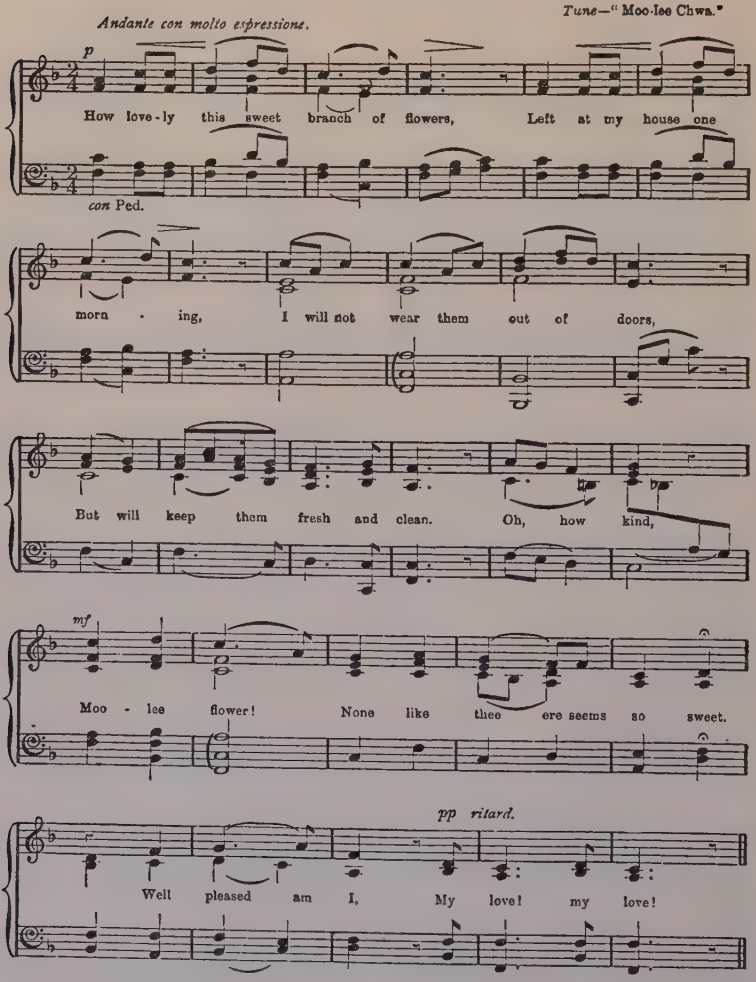
The Jasmine Flower


Hao ye to . .
1 See this branch of
2 Sweet-est blos-som
mf
Allegretto
sien hwa Hao ye to . . . sien hwa . Yu chan yu jih
sweet-est flow'rs, Pluck'd at morn from dew-y bow'rs, Sent to me by
of the year, In the plat with-out a peer, Envious eyes I'd
loh tsai kia Roe pun tsai . puh chu mun.
friend-ly hand, Bear-ing love's . sweet command.
sure-ly meet, If I bare thee thro' the street: With com-pan-ions
2
Tui choi sien hwa'rh loh.
Fragrant flow'rs! Happy hours!
I'll thee bind, And at home con-tent-ment, at home con-tent-ment find.

The Chinese Moo-lee Flower[1]

"How lovely this sweet branch of flowers"

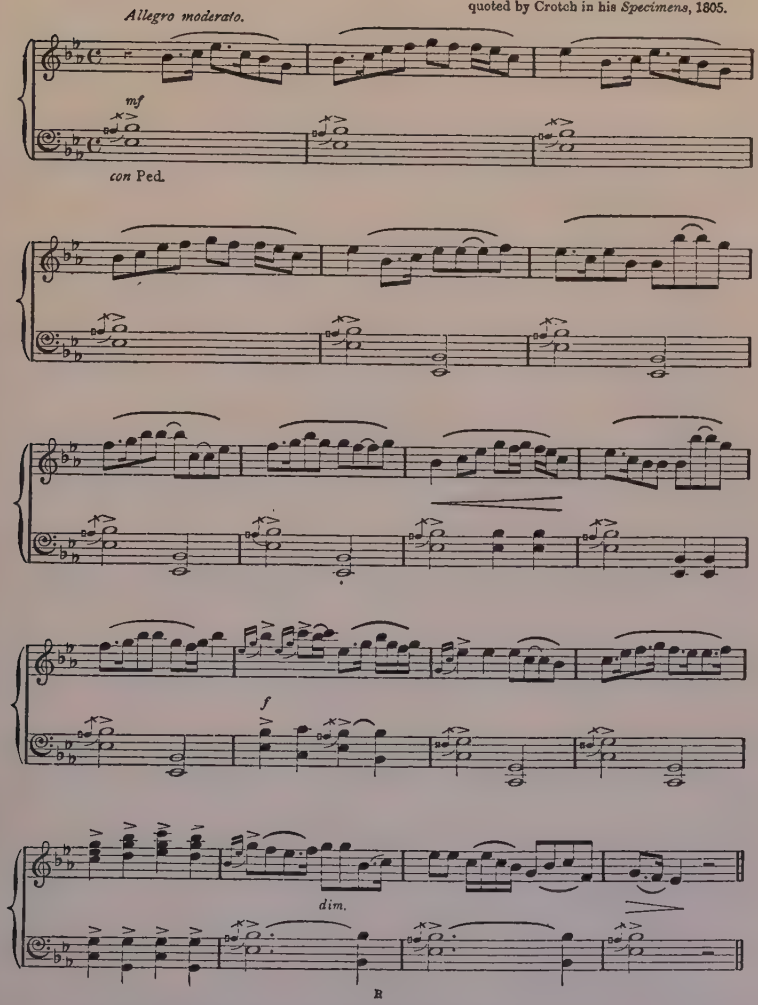
Chinese Folk-Song.


Andante con molto expressione.
Tune—"Moo-lee Chwa."
p
How love-ly this sweet branch of flowers, Left at my house one
con Ped.
morn - ing, I will not wear them out of doors,
But will keep them fresh and clean. Oh, how kind,
mf
Moo - lee flower! None like thee ere seems so sweet.
pp ritard.
Well pleased am I, My love! my love!

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

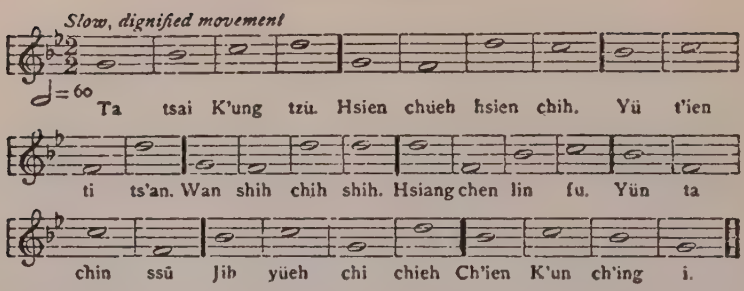
Chinese Dance[1]

Du Halde's *China*, 1736,
quoted by Crotch in his *Specimens*, 1805.

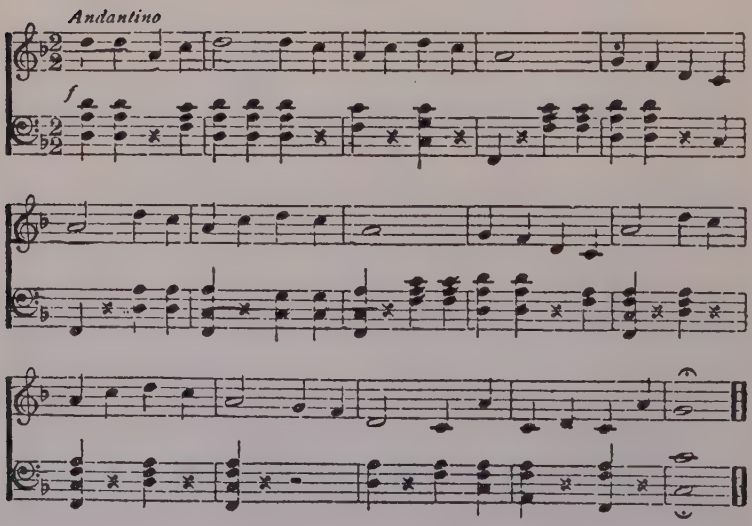


[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

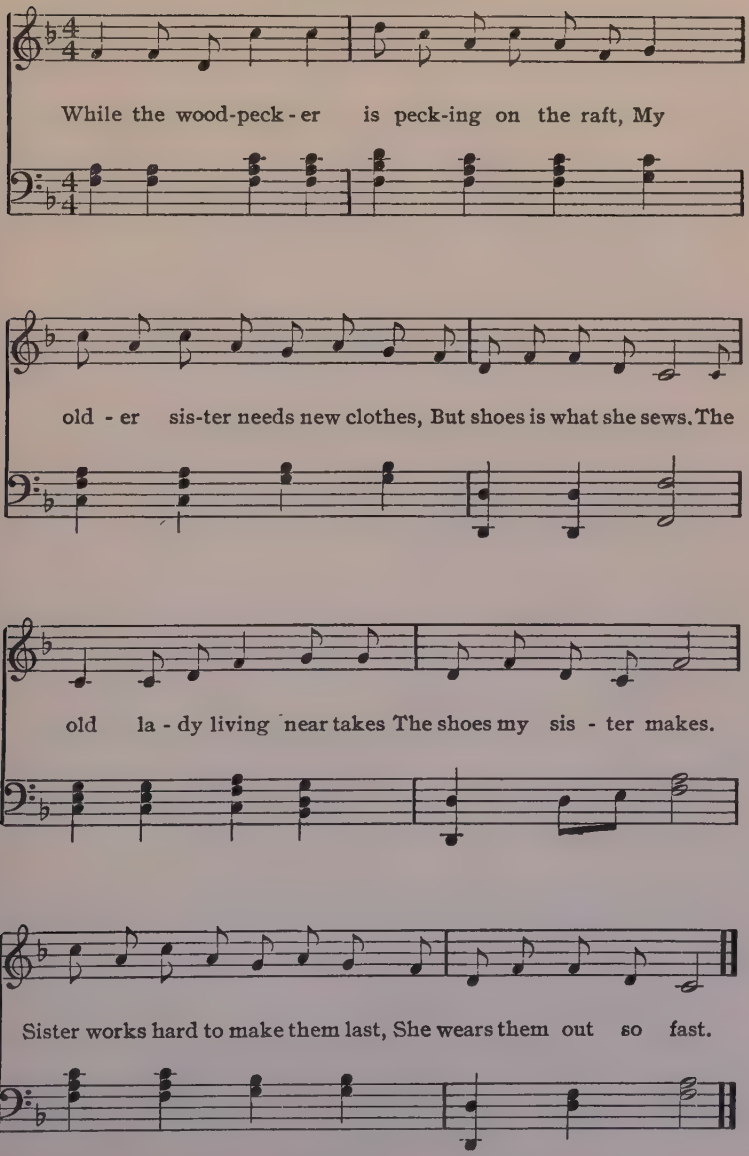
Hymn to Confucius


Slow, dignified movement
♩=60
Ta tsai K'ung tzŭ. Hsien chüeh hsien chih. Yü t'ien
ti ts'an. Wan shih chih shih. Hsiang chen lin fu. Yün ta
chin ssŭ Jih yüeh chi chieh Ch'ien K'un ch'ing i.

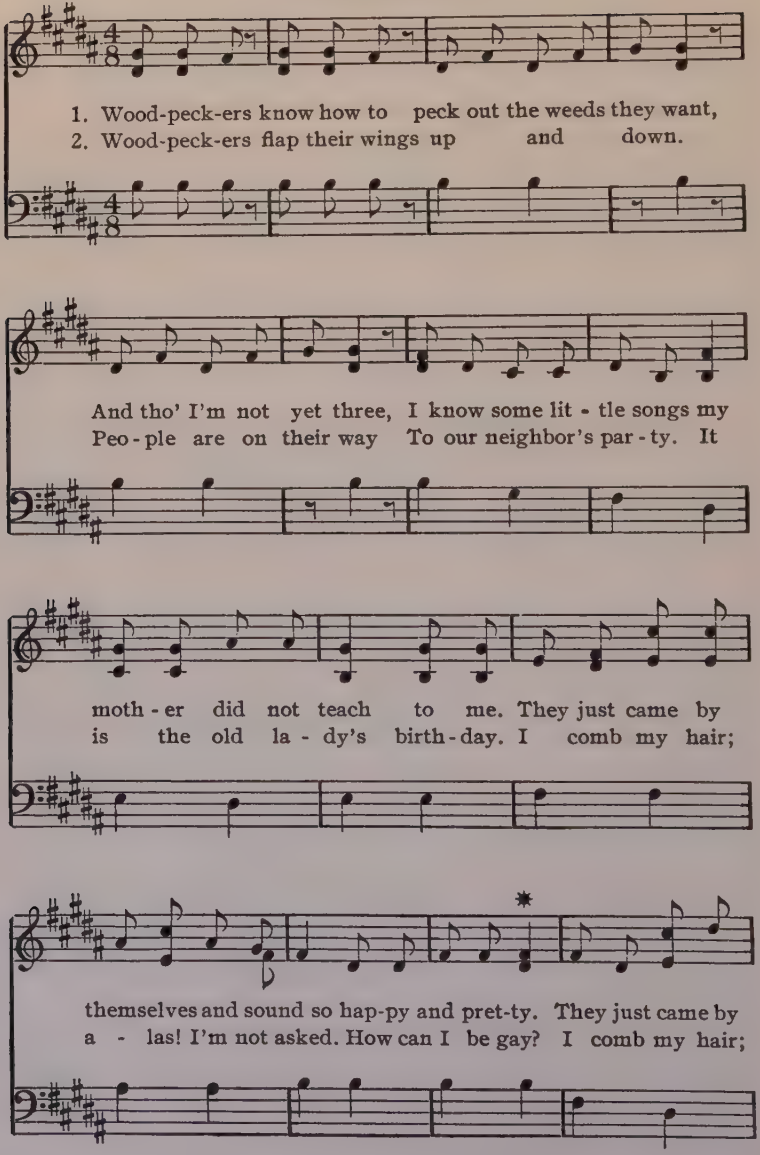
Tao-Yin

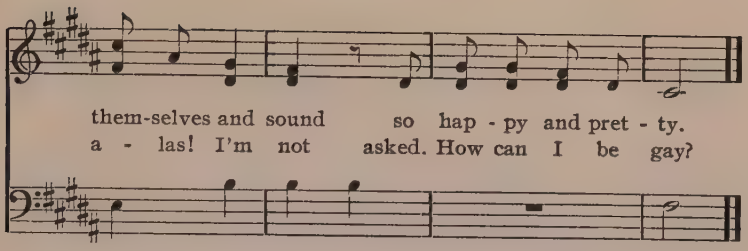


During the Pecking

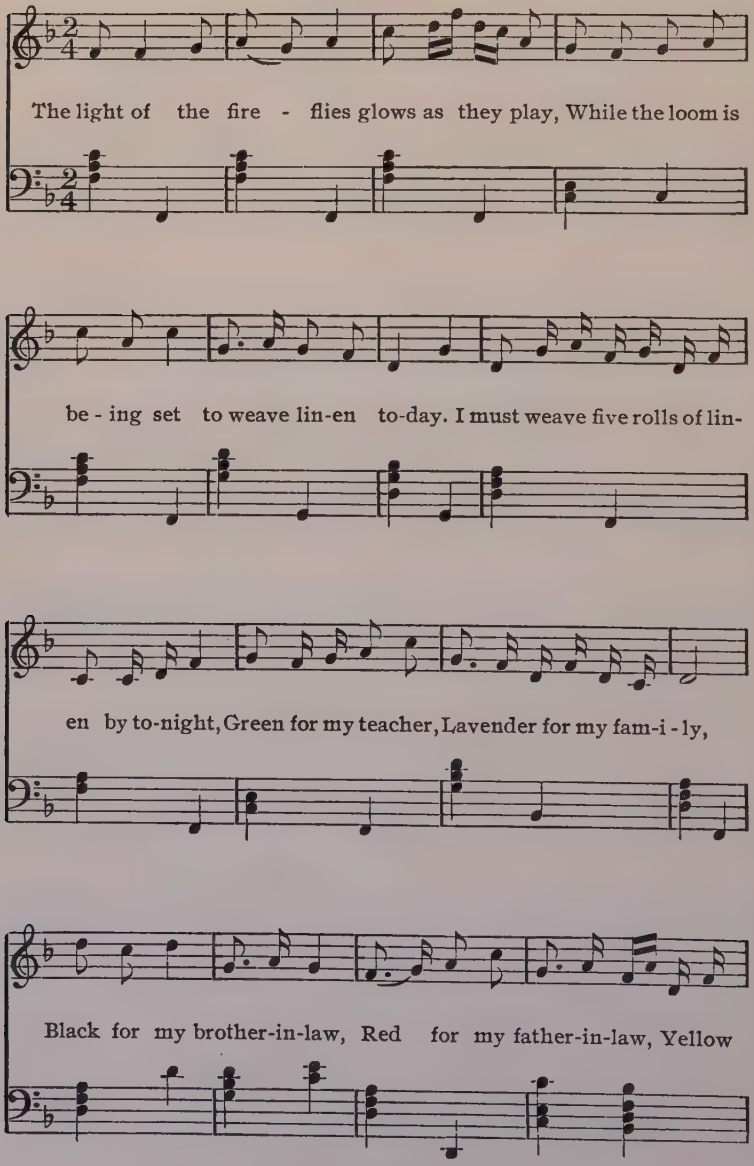

While the wood-peck - er is peck-ing on the raft, My
old - er sis-ter needs new clothes, But shoes is what she sews. The
old la - dy living near takes The shoes my sis - ter makes.
Sister works hard to make them last, She wears them out so fast.

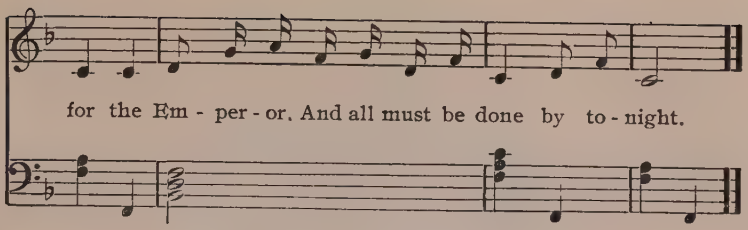
The Woodpecker


1. Wood-peck-ers know how to peck out the weeds they want,
2. Wood-peck-ers flap their wings up and down.
And tho' I'm not yet three, I know some lit - tle songs my
Peo - ple are on their way To our neighbor's par - ty. It
moth - er did not teach to me. They just came by
is the old la - dy's birth - day. I comb my hair;
themselves and sound so hap-py and pret-ty. They just came by
a - las! I'm not asked. How can I be gay? I comb my hair;


them-selves and sound so hap - py and pret - ty.
a - las! I'm not asked. How can I be gay?

Loom Song


The light of the fire - flies glows as they play, While the loom is
be - ing set to weave lin-en to-day. I must weave five rolls of lin-
en by to-night, Green for my teacher, Lavender for my fam-i - ly,
Black for my brother-in-law, Red for my father-in-law, Yellow


for the Em - per - or. And all must be done by to - night.

POETRY

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes[1]

LITTLE SMALL FEET

The small-footed girl
  With the sweet little smile,
She loves to eat sugar
  And sweets all the while.
Her money's all gone
  And because she can't buy,
She holds her small feet
  While she sits down to cry.

THE FIRE-FLY

Fire-fly, fire-fly,
  Come from the hill,
Your mother and father
  Are waiting here still;
They brought you some sugar,
Some candy and meat,
Come quick, or I'll give it
  To baby to eat.

THE SNAIL

Little snail, little snail,
  With your hard stony bed,
First stick out your horns,
  Then stick out your head.

Your father and mother
    Have brought you some food,

[1] From Isaac Taylor Headland, *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes* (trans. and illus.; Revell, 1900).

Some of the rhymes from Mr. Headland's collection have been set to music by Bainbridge Crist. The music is published by Carl Fischer, Cooper Square, New York City.

Fried liver and mutton,
  Now isn't that good?

And now, little snail,
  Just as sure as I say
You must eat it at once,
Or I'll take it away.

Oh where is the little snail
  Gone, I pray tell?
He has drawn himself up, head
  And horns, in his shell.

THE GREAT WALL

The wily Emperor, Ch'in Shih Huang,
He built a wall both great and strong;
The steps were narrow, but the wall was stout,
So it kept the troublesome Tartars out.

THE SMALL STORE KEEPER

A wee little boy
  Has opened a store,
In two equal parts
  Are his front door,
A wee little table,
  A wee little chair,
And ebony chopsticks
And plate are there.

FROGGIE

Froggie, old froggie,
  Come over to me;
You'll never go back
  To your home in the sea.

You're an idle old croker
  As ever I saw,
And if not calling papa,
  You're calling mama.

OLD CHANG, THE CRAB

Old Mr. Chang, I've oft heard it said
You wear a basket upon your head;
You've two pair of scissors to cut your meat,
And two pairs of chopsticks with which to eat.

LITTLE BOUND FEET

There was a little girl
  Who would run upon the street,
She took rice and changed it
  For good things to eat.

Her mother lost control of her
  Until she bound her feet,
And now she's just as good a girl
  As you will ever meet.

LADY-BUG

Lady-bug, lady-bug,
  Fly away, do,
Fly to the mountain,
  And feed upon dew.
Feed upon dew
  And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
  Like a good little bug.

THE FIVE LITTLE TOES

This little cow eats grass,
  This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
  This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
  But just lie down all day;
We'll whip her.

THISTLE SEED

Thistle-seed, thistle-seed,
  Fly away, fly,

The hair on your body
  Will take you up high;
Let the wind whirl you
  Around and around,
You'll not hurt yourself
  When you fall to the ground.

Ancient Poetry

OLD POEM[1]

At fifteen I went with the army,
At fourscore I came home.
On the way I met a man from the village,
And I asked him who there was at home.
"That over there is your house,
All covered over with trees and bushes."
Rabbits had run in at the dog hole,
Pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof.
In the courtyard was growing some wild grain;
And by the well, some wild mallows.
I'll boil the grain and make some porridge,
I'll pluck the mallows and make some soup.
Soup and porridge are both cooked,
But there is no one to eat them with.
I went out and looked toward the east,
While tears fell and wetted my clothes.

OATH OF FRIENDSHIP[1]

Shang Ya!
I want to be your friend
For ever and ever without break or decay.
When the hills are all flat
And the rivers are all dry,
When it lightens and thunders in winter,

[1] Reprinted from *170 Chinese Poems*, by Arthur Waley, by and with permission of, and special arrangement with, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

When it rains and snows in summer,
When Heaven and Earth mingle,
Not till then will I part from you.

PLUCKING THE RUSHES[1]

Green rushes with red shoots,
Long leaves bending to the wind—
You and I in the same boat
Plucking rushes at the Five Lakes.
We started at dawn from the orchid island:
We rested under the elms till noon.
You and I plucking rushes
Had not plucked a handful when night came!

—ANONYMOUS[2]

DESERTED[3]

Green grows the grass on the river-bank,
Luxuriant the foliage of the willows in the garden;
A lovely girl in the upper story,
A vision of beauty in the window.
Fair is her pink-powdered face,
And slender the white hand which she shows;
Formerly she was among a troupe of singing-girls,
And now she is the wife of a *roué*.
But as he has gone off and does not come back,
It will be difficult for her to live alone in her empty home.

MODERN POETRY

EVENING CALM[4]

The sun has set.
The sand sparkles.
The sky is bright with afterglow.
The small waves flicker,
And the swirling water rustles the stones.

[1] A boy and a girl were sent to gather rushes for thatching. Reprinted from *170 Chinese Poems*, by Arther Waley, by and with permission of, and special arrangement with, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

[2] Fourth century. [3] H. A. Giles trans. in the *New China Review*.

[4] From Florence Ayscough, *Fir-Flower Tablets* (poems translated from the Chinese; English version by Amy Lowell; Houghton, 1921).

In the white path of the moon,
A small boat drifts
Seeking for the entrance
To the stream of many turnings.
Probably there is snow
On the shady slopes of the hills.

—KAO SHIH-CHI[1]

FROM THE STRAW HUT AMONG THE SEVEN PEAKS[2]

1

From the high pavilion of the great rock,
I look down at the green river.
There is the sail of a returning boat.
The birds are flying in pairs.
The faint snuff color of trees
Closes the horizon.
All about me
Sharp peaks jag upward;
But through my window,
And beyond,
Is the smooth, broad brightness
Of the setting sun.

2

Clouds brush the rocky ledge.
In the dark green shadow left by the sunken sun
A jade fountain flies,
And a little stream,
Thin as the fine thread spun by sad women in prison chambers,
Slides through the grasses
And whirls suddenly upon itself
Avoiding the sharp edges of the iris-leaves.
Few people pass here.
Only the hermits of the hills come in companies
To gather the Imperial Fern.

—LU KUN[3]

[1] Nineteenth century.

[2] From Florence Ayscough, *Fir-Flower Tablets* (poems translated from the Chinese; English version by Amy Lowell; Houghton, 1921).

[3] Nineteenth century.

THE HERD BOY AND THE WEAVING PRINCESS[1]

Far away is the star of the Herd-boy,
And glittering is the Damsel of the Milky Way;
Slender is the white hand with which she throws the shuttle,
And rattle goes the loom as she works.
She will never accomplish her task,[2]
Her tears drip down like rain.
The Milky Way[3] is clear and shallow;
After all what a short distance apart they are;
Separated by a beautiful piece of water,
They remain silent, unable to speak.

[1] H. A Giles, trans. in the *New China Review*.

[2] This and the previous two lines are understood to refer to the poet's own efforts in the cause of peace.

[3] Called the "Celestial River" by the Chinese.

GAMES

The Flower Match

[An Out-of-Door Game]

Each person gathers a handful of flowers and grasses and leaves, as much as he can hold in one hand. All then sit down in a circle, and each places his greenery beside him. One starts the game by selecting whatever he wishes from his pile and laying it out in front of him. All must then try to match it from their own piles. Flowers may be matched with flowers, grasses with grasses, and leaves with leaves, or colors may be matched regardless of the kind of growth. Each person lays out all he has of the chosen variety. After they have all been sorted out, the first player appropriates all the piles. The next in the circle chooses something from his pile which he lays out in front of him, and again all match it with as many of the kind as they have in their own piles. When all the gatherings have been used in this way, each person counts the number of flowers and grasses or whatever they are in the pile which he has gained. He who has the most is the winner.

Blind Man's Buff

This game is popular in small family groups, and is played much the same as we play it. The Chinese usually stoop down to avoid being caught, and sometimes they make some sound to aid the one who is blindfolded.

Pole Game

Played like "Pussy Wants a Corner" except that the poles in the structure of the house take the place of corners. The person in the center tries to get a pole for himself but he does not say "Pussy wants a corner" or use any formula.

The Wall of China

Two parallel lines about four feet apart represent the wall of China. About ten or fifteen feet on each side of these lines others are drawn parallel to them to mark off the besieged zones. One person who is named

as defender of the wall takes his place upon it. All the other players remain outside one of the zones, but at a signal from the defender make a rush to get over the wall and beyond the next zone without being tagged by the defender. All whom he tags must join him in defending the wall and try to catch the rest of the players in future raids. When all have been caught the game is ended and the last one caught becomes the defender for the next game.

Hawk and Dove

[For Small Children]

First tell the children something about doves and hawks, their habits, and how they are trained as pets. Lead them to imagine what the life of the birds is like and to play that they are birds.

Then divide the children into groups of three. One child in each group represents the owner of the birds and the other two represent birds. The stronger or swifter of the two should be the hawk and the younger or smaller should be the dove. The owner places the hawk behind her and the dove in front, holding them both by the hand. The dove is sent off with a gesture of the hand first toward the sender, then away as one might toss a bird in the air for flight. The little child then pretends she is a dove and sails away with arms outstretched and floating up and down like wings.

After the dove has gotten a good start so that the swifter, stronger bird may not catch her too easily, the owner, with the same gesture, sends the hawk away. The hawk also runs with arms outstretched as though flying and tries to catch the dove but she must follow exactly the same route the dove has taken. Before the dove seems tired, the owner should clap her hands. That is the signal for the dove to turn and start back. Of course she tries to get home without being caught.

After the company is divided into groups of three, if there is room enough it is fun for the owners all to send their birds off at once. If the space is small, however, they may make turns in sending their birds off or two may be sent off at a time. The clapping signal should be made with the hands curved into hollows to make a good, deep sound.

Catching the Dragon's Tail

All the players form in line with their hands on each other's shoulders. The first in line is the head and the last the tail of the dragon. The head

must try to catch the tail, and all those in between must try to keep the line intact. The line will have to swing around in many queer and funny ways to follow the lead of the head and at the same time stay in with the tail. They must watch the head and dodge with the tail. When the head catches the tail, then the tail becomes head and the one who was next to the last in the line becomes the tail.

REFRESHMENTS

Drink

For drink, tea of course. It should be made by pouring boiling water over the tea-leaves, then quickly removing the leaves. Tea in China is never boiled nor steeped. A Chinese saying is that "to boil tea is to spoil tea." They serve tea rather weak and with neither sugar nor cream—"just plain," they say.

Nuts

Nuts are always a favorite in China. They have almonds, pistachio nuts, and salted peanuts. Watermelon seeds are also eaten as nuts. In the last case the outside shell is split open, and the inside is eaten. The Chinese do not like candy as much as we do. In its place they sometimes serve candied fruit and ginger.

Cakes

If one is near a large city where Chinese cooking may be had, it would be well to order rice cakes or almond cookies. The last named may be made by grinding almonds up in the dough or by putting whole almonds on the top of the cookies before baking them.

Chow-Mein

A Chinese dish may be easily prepared as follows:

Boil noodles until tender, then fry.

Fry separately mushrooms, shrimps, and meat cut into small pieces. Any kind of meat may be used or several kinds together. Mix with the fried noodles and serve with Chinese sauce. The latter is a salty preparation and may be bought in the bottle.

Chinese Confections

Preserves, nuts, sauces, cookies, and other Chinese dainties prepared by Chinese may be had from Sun Yuen Hing and Company, 776 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, California.

DRESS

Of course the Chinese dress, far more than ours, is of various styles. There are styles for royalty, styles for rich people, and styles for common people. Slowly, however, but very widely, the ancient forms of dress are being changed by outside influence into a universal type much like our own. The dress here described is of this more modern, universal character. But it still remains true that Chinese dress has special lines that it is impossible for Westerners to copy and get right. While a general description follows it is recommended that there be no attempt to make Chinese dress, but that the real thing be rented or borrowed for the occasion. In the Introduction the addresses are given where costumes of other nations may be secured.

Women

The women's dress is of two general types: the two piece and the one piece. There are three characteristics of most Chinese dress: (1) wide, loose sleeves; (2) a low collar which fastens in the front; and (3), where the garment is in two pieces, a sort of jacket which is worn outside of the lower part and which comes below the waist. Usually the jacket is fastened across the left shoulder and down the side.

When the dress is in two parts, this jacket forms the upper, and a straight, pleated skirt, the lower part. The skirt is not sewed together, but overlaps and fastens at the left side. Mature Chinese women wear their skirts much longer than we do, about to the ankles, but with the young women the length is much shorter. The skirt is always black, a heavy or a thin material according to taste.

Where the dress is in one piece, it consists of a straight, loose-cut slip with big armholes. The sleeves are sewed in plain around the armholes and are long and rather wide. They are generally of a different color from that of the main part of the garment. The dress may have the usual Chinese low collar or may be cut with a round neck and have no collar.

For house wear and special occasions, Chinese women wear silk and satin slippers. These slippers are made with very low flat heels and are much the same style as the bedroom slippers our women wear. These slippers are of different colors, usually beautifully embroidered.

For a wrap, a long straight coat is worn which has full, loose sleeves. A dark color is liked best for coats.

Chinese women usually go bareheaded and carry their Chinese parasols. Sometimes the hair is worn long, but it is becoming more and more popular to have it bobbed.

When the hair is long a flower is often worn in it. For other decoration, jewelry is much worn, especially pins of amber and jade.

Men

The man's dress is a silk or satin suit with a long straight coat to match the trousers. This coat is like the jacket worn by the women except that it is much longer and is split up each side for about a foot. It also has a low collar, wide loose sleeves, and fastens down the left side.

The shoes and coats worn by the men are like those worn by the women.

Nearly all Chinese men now wear their hair quite as our men do.

CHAPTER III

KOREA

Contributors: Hannah Kim, Mary Sungduk Youn, Chai Hong Sim

THE VISIT

Miss Kim is small and dainty, making one think of a fine Chinese lady. It seemed stupid not to know the difference between Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans, and it was hard to confess one's ignorance, but at last the desire to know conquered.

"Probably Englishmen, Americans, and Canadians all look alike to you Orientals, but to us there is a difference." She began to smile and that gave courage to go on: "Some of you from the East look very much alike to us, but of course you can tell a Chinese from a Korean. What is the difference?"

"Yes," she laughed, "they are very different. Chinese all have black hair; our hair is lighter, it is dark brown. The eyes are different too."

"How are the eyes different?"

"Chinese eyes stick out," she answered in her broken English. What she seemed to mean was that the eyelids of the Chinese have the effect of being folded over. "About five thousand years ago the Chinese and Koreans came from the same race." It was a relief to hear that.

"But," Miss Youn broke in, "you think Koreans look like Chinese and Japanese? No. Chinese are slow; Koreans not slow. Koreans not look like Chinese either; Chinese have high cheekbones. Koreans sometimes have curly hair."

We need to see more Koreans; that is our trouble.

All these stories, except the one called "Sim Chung," are from Miss Kim. She was glad to give them though it took a full hour of her time to do so.

"I want world-fellowship, too," she said.

Sungduk Youn (the American given-names are adopted merely to make the name easier for Westerners) is a happy, carefree little girl. She welcomed the foreign woman with all the friendliness and curiosity that we are used to in our own young girls. She was wearing American clothes, but had her Korean clothes over at the Korean house. Plainly she would like to show them. Would the American lady go over there? Of course; so together we made the trip.

The Korean house was an apartment building which had been taken over by fifteen or twenty young Korean men. They had a Korean woman to do the housekeeping and on Sundays many Koreans from elsewhere in the city, including girls, came to dinner or to spend the afternoon. One room in the house was set aside for meetings, and here on Sunday mornings they held a church service, for they were all Christians. Such a poor, bare little room! One felt that Christianity must mean much to them if they could have services in such a place.

We found them in groups, some talking, some playing cards. When we left, all were gathered around the piano singing. They were to give a recital soon and were practicing songs for it. They were bright, energetic young people. One, the son of a rich man in Korea, was making his own way here by running a Korean cafeteria; another was employed as a helper in the physics department of a great university and was working on the side at music, also promoting the manufacture of a Korean typewriter; one girl had the M.D. degree and was an interne at a hospital; another girl was studying music.

Mr. Sim, who told the story of "Sim Chung," was a very earnest, conscientious young fellow. He did not at all mind giving his whole afternoon to a stranger and a foreigner, but was eager to tell all he could of the life of his country. Moreover, he wanted to know an American as much as she wanted to know a Korean. He insisted that for the story we go upstairs to his room where we would not be interrupted. He was so intent upon doing his best by the story that he seemed not to think at all of the impropriety of taking a woman to his bedroom.

"This story," he began, "has been to the Korean people the most precious tradition for more than ten centuries. It has had a great influence over young Korean boys and girls in respect to their love and duty toward their parents. Songs have been made about it, and it has been put into plays for the stage. All children in Korea know 'Sim Chung.' "

When surprise was expressed at his remembering the story so well, he said: "Every word is written in my heart. I can never forget it. Whenever I think of it I cannot help taking the tears out of my eyes."

And then he asked rather timidly: "Why is it American people do not honor their parents as they are honored in this story?" Before any answer could be given he went on: "I used to room at a boarding-house kept by a widow. She had four children. All were married and had their own homes, yet they let her live by herself and keep a boarding-house that way to make her living."

When he was told that maybe that woman did not want to live with her children but would rather live alone and be independent, he was not satisfied at all.

"It would never be that way in Korea," he said. "When the children are grown they always take care of the parents."

STORIES

The Two Brothers

Once there were two brothers named Hengboo and Nolboo. Hengboo, the younger, was very industrious and prosperous and generous. Nolboo, the older, was very idle and selfish and always imposing upon other people. Both were married. Hengboo had a fine home and everything one could wish for. He was kind and hospitable, always helping those in need and making it pleasant for all who came to his home. Everybody praised him and everybody liked him. Hengboo lived a very successful, very happy life.

Nolboo was very poor. He would not work but was always trying to get others to help him out. He was jealous of his brother and kept asking him for money and other help. Every time Hengboo got a new piece of furniture or some new clothes, Nolboo wanted Hengboo to get him some new furniture or new clothes. Every time Hengboo had company, Nolboo did not like it if he was not invited. Nolboo had a poor little house and a wife who was always fussing. His home life was very unhappy; nobody liked to come there and nobody liked Nolboo.

One day his wife had an idea. She said: "Your go to you brother's house and get some money, rice, and jewels and some nice things for our house. He has more things than he needs and we don't have enough. It isn't right. You go and get something for us."

So the older brother went. When he reached the home of the younger, he practiced some sort of magic on Hengboo and got everything he wanted. Many times he did this, and all the time Hengboo, out of the goodness of his heart, was giving to the needy people in the town, too; so at last his money was all gone, and he even lost his home and all its fine furnishings. Then Nolboo was wealthy and Hengboo was poor.

Hengboo was so poor that he didn't even have food to eat. Since he had no money to buy anything he thought he would try to raise something, and he planted a melon seed. The seed grew up into a fine big plant and spread all over his yard and up on to the roof of his little house. When Hengboo saw the melons beginning to grow on the vine, he was very happy. There were ever so many melons, and on the roof where the

vine climbed there was a whole cluster of nice, big, round fruit. Day after day Hengboo watched those melons grow rounder and larger and riper.

At last, when one seemed just right, he took it down from his roof and cut it open. When he saw what was inside he was indeed surprised. He had never seen such a lively melon before. It was filled with little men, and out they stepped all ready for work. They were carpenters, and they told Hengboo they had come to build him a nice new home. Wasn't Hengboo glad! He watched the carpenters in all they did. They went off and got tools and lumber and everything they needed and all worked at that house till it was finished. It was a very nice house but poor Hengboo did not have much to put in it. He was so glad to get it, though, that he didn't worry about not having furniture.

By this time some more melons were ripe. Hengboo plucked another and cut it open, and what should he find but more men! This time they were all furnishers, they said, and had come to furnish his house for him. And how they did furnish it! There was beautiful carved woodwork and ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and handsome rugs and curtains and all the furnishing he could wish for.

Hengboo wondered and was very grateful, but he could not help being hungry. He was still in need of food. He thought he would try those melons once more, so he climbed to the roof of his little old house and got himself another ripe one. This time when he opened the melon there was something he could eat, but very much more than just a melon. The inside was of so many different colors that at first Hengboo could not make out what it was, but as the melon lay there open, each different bit of color grew larger and larger and took on a shape of its own, till before his wondering eyes lay piled up a great supply of food. There were all kinds of fruits and breads and rice and fowl and vegetables and sweets —every kind of food he could want! So Hengboo and his wife had all they could eat, and there was even food left. He called in the neighbors and gave them all a great banquet, and still there was food left. He took food to all the poor people he used to give to when he was rich, and still there was some left. Then Hengboo and his wife put the rest away.

They began to feel like rich people again, but they did not look very rich. They were still wearing the poor, cheap things which were all they could afford when they lost their first lovely home. Once more Hengboo thought of the melons. There were still some ripe ones on his vine, For the fourth time he got one and opened it, and this time there appeared all

kinds of clothes, both woolens and silks, and all different colors! "Surely," thought Hengboo, "we are certainly well provided for. A beautiful home, clothes and plenty of food—what more could one wish?" He and his wife were very happy and very grateful.

Now there was one last melon left on his roof. It was ripe, so just for fun Hengboo thought he would cut it open. Up to the roof he went once more, broke off this melon, brought it down and opened it, and then the last of his troubles was solved. Good Hengboo in his happiness had forgotten that in order to keep a home and always have plenty of food and clothes there must be money. This last melon brought him money. When it was opened out rolled Korean money, so many silver pieces and paper bills that Hengboo knew he was rich again.

The older brother, Nolboo, heard of everything that had been happening to Hengboo and of his new riches, and he was wild to know how it had come about. One day he went by there and saw the beautiful, big home. That was too much for him. Then and there he decided he would find out about it all. To be sure, he was rich himself, but he could not let his brother have anything which he did not have also. "Besides," he thought, "if I can find the secret of his wealth, perhaps I can get more wealth and become the richest man in the world." Up he went to his brother's house, and he asked him: "How's this that you are rich again? How did it happen?"

Hengboo was so good and kind that he did not mind telling. He always wanted to do everything he could for others, so he told Nolboo truly all about it. He said: "It all came from the melons on that vine out there."

"From the melons! How do you mean?"

"Well," said Hengboo, "I was out of food, and I planted a little seed to grow me some vines for melons. But when I cut open the melons each one was magical in some way. From the first melon came men who built my house, from the second came men who furnished it, from the third came food, from the next came clothes, and from the last one money. That's all there is to it."

"All this wonderful house and all your possessions came out of those melons?" asked his brother.

"Yes," said Hengboo, "that's it."

"Marvelous! Can't you give me a seed from one of those melons?"

"Yes, surely," answered Hengboo, "if I can find any." He hunted

around till he found one of the seeds and gave it to his brother. Nolboo hurried home and planted the seed and carefully watered and tended it. It sprouted all right and grew up into a flourishing vine just the way Hengboo's had. Nolboo was very excited about it, and when the melons began to grow on it he could hardly wait for them to ripen.

As soon as the first one was ripe, he cut it open and what was his delight when out jumped many men, just as had happened with his brother. But the men did not stop to say a word to Nolboo. They rushed up to his house, opened the doors, went in and quicker than Nolboo could think, began taking out all the furnishings. They tore down the pictures and all the fine curtains and draperies, they rolled up the rugs, and carried out chairs and furniture and everything. Nolboo tried to stop them. But what could he do—one against so many? They did not pay any attention to anything he said, but went right on until the house was stripped and everything carried away.

Nolboo was in despair, and his wife was very angry. Both were all the more anxious now to get some more riches. They went out to his melons and found another ripe one and cut it open. Again many men jumped out and rushed up to his house. He tried to stop them and see what they were going to do, but they only said, "You are selfish and jealous and mean. You did not earn this house and you do not deserve it," and right before his eyes they burned it to the ground. There Nolboo and his wife were left with no home and no possessions.

Nolboo had had enough of melons by this time. His wife made him go to the neighbors and to his brother and try to get something again. But they had had enough of him. He had been mean to everybody; he had no friends, and no one would help him, so he had to stay poor.

That is the end of the story of the two brothers. Hengboo, who was good and generous and industrious, became rich and had a happy life. Nolboo, who was mean and selfish and idle, became poor and was left to live a lonely, unhappy life.

Kongi and Potgi

Kongi and Potgi were two sisters. Potgi's mother and father were rich and had a very fine home, and Potgi had everything she wanted. Kongi lived in that house, too, but she was only a stepdaughter and had hardly anything. Potgi had a lovely room and was well dressed and had the best of food, but Kongi had only a little back room and the plainest

and cheapest of clothes, and all she had to eat was what was left on the table after the others had finished their meal. Potgi was always having good times. She gave parties and her mother took her to ever so many nice places, but Kongi didn't have any good times. She was left at home to work, and everybody scolded her. She always worked hard and did the best she could, but she wished she could have some good times also.

One day the King invited all the pretty girls in the town to come to his castle for a banquet. Kongi was the prettier of the two daughters, but of course Potgi's mother planned only for Potgi to go. She dressed Potgi very beautifully and sent her off to the castle in a lovely sedan chair. Kongi had to help get Potgi ready, so she could not even begin to dress until Potgi was gone. Kongi had only her ordinary clothes to wear and nobody to help her get ready, but she dressed as fast as she could and started off. There was no sedan chair for her. She had to walk, and the castle was a long distance away. She did not want to be late for that would be impolite, so she hurried along as fast as she could. Sometimes she ran a little, and in her haste she lost one shoe. There was no time to stop for a shoe; she went right on and left it. But someone who was coming along behind her picked it up. He was one of the workmen from the King's castle, and he took the shoe and gave it to the King and told him it was Kongi's. Because of that shoe something wonderful happened.

When all the girls had arrived, the King took them out to the banquet hall. The large hall was a beautiful sight. It was filled with little tables[1] all sparkling with the lovely china and the shining glass and silver of the summer time.[2] The guests were given beautiful soft cushions[3] to sit on, and had the finest meal the King could provide. It was a grand occasion, very gay and festive, and the girls had things to eat that they had never before seen anything like. After the banquet the King arose and said he had something to tell them. All the girls stopped talking and became quiet—so quiet those girls did not know they could be! Then the King held up a shoe. It was Kongi's poor little shoe that she had lost on the way, and she felt so ashamed that she wanted to sink down under the

[1] The Koreans always use small tables. When there are many guests, the custom is to have many tables.

[2] In Korea there is a different set of dishes for each season. In winter time it is brass; in summer, china and glass.

[3] The cushions were placed on the floor, for that is the Korean way of sitting.

table. When she heard what he said she could hardly believe her ears. These were his words: "Some girl here has lost this shoe. Whoever it belongs to I am going to marry." All the girls became excited, and they crowded up around the King and tried to make him think the shoe was theirs—all but Kongi. She was scared and kept very still so the King would not notice her, and "anyway," she thought, "he wouldn't marry such a poor plain thing as I am."

Of course Potgi knew the shoe was her sister's, but she did not tell. She was hoping she could make the King think it was hers. But they could not fool the King; he made each girl try on that shoe. They all did their best to wear it. They did not care how much it cramped their feet; if they could get it on, they pretended to the King that it was theirs. It plainly did not fit any of them, but the girls did not give up. They tried another plan.

First one and then another girl invited the King to her home and tried to make him like her and want to marry her. What did any of them care whose shoe it was, so she could get the King! They all gave balls and banquets and spent all the money they had on fine clothes. One girl tried a little scheme. She was having a banquet. She had had the tables set with very lovely linen and dishes and had decorated the tables with flowers. At the King's place were beautifully carved chopsticks and spoons all set with precious gems. The banquet proceeded quite merrily, but in the midst of it the King got up from the table and left the room for a few minutes. While he was gone this girl quickly took away his chopsticks and spoons and put others in their places. That was just a clever little way to make the King notice her! The Koreans have many ways of giving people hints. When the King came back he saw that his chopsticks and spoons had been changed and he asked:

"Why has this been done?"

"If you can see a little thing like that," answered the girl, quite coquettishly, "surely, you can see which girl you ought to marry!"

But the King did not take the hint. He let the girls entertain him all they wanted to, and he waited to find the one the shoe would fit. Potgi entertained him as much as the rest, and tried every way she could think of to win the King, but all in vain.

One day at Potgi's house he saw Kongi. Without a word he pulled out that little shoe and went up to her and asked her to put it on. Poor Kongi was scared, for her stepmother and Potgi were looking, but of

course the King had to be obeyed. She put the shoe on, and that ended the whole matter. The King saw that it fitted exactly, and he saw how beautiful and sweet and unselfish Kongi was. So the King and Kongi were married. Kongi's hard life was all over. At last she had a lovely home and someone who cared for her, and she and the King were very happy together.

Sim Chung

O mountain reaching there above the cloud,
To what canst thou aspire?
The goodness of my parents humbly bowed,
Has touched a height far higher.

So high towers up what they have done for me each day,
That I shall never have the wisdom to repay.

In the village of Kyung Choo, one of the most beautiful and historic villages of Southern Korea, there once lived a poor man named Sim Pong Sa. He was a good man and would have been happy and contented except for three things: He had no children, he was blind, and he was poor. His wife was the best wife in the village. Since he could not see and could not go out to work, ever since she had been married she had done her best to make a living not only for herself but also for her husband. She did all the village sewing she could get, thus earning enough to keep them both alive. In spite of her hard work Mrs. Sim was glad to help her husband. He, in turn, was the proudest husband in the whole village, and used to tell his friends that he had the best wife in the world. Well he might boast of her, for she was as good as an angel. The way she looked after her husband, one might have thought she had been born for no other purpose. Thus the whole village envied this couple even though they had no wealth and no children and the man was blind.

At last the lack of children became too much for poor Mrs. Sim. She felt that in not giving her husband a child she was not doing her duty by him. So one day this couple went together to a neighboring temple and prayed with all their hearts for a son. The prayer was heard, and finally a child was born to them. But not the son they had prayed for; it was a daughter. Mr. Sim was greatly disappointed not to have a son, but he did not want to make his wife unhappy so he said: "Oh well, a good girl is always better than a boy."

Little did they know that that baby girl was to become immortal in the history of the Korean people.

Mrs. Sim did not live long after the birth of the baby. She wanted to stay in this world for her husband, and she wanted to stay for the new little girl, but some queer trouble that no one could understand kept working on her till it took her life away.

Poor Mr. Sim, left alone with the tiny baby, felt helpless indeed. What was he to do? How could he get any food for himself, much less for the child? But he did not give up. The gods had sent him a child, surely the gods would help him take care of it. He took his baby Chung, for so they had named it, and went to the women of the village for help. From house to house he went throughout the whole village, and the women did not fail him. Each housewife in turn fed the baby and always found something for the poor blind man too. So day after day he made the rounds of the village till the child grew to be nine or ten years old. By that time Sim Chung thought she could go around the village alone, so her father stayed at home, and every day she made the tour from house to house. Thus she got her own meals and always brought home food for him also.

All went well until one day Sim Chung was out later than usual. Mr. Sim worried till he could not stand it any longer. She did not come home, so he went out to find her. It had been many years since he had gone alone around the village, and he did not know the way. He fell into a ditch of muddy water and could not get out. The poor man tried to scramble up, but the sides were steep and slippery. Every time he tried to pull himself up he only fell back again. At last he was about to drown when a Buddhist priest came by and helped him out. Seeing that Mr. Sim was blind, the priest said: "For three hundred sacks of rice offered to Buddha your eyes can be opened."

To know that he might see again made Mr. Sim very happy and he said: "Oh, thank you, merciful priest, I will get you the rice."

When he returned home, he found Sim Chung already there. He told her what had happened and how the priest had said he might be cured. She was glad to hear it and sad also, for she did not see how they could ever get the three hundred sacks of rice. She did not want to discourage him, but she kept thinking: "Three hundred sacks! How can we ever get that much?"

Years and years went by and they did not get the rice, but Sim

Chung always remembered. At last she had her chance. There were some Korean merchants who went on trading trips to China. The sea was always very rough on these routes, and the only way the journey could be made in safety was to sacrifice a maiden to the waters. This always calmed the waves. Now whenever the merchants started out on this trip they took with them some maiden for this purpose. Sometimes they had to go to many villages before they could find a girl for the sacrifice. This time they were in Sim Chung's village. She heard them as they went through the streets calling for a girl, and she thought: "Perhaps this way I can get the rice so my poor father can have his eyes opened."

"For three hundred sacks of rice I will go," she said to the merchants.

"Good!" they all said. "Where do you live?" She told them and they told her the day when they would sail and bade her be ready.

Of course the whole village knew what Sim Chung was going to do, but no one told her father. She was more devoted to him than ever and brought his meals to him up to the very last day. That day his meals were so much better than usual that he spoke about it and wondered what had happened. The reason was that the village people felt sorry for Sim Chung and wanted to do the best they could for her before she left them. It was now the day before she was to leave, so when her father asked her about the meals, she knelt down by his chair to tell him all about it. At first her tears came so fast and hard that she could not say a word. At last when she did tell, he was crazy with grief. He went out into the streets calling aloud:

"No, no, you cannot take her! She is my child; the sea cannot have her!"

When the time came to go, the merchants had to pull her away from her father. Quickly they put her on board the ship and sailed away for China. After a while the sea became rough and threatening as it always did. But the merchants had the maiden and they were ready. When the signal was given she jumped overboard and right away the waves were calm. The merchants had no trouble in making the trip to China.

That was the beginning of new life for Sim Chung. The King of the Kingdom of the Sea[1] had heard about her, and when she jumped into the water he sent a big fish to carry her to the Palace of the Sea. She was

[1] In the old Korean faith, people believed that heaven or the place of immortal life was a kingdom in the bottom of the sea.

brought before the King. He asked her all about the earth and her life there. Her story made him weep for sorrow.

"You shall have your reward," he said. "I am going to send you back to earth to enjoy good life. But first you shall see your mother."

So Sim Chung found her mother whom she had never known. Then the King put the girl into a beautiful big flower and sent it up to float on the surface of the sea. When the merchants returned from China they found the flower on the water just where the girl had jumped in. They did not know what it was, but anything so wonderful and beautiful, they wanted. They took it up and carried it back to the young King of Korea. He had never seen such a glorious flower before and put it in his own room. At night when he was going to sleep, the heart of the flower opened and out stepped a beautiful girl. The King was greatly surprised.

"Who are you?" he questioned. "Are you human or are you a spirit?"

She told him how she came there and all about her life. The King was filled with sorrow to hear of such great hardships, and he marveled that any girl could have stood so much. "Surely," he said, "I can nowhere find so faithful a wife."

That very next day he married her. Thus Sim Chung became queen. She now had a beautiful home, the best of everything, and servants to do all the work, yet she was not happy. The King loved her and asked her what was the matter. Wanting to see her father and care for him, that was her sorrow. She did not know how many years had passed since she was on the earth before, and how to find her father was now the question. Sim Chung feared that he was still blind, so the King planned a feast at the palace and sent for all the blind men of the kingdom. The order went out everywhere, even as the King had said it should, and the Queen's father out in the country heard it and made ready to take the journey to the palace.

Mr. Sim Pong Sa was still living in the village of Kyung Choo. After Sim Chung was gone he had had a very hard time. His eyes were as blind as ever, and there was no one to take care of him, so the village out of pity found him another wife. She did not care anything for him and would not look after him. The village then collected money for him, but his wife took it all and ran off. Now he was alone again and could not get to the palace except by walking all the way. However, his loneliness was about to drive him to despair, and he was ready to try almost anything.

The journey was long but he started, and people along the way helped him and kept him on the right road. When at last he reached the palace he was received as though he were a great person. Servants took care of his every need and saw that he had a good rest, then he was taken to the great hall where the feast was spread. He did not know of course that Sim Chung was there. No one but the King knew that she was alive again.

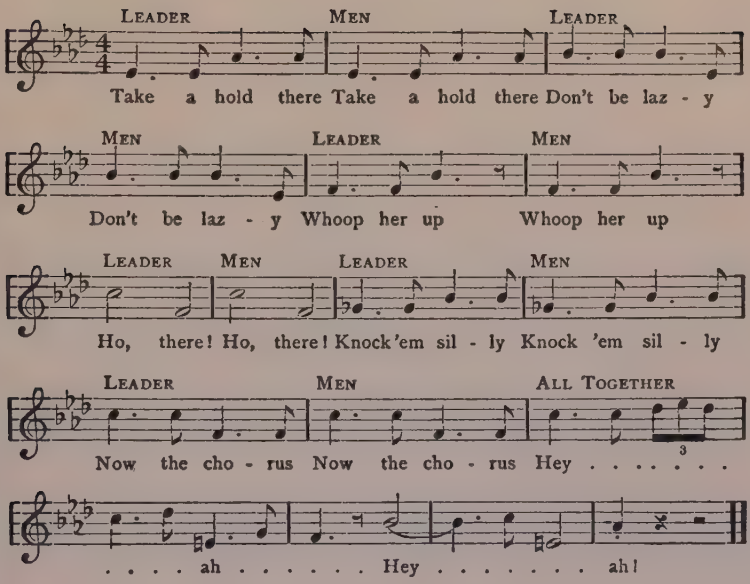
When all the blind men were together in the banquet hall and there seemed to be no more coming, the King and Queen were sent word and they came to see if her father might be there. With such a great room full of blind men the King wondered if the Queen would be able to find him, but the daughter knew her father. With a cry of joy she ran up to him when she saw him and threw her arms around his neck saying:

"Father, Father!"

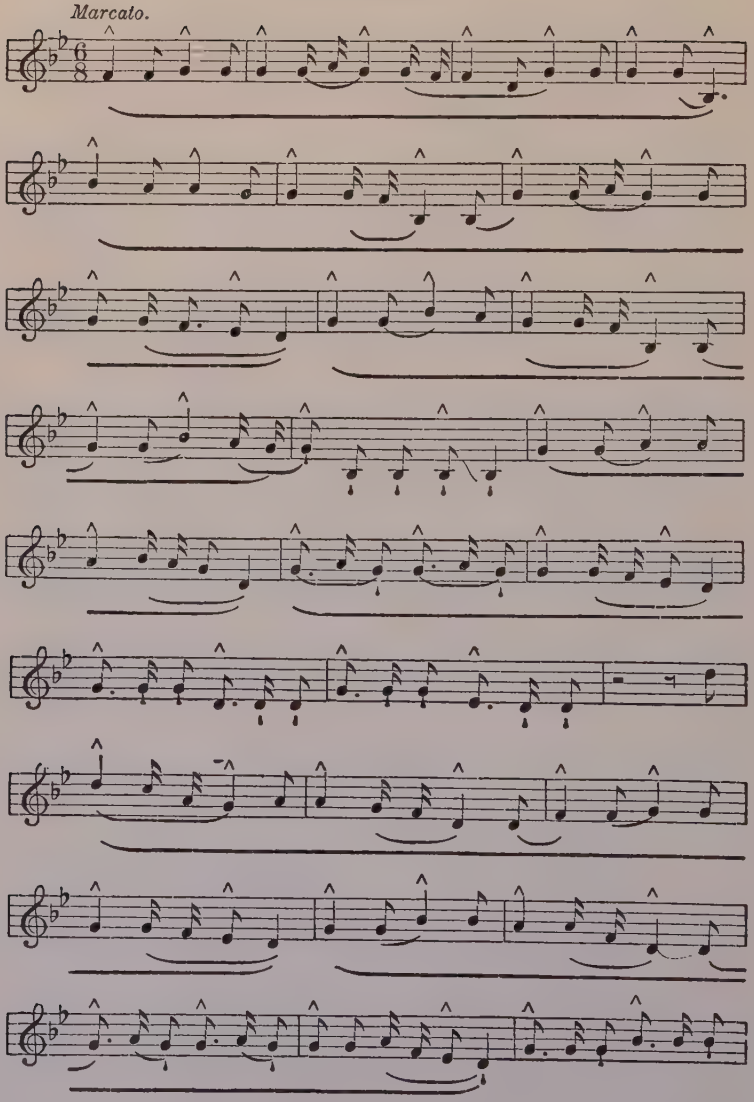
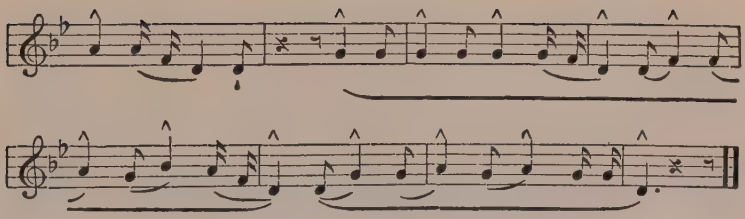
Of course poor old Mr. Sim could not believe she was really his daughter, his long-lost Sim Chung, but longing to have it so made him weep aloud. And she was so deeply happy that she wept. At last he exclaimed:

"If you are really my daughter let me see you!" At once his eyes were opened. Father and daughter knew each other, and their joy was complete. No more was Mr. Sim Pong Sa blind and poor and lonely. The Queen set aside rooms for him in the palace, and for the rest of his life he had all the comfort and beauty and good times of royalty. Father and daughter lived happily together ever after.

Labour Song

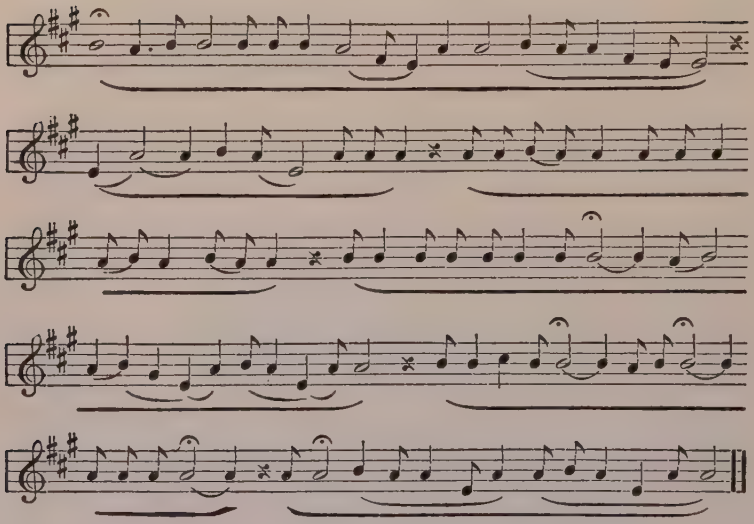

Leader
Men
Leader
Take a hold there Take a hold there Don't be laz - y
Men
Leader
Men
Don't be laz - y Whoop her up Whoop her up
Leader
Men
Leader
Men
Ho, there! Ho, there! Knock 'em sil - ly Knock 'em sil - ly
Leader
Men
All Together
3
Now the cho - rus Now the cho - rus Hey . . . . . .
. . . . ah . . . . . Hey . . . . . ah!

Moon Song



Moon, moon, bright moon.
There, there now I see
As Etabae saw, a cinnamon-tree,
With my gold axe I will cut it down.
Trim it smooth with my jade axe.
A house to build all thatched with straw,
Rooms there shall be one, two, three,
One for my father,
One for my mother,
One for me and my wife.
May we live there a thousand years,
Ten thousand years together.

PRAYER FOR GOOD PEOPLE NOT TO GROW OLD



The treetops are swinging, Kundung, Kundung,
Will the wind blow?
Clouds rise on Mansusan,
Will the rain fall?
You years and months do not hasten.
All glorious cities with their heroes and poets,
All good men, alas, will grow old!

POETRY

Lullabies

Sleep well, sleep well, my baby, sleep well,
White dog do not bark, black dog do not bark,
My boy is more precious than the king's treasure.
  May my baby have riches vast as the sea,
May my baby be old as the mountains.
  Hard as stone, tall as the pine-tree.
My baby shall grow like a plant,
He shall be noble as Numki,
My baby shall be wise as Confucius,
He shall be good as Buddha.

Let us sleep, let us sleep, now you should sleep, our baby is sleeping well.
The baby of Unja! the baby of Gunja! you are the Okpodong in the mountain of ten thousand crests.
How can you be bought with gold, or how with silver are you to be purchased?
You are the baby faithful to your parents.
You are the baby patriotic to your nation.
You are the baby kind to your brothers and sisters.
You are the baby harmonious with your relations and friends.
[And so on, line being added to line, until the baby sleeps.]

Oh child, who came to save me,
Oh jewel of my eye, who like light
Enlightens our caste, sleep!

My child, why do you cry?
Mother will take care of you,
Who has done anything to you?
Tell their name.
Cease to grieve, sleep!

Don't cry uselessly, my child,
Say who beat you,
Say who touched you,
We will punish them.

—Anna T. Smith[1]

Mother Goose Rhymes[2]

Monk,[3] monk, shaven[4] monk,
Pitch him over the garden fence
Monk who licks the platter[5] clean,
Monk who hunts for shrimps[6] beneath the stones.

Oh moon,[7] oh moon, oh bright moon,
Oh moon, which amused I Tai Paik[8]
There, there, in the moon
Is the print of a Cinnamon-tree
Which a white rabbit[9] is cutting down,

[1] From *Some Nursery Rhymes of Korea.* Quoted from *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (American Folk-Lore Society), X, 182.

[2] *Ibid.*, XI, 203–7.

[3] This is called out in derision of Buddhist monks. Buddhism at the present day occupies a very low position socially in Korea, and the monks are often subject to all sorts of abuse. It can scarcely be said that this is undeserved, for a more lazy, worthless class of people can scarcely be imagined.

[4] All Buddhist monks shave the head.

[5] This refers to their begging from door to door for food.

[6] Buddhist devotees all take a vow to abstain from animal food, but in the springs of water found near all monasteries a large number of shrimps is kept. Many break their vow and eat these shrimps.

[7] This is a rhyme sung by children on a bright moonlight night.

[8] I Tai Paik, who lived 699–762 A.D., was one of the most celebrated poets of China. He was also well-known for his excessive indulgence in wine; and one night while lying intoxicated along the banks of a stream he noticed the reflection of the full moon in the water. Declaring that the moon had fallen from the sky, he reached over to get it, and losing his balance fell into the water and was drowned.

[9] The Koreans imagine that they see a cinnamon-tree in the moon, beneath which a white rabbit sits and either mixes drugs in a mortar or attempts to cut down the tree. This belief is originally of Indian origin, and was brought over with Buddhism.

Cutting it down with a golden axe.
We'll build a three-roomed thatched house
And live together with your parents
For a thousand myriad years.
If our brother should die
Do not bury him in front of the hill,
Do not bury him back of the hill,
But go beyond the mountain pass
And bury him in the egg-plant field.
When a pair of egg-plants ripen
Do not eat them, do not sell them,
But present them to the king.
Grandfather, grandfather![1]
I swept the garden and found a penny;
I went to market and bought a measure of chestnuts
And placed them on the kitchen shelf;
A mouse came and ate them all,
Leaving only a few.
These we'll put in a pot
And boil until they are soft;
We'll wash them in a bottle gourd
And pare them with a bamboo knife.
The outer shell we'll give to father,
The inner shell we'll give to mother,
The kernel you and I will eat and live.

The moon, the moon is very bright,
Very bright and glorious;
Put on your pearl embroidered jacket
With sleeves like apricot leaves,
With outer strings of purple silk
And inner strings of crimson;
And let us go to a playmate's home,
Where many cakes have been baked today,
And there we'll sit and eat our fill.

[1] This is repeated in order to amuse a little child of four or five years. The two sit on the floor facing each other and the elder one grasps the hand of the younger, swaying its body to and fro while repeating the foregoing.

If they do not give us any,
Wait until they come to our house
And see if they get raisin cake.
What do we care whether they give us cakes or not.[1]

—E. B. LANDIS[2]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS[3]

COMING OF SUMMER

The willow catkin bears the vernal blush of summer's dawn
When winter's night is done.
The oriole that preens herself aloft on swaying bough
Is summer's harbinger.
The butterfly, with noiseless *fŭl-fŭl* of her pulsing wing;
Marks off the summer hour.
Quick, boy! My zither! Do its strings accord? 'Tis well. Strike up,
For I must sing.

THE PRECIPICE OF THE FALLING FLOWERS

In Pakche's halls is heard a sound of woe.
The craven King, with prescience of his fate,
Has fled, by all his warrior knights encinct.
Nor wizard's art nor reeking sacrifice
Nor martial host can stem the tidal wave
Of Silla's vengeance. Flight, the coward's boon,
Is his; but by his flight his Queen is worse
Than widowed; left a prey to war's caprice,
The invader's insult and the conqueror's jest.
Silent she sits among her trembling maids,
Whose loud lament and clam'rous grief bespeak
Their anguish less than hers. But lo! She smiles,
And, beckoning with her hand, she leads them forth
Without the wall, as when in days of peace
They held high holiday in nature's haunts.

[1] The foregoing is repeated by little boys on a bright moonlight night.

[2] From *Rhymes of Korean Children.*

[3] H. B. Hulbert, *The Passing of Korea* (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900), chapter xxiv.

But now behind them sounds the horrid din
Of ruthless war, and on they speed to where
A beetling precipice frowns ever at
Itself within the mirror of a pool
By spirits haunted. Now the steep is scaled.
With flashing eye and heaving breast she turns
And kindles thus heroic flame where erst
Were ashes of despair. "Th' insulting foe
Has boasted loud and he will cull the flowers
Of Pakche. Let him learn his boast is vain;
For never shall they say that Pakche's Queen
Was less than queenly. Lo! The spirits wait
In yon dark pool. Though deep the abyss and harsh
Death's summons, we shall fall into their arms
As on a bed of down and pillow there
Our heads in conscious innocence." This said,
She leads them to the brink. Hand clasped in hand,
In sisterhood of woe; an instant thus—
Then forth into the void they leap, brave hearts!
Like drifting petals of the plum, soft blown
By April's perfumed breath, so fell the flowers
Of Pakche; but in falling rose aloft
To honor's pinnacle.

THE HERMIT

Weary of the ceaseless clamor,
Of the false smile and the glamour
  Of the place they call the world;
Like the sailor home returning,
For the wave no longer yearning,
  I my sail of life have furled.

Deep within this mountain fastness,
Minified by nature's vastness,
  Hermit-wise a lodge I'll build.
Clouds shall form the frescoed ceiling,
Heaven's blue depths but half revealing;
  Sunbeam rafted, starlight filled.

In this lakelet deep I'll fetter
Yon fair moon. Oh, who could better
  Nature's self incarcerate?
Though for ransom, worlds be offered,
I will scorn the riches proffered,
  Keep her still and laugh at fate.

And when Autumn's hand shall scatter
Leaves upon my floor, what matter,
  Since I have the wind for broom?
Cleaning house mere play I'll reckon,
Only to the storm-sprites beckon.
  With their floods they'll cleanse each room.

At last when life is over,
Though there be no one to cover
  Up these bones, I'll not complain.
I shall be content to mingle
With the soil, the stone, the shingle,
  With the wind, the sun, the rain.[1]

TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

O cloud-born rivulet, that down this mountain slope
Dost thread thy devious way, fret not thyself because
Obstructions bar thy path, nor say "I may not be."
The rock that buffets thee today shall melt away
Before thy constancy. Thou'rt mightier than man;
For though, by human craft, athwart thy humble course
Mountains be piled, Time shall be with thee, and ye twain
Shall overtop them all. Though thou be curbed and bound,
Divided, used, aye, soiled, a thousand *li* shall seem,
In retrospect, triumphal progress. Dost thou now,
Like trembling hare, peep forth from out yon covert's shade?
Fear not, but know that ere days shall give birth to months,
Thy voice shall mingle with the chorus of the sea.

[1] This last verse does not appear in Mr. Hulbert's book, *The Passing of Korea*, but he sends it and says that adding this last verse "rounds out" the poem and "makes it more like the original idea."

THE LEGEND OF THE CASTING OF THE BELL

The master-founder stands with angry brow
Before the bell, across whose graven side
A fissure deep proclaims his labour naught,
For thrice the furnace blast has yielded up
Its glowing treasure to the mould, and thrice
The tortured metal, writhing as in pain,
Has burst the brazen casement of the bell.
And now like a dumb bullock of the lists,
That stands at bay while nimble toreadors
Fling out the crimson challenge in his face,
And the hot, clamouring crowd with oaths demand
The fatal stroke; so hangs the sullen bell
From his thwart beam, refusing still to lend
His voice to swell the song hymeneal,
To toll the requiem of the passing dead,
Or bid the sun good-night with curfew sad.
The master-founder speaks: "If but an ounce
Of that rare metal, which the spirits hide
From mortal sight, were mingled with the flux,
It would a potion prove so powerful
To ease the throes of birth and in the place
Of disappointment bring fruition glad."
And lo! a royal edict, at the hand
Of couriers swift, speeds o'er the land like flame
Across the stubble-drift of sun-dried plains.
"Let prayer be made to spirits of the earth
That they may render up their treasure, lest
Our royal city, like a Muslim mute,
Shall have no tongue to voice her joy or pain."
The great sun reddened with the altar smoke;
The very clouds caught up their trailing skirts
And fled the reek of burning hecatombs;
But still the nether spirits gave no sign.
When, look! a mother witch comes leading through
The city gate a dimpled child and cries,
"If to the molten mass you add this child,
'Twill make a rare amalgam, aye, so rare

That he who once has heard the bell's deep tone
Shall ever after hunger for it more
Than for the voice of mother, wife or child."
Again the furnace fires leap aloft;
Again the broken fragments of the bell
Cast off their torpor at the touch of flame.
Unpitying are the hands that cast the child
Into that seething mass. Fit type of Hell!
Nay, type of human shame, that innocence
Should thus be made to bear the heavy cross
For empty pageantry. How could it be
That Justice should permit the flowing years
To wash away the mem'ry of that shame?
Nor did she. Through that seeming metal coursed
The life-blood of the child. Its fibre clothed
A human soul. Supernal alchemy!
And when the gathered crowd stood motionless
And mute to hear the birth-note of the bell,
And the great tongue-beam, hung by linked chain
Aloft, smote on his brazen breast, 't was no
Bell cry that came forth of his cavern throat.
'T was *Emmi, Emmi, Emmi, Emmillé.*
"O Mother, woe is me, O Mother mine!"[1]

[1] The Koreans hear in the dull thud of the wooden beam against the bell a far-off resemblance to the word *em-mi,* which means "mother." Hence the legend.

GAMES

One thing which greatly helps people of different races to feel at home with one another is finding that they all have the same games. Following are some games which are played in Korea just as they are here:

Card games, with playing cards like ours.

Blind Man's Buff, called "Chang-Nim-Chaik-Ki."

Hide and Seek, called "Sum-Bak-Gok-Chil."

Target shooting, with bow and arrows.

Guessing game.—One person is sent out of the room and some object in the room is chosen for him to guess. This is played with the same variations with which we play it. Either the one guessing must ask only questions which can be answered by "yes" and "no" or else he may seek to find the object, and the company will choose some way of telling him when he is in the right direction—generally by calling out "cold," "warm," or "hot" as the case may be.

Changki

The Koreans have a game, "Changki," which is played much like our "Chess." With the explanation that there is little difference between the two games, "Chess" may be played as a typical Korean game.

Pig's Tail

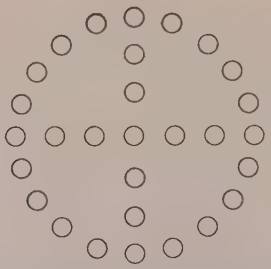
Form a circle with one person in the center. He in the center must ask three questions of each person in turn—any questions he wishes, but as funny as possible. These questions must be answered always by saying "Pig's tail" and saying it without laughing. He who laughs while he is answering must take the place in the center, and the one in the center may then return to the circle.

Yoot[1]

This is a very popular game. It is played on a board with a diagram as illustrated. It may be played by four people, or if divided by sides,

[1] Pronounced *Yūte.*

by any multiple of four. Each player has four men to play with; checker disks will serve. Red beans are used to cast and decide each move; our kidney beans will do. The beans are cut in two so that there is one oval



side, red, and one flat side, white. When the beans are cast, their meanings are as follows:

1. White side up—pig
2. White sides up—dog
3. White sides up—*kuel*
4. White sides up—*yoot*
5. No white sides up—*mo*

The first player casts the beans and places a man on the spot indicated by the beans—if "pig," on the first spot; if "dog," on the second spot; if *kuel* on the third; and so on. Then the second player likewise casts the beans and places a man on the spot they indicate. If the spot indicated for a player should happen to be the same as that already occupied, then that player gets the man on it and a move in addition, the move being always one spot to the right. Capturing a man removes it from the game and allows the player to throw the beans again and get another move. After the placing of the men on their spots, the numbers indicated by the beans mean that many moves allowed beyond the spot where the man already is. When a player loses his man off the board he may at his turn bring another man on until all his men are on the board. The progress of the game is around the entire circle to the right or down either of the cross-sections. The object of the game is to see who can get all his men around the board, or down any section he may choose, and out at the primary spot, which is the one at the end of the vertical line of spots. He who can do this first is the winner.

Chu-Mok-Koo-Ki

Each player is given a supply of nuts. The aim is to see who can have the most nuts at the end of the game. The first player takes several nuts in one hand, then holds out both hands closed. The other players guess which hand contains the nuts. He who guesses correctly gets the nuts; he who makes a wrong guess must hand over as many nuts as the other had in his hand. As soon as one guesses correctly, he holds out his hand to be guessed.

Ha-Taik-Kyen-Ha-Ki

This game is a contest between two players to see who can keep his feet. The contestants take their positions facing each other with their feet apart. Each tries to kick the other's feet from under him. The rule of the game allows each player to take one step backward in order to save himself.

REFRESHMENTS

Drinks

The Koreans have a fruit similar to our grapefruit which they call a "large orange," or *kuhl*. A favorite drink is made from this *kuhl*. We may use the grapefruit and make a drink much like it. Make an ade using the juice of the fruit, water, sugar, and honey. The Koreans are fond of pine nuts, or *piñons*, in all their fruit drinks. These nuts add a good taste and also look pretty floating on the surface. Sometimes cherry juice is added also.

Grape juice is also much used for a drink. Make with sugar and water as we do and add pine nuts.

In winter time ginger tea is much liked. Soak ginger roots in hot water; serve the ginger water with cream and sugar.

Cinnamon tea is also made in cold weather. Soak the cinnamon bark in hot water; serve the cinnamon water with cream and sugar.

Fruit

Nearly all our fruit is found in Korea. Any of the following may be served as typical of that country:

Apples
Bananas
Pineapples
Grapes
Plums
Cherries
Berries of all kinds
Dates

Nuts

The following nuts are found in Korea and are eaten there as we eat them here:

Walnuts (both English and black)
Peanuts
Pistachios
Chestnuts

Candy

They have one kind of candy much like our taffy. To make it in the Korean way cut the taffy in long pieces and stick it full of dates and nuts.

Cake

Assorted cakes that we get at the grocery stores, all the different kinds that come packed in tin or pasteboard boxes, are used in Korea just as much as they are here.

Koreans also make a cake which is exactly like our angel-food. They eat it without icing.

DRESS

All the girls' schools in Korea have adopted what they call the "student uniform." This means shoes and hose like ours, a black or dark-blue woolen skirt pleated all around and made to come just below the knees, and a white Korean jacket. The jacket is the same as that described in connection with the woman's dress.

With the exception of this student uniform all young people in Korea today dress just as people generally do in Europe and America. The style of dress which used to be worn in Korea is now worn only by the older people, and is rapidly going out. In case there might be reason for showing this older kind of dress it is here described, but if shown the explanation should be made that it is no longer universally worn.

Women

The woman's dress was always of white or some light color. It consisted of a full, pleated skirt sewed on a straight waist so as to hang from the shoulders. With this was worn a jacket which might come just to the waist or be longer. It was much like what we know as the "Chinese jacket." The body of it was cut straight with a low collar, but instead of fastening across one shoulder and down the side as the Chinese jacket does, it fastened across the front in a double-breasted manner. The top line of the front from the neck or center to the outer edge should on both sides be cut with a slant downward. One side should be brought underneath and tied at the top with a small tape or ribbon, while the other side should be brought over it and tied in place with broad ribbons. In each case one ribbon was sewed on the garment near the armhole, and the other at the edge of the slant line. For the underneath lapping, the ribbon near the armhole was sewed on the under side of the jacket, while for the overlapping the ribbon near the armhole was sewed on the top side. The top ribbons were either tied in a large bow or tied once and the long ends left hanging. The armholes were big and the sleeves wide and loose and cut perfectly straight. The garment could be made all of one color or the upper part could be of one color and the lower part of another. It was usually lined with a different color and trimmed around the collar and

edge of the sleeves with yet another color. The more expensive garments were made of silk, but ordinary garments were of cotton.

For shoes the women used to wear flat-soled, silk-embroidered slippers with pointed, turned-up toes much like Turkish slippers.

The coat was made just like the jacket except that it was long.

In place of a hat was worn a fitted cap of a dark color scalloped around the edge and sometimes embroidered. When worn by children a wide ribbon bow was sewed on at the back with long ends to float out behind.

The dress of children was much like that for women, but was always of bright, pretty colors.

Men

The men always wore white even though they had to have a clean suit every day. The suit consisted of trousers and a shirt made like the woman's jacket. Over this was worn a sort of vest of some color, that is, another jacket without sleeves. Both hung a little below the waist.

The coat was made like the jacket, but long, down to the ankles. It might be of either black or white. The man's dress, like the woman's, was usually of cotton material.

CHAPTER IV

JAPAN

Contributors: T. Kawamura, Yama Shimamura

THE VISIT

Mr. Kawamura is a most patient person; his patience should be continually praised; for one reason, he showed a slow American how to play "Japanese Chess." Our "Chess" is complicated enough, but "Japanese Chess" is much harder. More than once he thought he had made it clear, but he had to go over and over it before the poor blundering American had it right. Yet he never gave up; he made a diagram and bent over it with such zeal that one might have thought he was explaining a plan for capturing America.

When it came to telling stories, the young Japanese had almost as hard a time. It had been quite a while since he had heard any Japanese folk tales, though he would not say how long, and it was hard for him to remember how they went. Then, too, English seemed to be somewhat harder than Japanese. Every now and then he had to stop and think it out before he could go on. Remembering that for us to tell an English story in Japanese would be an impossible task, more than once efforts were made to excuse him, but no, he simply went for the dictionary and kept right at it until he had told the three stories "Momo-Taro," "Urashima," and "The Old Man with the Wen." He said it was absolutely impossible to find any Japanese folk tales that have not been translated into English. This he was sure of because he had known other people who had tried to find new stories for translation.

"I will tell you 'Momo-Taro,' " he said, "because that is the story all Japanese boys like best. They always want to be a hero like Momo-Taro."

The other stories are from Miss Shimamura. She is so dainty herself that it seems quite fitting that the daintier, prettier stories should come from her. When told about this plan of collecting material to help further the cause of world-fellowship, she was greatly interested.

"Oh, that is good!" she exclaimed. "I should like to help make a book like that. I shall tell you about everything I can."

She was always quiet and modest and timid. One could but wonder how she happened to come so far away from home, especially as very few Japanese girls do so. When asked about it she laughed, for she is full of fun.

"Oh," she said, "I just wanted to come so much that my family had to let me."

"Didn't they want you to come?"

"No, my father is not a Christian. I went to a mission school, and ever since I have wanted to come to America. I kept insisting till he had to say 'yes.' "

Always so gentle, polite, and kind, how much she must have wanted to come to get that consent! And how puzzled her family must have been at such insistence!

"You have been away from home a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, four years, but I am going back now." (She had just completed work for the Master's degree in one of our universities.)

"What will you do when you get back?"

Again she laughed as though it were too funny to tell. "They want me to teach the English language and teach American literature in a girls' school. I do not know English

well, and I do not know any American literature." Again she laughed.

"Oh, but you are going to do it, aren't you?"

"Yes, I guess I am going to try."

Her English is excellent, and she is a good student. There is no doubt at all that she can teach both subjects well. It is her modesty that makes her protest.

"Will you dress in the American way when you go back or in the Japanese way?" (Here she wears American clothes entirely.)

"I think sometimes I must wear Japanese clothes, but not always. American dress is so much more comfortable. The Japanese kimono is tight, and that makes walking difficult."

"The Japanese like ladies to be quiet and calm and dignified, don't they? We hurry a great deal in America. Do you think when you go back you will be in too much of a hurry for the Japanese?"

"Oh, that will be very funny," and she could hardly talk for laughing. "They used to say I was too slow; now they will say I am too quick. But you have to be quick in America; they make you!" At this we both laughed.

She is a dear little friend, Yama Shimamura, and we wish her Godspeed in carrying through the greatest adventure of her life.

STORIES

Momo-Taro[1]

In the long, long ago there lived an old couple who were very fond of each other. They were as good as good could be and very happy together except for one thing: They had no child. They longed for a son and were very lonely without one. The man was a woodcutter, and the woman kept house. They had a home out in the country, and near it ran a stream of purest, clearest water.

One day the man went out on the mountain to cut wood and his old woman took her tub of clothes and went down to the stream to do her washing. She knelt by the water and was busily washing the clothes when she happened to glance up at the stream above. What should she see floating toward her in the water but a peach! Such a peach she had never seen in all her life before—a perfect one and so large that she knew it would take her two arms to carry it. She stopped her washing and watched it, breathless, to see which way it would go. Perhaps it would float so far outstream that she could not reach it. Eagerly she leaned forward as if to coax it to her.

"Here, *momo*," she called to it, "this way, beautiful peach; come to me."

Nearer and nearer the peach came floating along, first a little this way, then a little that way, until a sudden eddy sent it straight to the old woman. She reached out with both her hands, caught it up, and laid it carefully in her tub. That was surely a beautiful peach, so smooth and round and ripe, it seemed tempting her to eat it. But she would take it home and share it with her old man tonight. She finished her washing, then slowly made her way back carrying the peach in her tub with the clothes. At home she set it out on a low stand and waited for her husband. At last toward evening she saw him coming, bearing on his back the firewood which he had cut. The old woman ran to meet him.

"My dear old man, my dear old man," she cried, "I'm so glad you've come back. You don't know how I've been waiting for you."

"Well, well!" he said, as he put down his load of wood and went over

[1] *Momo-Taro* means "Peach-Boy."

to a tub of water to wash his bare feet and legs. "Has anything happened that you make such a fuss?"

"Oh, I should say so! Just wait till you see the lovely present I have for you." She led the way into the house. He seated himself on the floor, and she picked up the peach in both arms and set it down in front of him. "Come now, look at this!" The old man was amazed.

"I do declare!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get such a wonderful peach?" She told him all about it and how she had been waiting to share it with him.

"Well," said he, "that's very good of you. Now we'll have a feast." He took up a big knife to cut the peach open, but at that instant it split of itself and fell open exactly in half. Out jumped a cute baby. The old couple were so astonished that they both exclaimed and fell backward, but the little boy said:

"Don't be afraid, I'm yours and the God of Heaven sent me." At that the old people both rejoiced and took the little boy for their very own. Because he was their first child [*taro*] and born of a peach [*momo*] they named him Momo-Taro. From the first he was very strong and grew rapidly. His adopted parents loved him as their own and did everything in their power for him. He, in turn, was fond of them. He was also good to the birds and animals and everybody, and he had many friends.

After he grew older he startled his parents one day by coming to them and suddenly telling them:

"I want to go to the Isle of Onigashima." That was an island off in the sea above Japan. It was known that demons lived there and guarded a great treasure. They stole people's valuables and even caught people and ate them.

"Why," said the old man, "why in the world do you want to go there?"

"To conquer the sons of evil and make our country safe."

At first the old man could find nothing to say. Of course it was very brave of Momo-Taro to want to conquer the demons, but any parent would be sorry to have his child in such dangerous business. When his father remained silent Momo-Taro asked:

"Please, Father, may I go?"

"A boy to fight that island of demons!" the father thought to himself, but he also thought, "He always has been an unusual child. Since he came from Heaven perhaps he came just for this purpose. It is not for

me to stop him." Still Momo-Taro waited. At last his father answered, "Well, that is a fine thing for you to want to do. If you think you can do it, go ahead; you have my consent."

Momo-Taro was so glad to have his father agree to let him go that he could not wait till the next day, but began at once to get ready for the journey. What he wanted for food was his favorite *kibi-dango*[1] which his mother could make to perfection. She at once began to make some for him to take with him. When the dumplings were all ready he packed them up in a bamboo basket-box, tied the box in a silk square, and slung it on a stick over his shoulder. Then he took up his iron fan which warriors of that time always carried, turned to his parents, and choking back the tears said:

"Goodbye, take care of yourselves. I shall be back some day."

"Take care of yourself, dear one," they answered with trembling voices, "we shall be waiting for you."

And he was off! Momo-Taro walked until noon, then being hungry he sat down to eat one of his *kibi-dangos* and rest a little. As he sat there a friend, the Dog, came along and stopped to chat.

"*Ohio, Momo-Taro-sam, dokoe? ai-deka?*"[2]

Momo-Taro was ready to be friendly and he answered: "To Onigashima to conquer the demons and bring back their treasure."

At that the Dog jumped around and showed he wanted to help. "Give me one of your *kibi-dangos*," he barked, "and I'll go along with you."

Momo-Taro was glad enough to have a companion. "Besides," he thought, "the Dog might be able to help." So Momo-Taro ate with the Dog, then they went on together. Their way led through a moor full of wild birds which greatly interested the Dog. As they were passing along one place the Pheasant of the Moor flew out from under their feet. The Dog ran after her as though to make one mouthful of her, but the Pheasant ruffled her feathers and thrust forth her beak and started at the Dog with such a fury that it looked as though they would both be killed. Momo-Taro watching, thought to himself, "This is a most worth-while bird. I'll have to have her with me." Hurrying up to the scene he grabbed the Dog by the neck.

[1] Millet dumplings.

[2] "Good morning, Peach-Boy, where are you going?"

"What do you mean, honorable bird," he shouted at the Pheasant, "by stopping my progress like this? I am captain of a most important expedition and the Dog here is my retainer." At that the Pheasant and the Dog drew apart and looked at Momo-Taro instead of at each other. The boy went on making himself sound as important as he could: "We are on our way to the Isle of Onigashima to conquer the demons and capture their treasure and free Japan from the sons of evil. You may join our company if you will be our faithful ally."

The Pheasant by this time was quite humble. Spreading her wings out on each side, she bowed low and said: "This must be the honorable Momo-Taro of whom I have heard so much. I most humbly apologize and offer my services to your lordship."

That was just what Momo-Taro wanted. "Very well," he replied, "you may have a *kibi-dango*. Remember now to be faithful to me." So the Pheasant also had a share in Momo-Taro's food, and the three went happily on their way. In the company of Momo-Taro they enjoyed each other and became good friends.

They were hurrying on through valleys and over mountains when all at once there was a rustling of branches above them and the Mountain-Monkey jumped down before them and held out his hands for a *kibi-dango*. The Dog growled and was about to pounce upon the stranger, but Momo-Taro held him back.

"Stay, stay," he said, "perhaps this is a chance to make another friend and add to our forces for conquering the enemy." So he gave the Monkey also something to eat, explaining as he did so: "This makes you one of us. We are on our way to Onigashima to conquer the demons and bring back their treasure and free Japan from evil."

The Monkey grinned and ate his *kibi-dango* in two big mouthfuls. "You may count on me, you may count on me," he chattered. Now all four went on together and they hastened their steps, for the island was a long way off and they had a great work to do.

At last they reached the seashore and there lay a boat all ready for them. They quickly got aboard, put up sail, and in a short time the island was in sight. The Pheasant then flew from the boat over to the island so see what sort of a place it was and where they could best land so as to take the *onis* by surprise. The winged scout found their enemy to be in a rock castle with an iron roof and all fenced in with an iron fence and an iron gate. Finding that out, some soldiers might have given up

and turned around and gone back, but not so Momo-Taro. His company landed by the gate. With one blow of his iron fan Momo-Taro broke it in. All four of the company rushed into the castle and put the small *onis* to flight and then fell upon the giant *oni*. The Monkey climbed upon his back and blinded him with his paws, the Dog bit him on the leg, and the pheasant stabbed him in the head and in the breast with her sharp beak. When Momo-Taro added the blows of his iron fan, the old *oni* begged for his life and promised to give up all his treasures. And so our hero was victorious. The *onis* brought out all their treasures and loaded them on the ship, while Momo-Taro, with a wave of his iron fan, gave orders. When they sailed away the ship was loaded down with branches of red coral, shining heaps of gold and silver, piles of jewels sparkling red and green and blue and gold, shimmering pearls, flashing crystals, and lustrous silks.

The old couple, having become anxious about their absent one, had traveled down to the seacoast to watch for him. After waiting many days they were filled with joy to see this ship sailing in all beautiful with its load of treasures. There was great rejoicing when Momo-Taro landed safe and well and victorious. He went home with the old couple, and the riches he brought kept them in plenty the rest of their lives. The Dog and Pheasant and Monkey stayed with them, and all made a happy household. Momo-Taro did much for his village, was kind to all people, and continued to make more friends.

Ever since Japan has been safe and its people have been troubled no more by evil spirits.

Taketori-Hime

Long ago there lived a good old couple who were very happy together but very lonesome because they had no child. Ever since they were first married they had wanted one and they had prayed and brought offerings to Buddha and always they kept hoping that some day they would have a child, but none came. Now they were getting old, but still they talked about the little child they hoped to have and forgot their loneliness in their dreams.

One day the old man was on his way down to the creek when he heard a faint crying as he passed by a bamboo bush. In wonder he stopped to listen. It did not come again, but the thought of a baby drew him back to see what he could have heard. He saw nothing by the bamboo bushes, but still he loitered. Again the sound came. It seemed very near. He

walked around the bushes listening and looking very carefully, and there he found what had made the sound—a baby for sure! In a hollowed-out old stump was lying the daintiest, most beautiful child he had ever seen. Tenderly he took it up and carried it home to his old wife.

"Look, dear wife," he called, "just see what I have brought you." He put the little thing in her lap, and they both watched it for some time, afraid to touch it.

"Where did you get it, Genji?" she asked.

"I found it over there in the bamboo stump, dear wife, for you."

"But surely it cannot be for me. How came it there?"

"I do not know; but if not for you, for whom, then?"

"It is so perfect, so beautiful," she went on. "It looks more like a fairy than like a human child!"

"A gift from the gods," they both exclaimed.

As such they accepted the child and raised it—always very grateful for it and very devoted to it. It was a girl, and they called her Taketori-Hime. She grew up to be very good as well as beautiful. There were many who wanted to marry her, even princes, but she seemed to care most to stay with the devoted old couple who had raised her. Whenever a man came who wanted to marry her, no matter how fine a prince, she always made three demands: first, that he find for her the plant that gives long life; second, that he get a rare pearl that had been swallowed by a sea monster; third, that he prove himself the purest, truest man in all Japan. Now of course no one ever could do any of these things she asked, so she stayed on with the old couple, and they were happy till one day she said to them:

"I must leave you soon; it is time for me to go back."

"Go back?" they asked. "Where? What do you mean?"

"My earthly existence is about ended," she answered, "and I must go back to my heavenly home." That was all she would ever say about it. They did not understand, but at last she was gone and they were alone again.

"From the gods," they said. And with great gratitude they kept her memory in their hearts, their Taketori-Hime.

The Old Man with a Wen

Once there was an old man who was kind and good and well liked by all who knew him, yet he was greatly troubled. He had a big old wen

growing on one side of his forehead. His greatest desire was to get rid of that wen, but nothing had ever been able to help him. Still all the time he had to carry that old trouble around with him.

One day the good old man went off to a mountain to chop wood. He chopped all the afternoon and at evening started back home, but before he had gone far the darkness fell and he lost his way. He wandered around in the woods for some time but could not find his way out. At length he came upon a wide, open space where the trees were set thick all about, and out there beyond them he saw a company of people. He drew nearer for a better look and found that they were not people after all, but elves or sprites of the woods. They were having a feast. He watched, greatly interested. They finished their meal, then all circled around dancing and singing. The old man came out into the open and sat down on the grass, the better to see them. They did not seem to mind him at all, but their merry-making became even more gay and lively. Finally one of the sprites left the others and came up to the good old man.

"Why don't you join us," he said, "and have a good time?"

The old man was glad enough to do so. He went with the sprite out to where the others were and played games with them. They thought it was fun to have a human being with them, and they liked him. He showed them games he knew, and he danced for them and sang some of his songs. They all had a lovely time, and for a while he forgot it was night. At last it began to grow light over the tree tops; then he said he must go home. The elves did not want him to go and tried to keep him.

"No, no," he said. "I have been a long time away and I must get my wood home, but I will come again."

"Will you come tomorrow night?" the elves asked as they all danced around him excitedly.

"Yes, I think I can come then."

But they wanted to know for sure. "Maybe he won't come back. Let us keep something of his as a pawn, so we'll be sure to get him back." And they all said, "Yes, yes. Let's take his wen." In an instant, then, his old wen was gone. Not a pain, not a single hurt, but his forehead was smooth again. The good old man was as happy, as happy could be, and went away leaving his wen with the wood sprites.

Now there was another old man who lived next door to this good old man and he too had a wen on his forehead, but he was a mean, wicked old man. When the good old man returned home and the wicked old man

saw that his neighbor's wen was gone, he asked: "Well, what has happened? Where is your wen?"

The good old man told him: "I was out in the woods on the mountain, and I fell in with some wood sprites. They were dancing and singing and playing games, and I danced and sang some for them. We all had such a good time that they did not want me to leave, and they said to make sure I'd come back they'd keep something of mine. So they pawned my wen."

The wicked old man thought that was a fine way to get rid of a wen, and he slapped his sides in great glee and said: "I know what I will do. I will go to the woods tomorrow and play with the wood sprites and get them to take my wen."

The good old man said: "All right, you go," and he told his neighbor exactly how to find the place.

So the second old man went to the woods, thinking he could have the same good fortune that his neighbor had had. He found the place his neighbor had told him of, and he found all the sprites there waiting for him. It was dark, and they thought he was the same old man and were very glad to see him. They asked him to sing and dance, and he did the very best he could, but being a wicked old man he did not know such good songs and dances as the first old man did. The sprites did not like his performances, and when they could not get him to do any better they were very angry. They did not like his games either; these were not the good happy sort that the first old man had played with them. So at last the sprites said: "You are not good; here, take your wen back and go home, we don't want you."

Before he knew what had happened, the wicked old man found that other wen growing out on his forehead. Instead of losing his own wen, he now had two wens, one sticking out on each side of his forehead.

Thus were two old men rewarded, each according to his worth.

Hagoromo[1]

One day a fisherman took his fishing-rod and his basket and started out fishing. It was a fine day and he walked along slowly, the better to enjoy how smooth and white was the beach, how green the pine trees, and how blue the sky and sea. The water was dancing and sparkling in the

[1] *Hagoromo* means "Flying-Clothes."

sunshine, and there at its edge lay his little boat inviting him to be off. "A fine day," he thought again, and glanced up and around to take it all in. As he did so his eyes fell upon something queer hanging on a tree near by. He went closer and a wonderful fragrance greeted him. It seemed to be clothes, but very filmy and dainty and of beautiful colors, quite different from any clothes he had ever seen before. He took them down and stuffed them under his jacket, wondering. A little farther on he came to a woman lying under a tree crying. He went up to her to see what might be the matter. She did not hear or see him.

"Good day," he said, "I beg your pardon, but is there any way I can help?"

"O sir," she sat up then and began to tell him, "I am one of the angels of heaven. A group of us came down to bathe in the sea. I was having such a good time that I got separated from the rest and did not see when they went back. Now I have overstayed my time and I cannot find my *hagoromo* and I cannot get back."

The fisherman felt sorry, but he hugged tighter the clothes he had stuffed underneath his jacket, for he thought he would like to keep her.

"Well, well," he said, "I think I can help you find your clothes, but first show me the celestial dancing."

"Oh," she answered, "but I must have my *hagoromo* to do that."

"But I don't mean dancing up in the air," he explained, "just a little dancing here on the ground."

"I must have my *hagoromo*," she repeated.

"If you want them very much, surely you would dance a little for me," he urged.

"I cannot fly and I cannot dance without my celestial clothes," she insisted.

So he yielded. He pulled her clothes out from under his jacket and handed them to her. Immediately she became radiantly happy. She slipped them on, and then she did look like a heavenly being indeed. She danced for him, circling around and around and swinging back and forth, lightly and swiftly, her draperies enfolding her and lifting her up, till he gazed spellbound. Before he knew it she was moving upward, and then, in the midst of a whirl of pink and violet and green and gleaming white arms and flowing black hair, she disappeared from his sight up into the blue. She had regained her *hagoromo*, and he had lost his angelic being.

Tanabata[1]

On the banks of the Milky Way of Heaven there once lived a beautiful maiden, the daughter of the Sun. She had many friends, for she was simple hearted and true, and she was always busy doing some kindness for others. She spent so much of her time weaving garments to give away that she was called the "Weaving Princess."

On the other side of the Milky Way of Heaven dwelt a Herd-Boy who loved the Weaving Princess and wanted to marry her. But the Sun would not let them marry and said that they should not even meet except on the seventh day of every seventh month. Once a year was not very often to meet, and the Herd-Boy and the Weaving Princess used to make great preparations for that meeting. They were always greatly troubled too for fear it might rain at that time and the River of Heaven be overflowing or too high to cross. So sometimes they met and sometimes they did not. Whenever they could not meet they both shed tears. Their tears fell down to the earth and the earth-people said it was raining and they grieved for the star-lovers.

It was long, long ago that the Herd-Boy and the Weaving Princess first began to meet on the banks of the Milky Way, but still people watch for the time when the star-lovers cross the silver River of Heaven to meet each other. All over Japan their meeting is celebrated. On the eve of the seventh day of the seventh month, as daylight is waning and the lamps of Heaven are being lighted, a bamboo tree is set up in the garden and girls and their mothers decorate it with long streamers of many colors and bright ribbons and tinkling bells. On the streamers are written poems and prayers to the Weaving Princess. Thus mothers and daughters beseech her who was so expert in all handwork to grant them excellence in spinning and weaving and embroidery and in all needle-work. Special cakes are baked, and on the eve before the great day beautiful fruits and vegetables are set out on tables as offerings for the occasion. Mothers and daughters decorate their houses with all their most beautiful handwork and seek in every way to make the most of this time for drawing near to the Weaving Princess. On this night girls may have their dearest wish granted.

Receiving such great blessings from the daughter of the Sun, all watch eagerly for the seventh day of the seventh month, hoping that she

[1] *Tanabata* means "The Seventh Eve."

also may have her wish and the blessing of meeting with her lover. If the weather is rainy, the people of the earth sadly put away their offerings; if it is cloudy they watch the sky with great anxiety; when the stars come out and the moon shines, they are glad and rejoice. Though it be late in the night before the Milky Way clears, they put out their offerings and celebrate. The star-lovers have met, and all are happy.

Urashima[1]

Urashima was a fisherman; he lived beside the sea and caught fish to sell and eat.

One day he saw some boys teasing a little tortoise. He tried to make them stop, but they were having a good time and would not listen. Urashima could not bear to see the poor tortoise hurt, so he bought it from the boys and when he had gotten well out of their sight let the little thing go back into the sea. The tortoise was very grateful.

Another day Urashima was out fishing in a boat when he came upon a huge tortoise. The creature swam up to the boat and called out:

"Urashima, Urashima, won't you go with me?"

"Who is this calling me?" asked Urashima as he looked around.

"I am the little creature you saved," the monster answered. "I am your friend, the tortoise. Wouldn't you like to get out and see the world? Come with me to Ryu-Gu Palace."

Now that is the palace of the dragons at the bottom of the sea. Urashima had heard much about it as a wonderful place, and he knew that Oto-Hime, a beautiful princess, dwelt there. Of course he would like to go; he wanted to have an adventure. Forthwith he got out of his boat and onto the back of the tortoise. Then away out to sea he sailed, and down, down to the palace at the bottom.

It was like a dream to be down there. All around swayed the high green and gray and white and black seaweed. On every hand rose tall, graceful trees of pink and red coral. The floor was the softest, whitest sand he had ever seen. Strewn around were all kinds of beautiful shell-homes of fish, while in and out and back and forth swam the fish themselves.

"How do you do, kind Urashima," they cordially greeted him, "welcome to the sea-world."

[1] Pronounced *Ŭra'shima.*

On and on he went gliding easily through the waters on the back of the tortoise till they came to Ryu-Gu Palace. Urashima had never seen such a beautiful place in all the world. It seemed to him he could stay there forever and never be tired of it. It stood on a high mountain of sand—great coral walls of white with pink columns; floors of myriads of pearls; above, a roof of shining shells; and all washed bright and clean. Oto-Hime was glad to see him. She herself was his hostess. She showed him all the sights, invited many fine friends to see him, and always found something new that he would like to do. He might have been there a few days, or he might have been there years; he was having such a good time that it was hard to tell how long he had stayed. But at last he thought of home and told the princess he ought to be going. She wanted him to stay forever and said she would give him a lovely palace too, but still he said:

"No, no, I must go."

The Princess then gave him for a farewell present a *tamate-bako*,[1] saying: "You must never in any case open it."

He thanked her for the present and wished them all goodbye. When everything was ready the tortoise came swimming up to the palace for him. Again Urashima got on its back, and away he went—this time up and up. The waters grew lighter and the spaces grew wider till they came out on top once more.

He went back to his village carrying the precious *tamate-bako*, but when he arrived there he found everything changed. Where were the houses he used to know and his little hut by the sea? Where was the wharf where the fishing-boats moored and the boats along the shore? Perhaps he had landed on some edge of the village he had forgotten. He went up to the streets and walked about, but not a soul did he know. Up one street and down another but it was all changed and strange to him. He knew no one and no one knew him. He asked the villagers about his people. They looked at him doubtfully and said: "Urashima? There are no people here by that name; they used to live here a long time ago." He did not know what to do nor where to go.

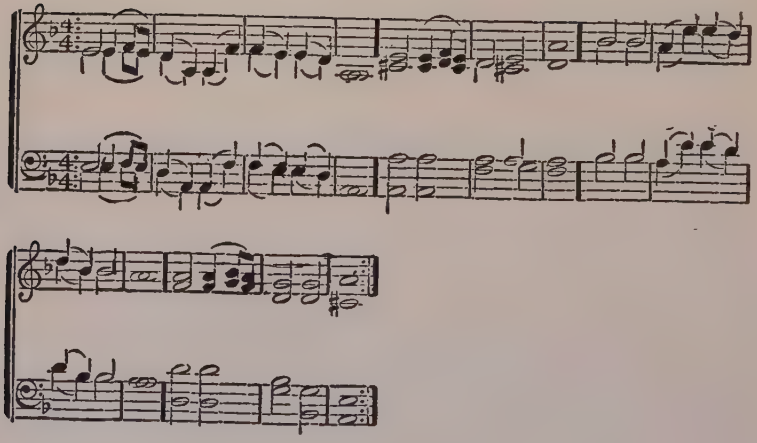
He was still carrying the box, and it was getting heavy. He stopped under a tall pine tree to rest and examine the *tamate-bako*. It was too pretty to throw away, but he could not carry it around everywhere. Why

[1] A treasure box.

not open it? He remembered the princess had said that it must never be opened, but nothing seemed to matter now; he opened it. At once white smoke poured out and rose up all around him. His hair turned white, his skin became wrinkled, and his hands shook. He was a feeble old man. He dropped the *tamate-bako*. It was empty, and when it fell it broke all to pieces. He had nothing now. He found he had been a long, long time away. He was alone in the world and had no home.

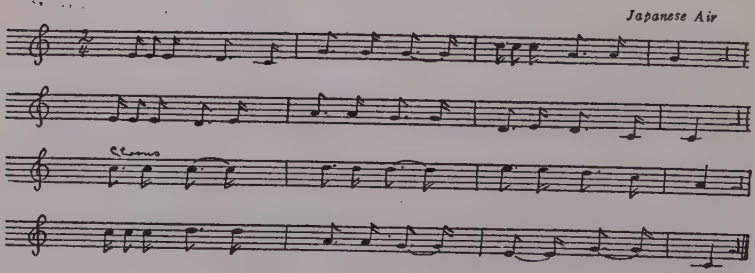
Imayo

Arr. from a Japanese Air



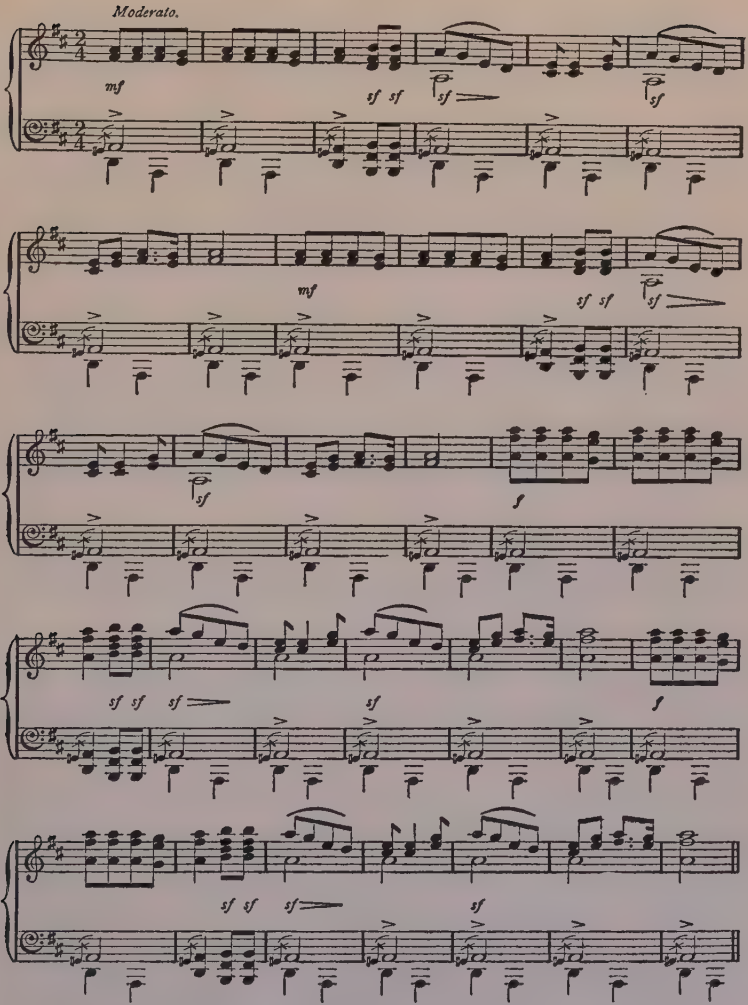
Tohoku Gakuin[1]

Japanese Air



[1] "A Cycle of Five Japanese Love-Songs," by Kōsçak Yamada, may be had from G. Schirmir, New York City. The price is $1.25.

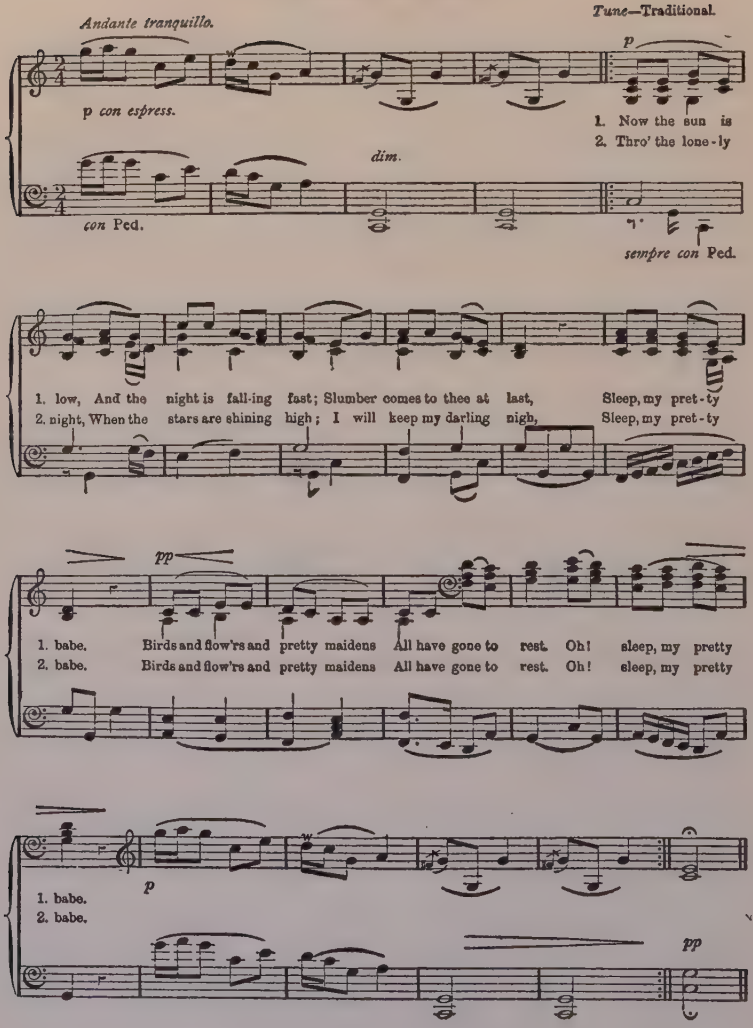
Japanese Processional Hymn[1]



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

Japanese Lullaby[1]

Tune—Traditional.


Andante tranquillo.
p
p con espress.
1. Now the sun is
2. Thro' the lone-ly
dim.
con Ped.
sempre con Ped.
1. low, And the night is fall-ing fast; Slumber comes to thee at last, Sleep, my pret-ty
2. night, When the stars are shining high; I will keep my darling nigh, Sleep, my pret-ty
pp
1. babe. Birds and flow'rs and pretty maidens All have gone to rest. Oh! sleep, my pretty
2. babe. Birds and flow'rs and pretty maidens All have gone to rest. Oh! sleep, my pretty
p
1. babe.
2. babe.
pp

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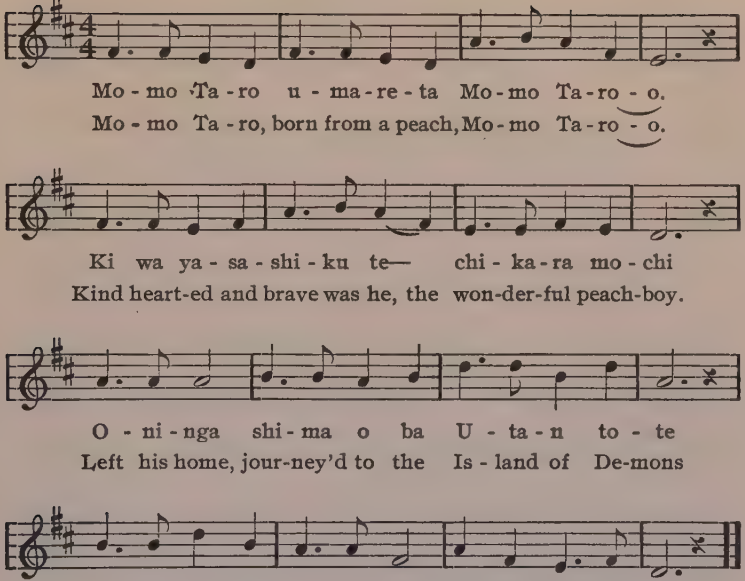
MOMO-TARO[1]

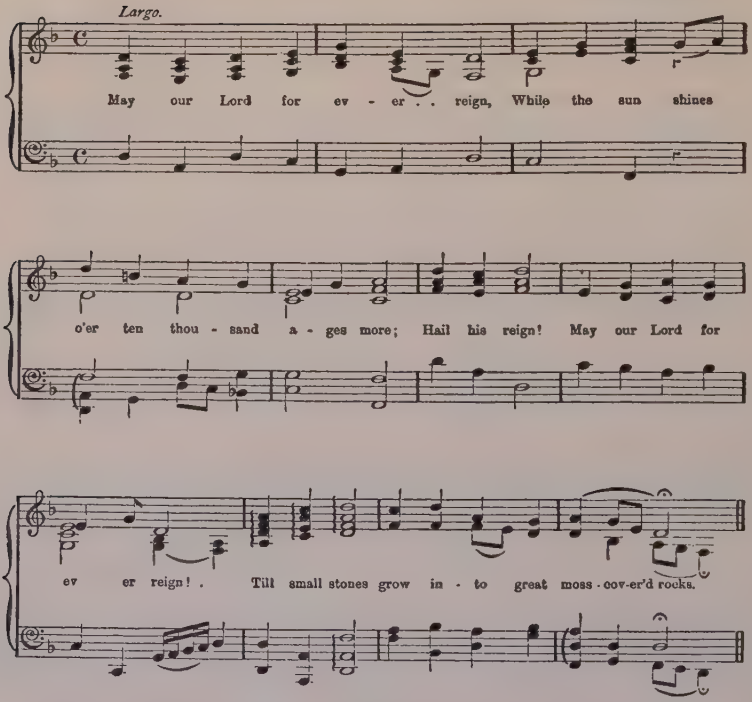

Mo - mo Ta - ro u - ma - re - ta Mo - mo Ta - ro - o.
Mo - mo Ta - ro, born from a peach, Mo - mo Ta - ro - o.
Ki wa ya - sa - shi - ku te— chi - ka - ra mo - chi
Kind heart-ed and brave was he, the won-der-ful peach-boy.
O - ni - nga shi - ma o ba U - ta - n to - te
Left his home, jour-ney'd to the Is - land of De-mons
e sa - n de i - e o de - ka - ke - ta - ri.
And con-quer'd them all. He made Ja - pan free and safe.

[1] Kindness of Mr. K. Sato.

National Hymn of Japan[1]

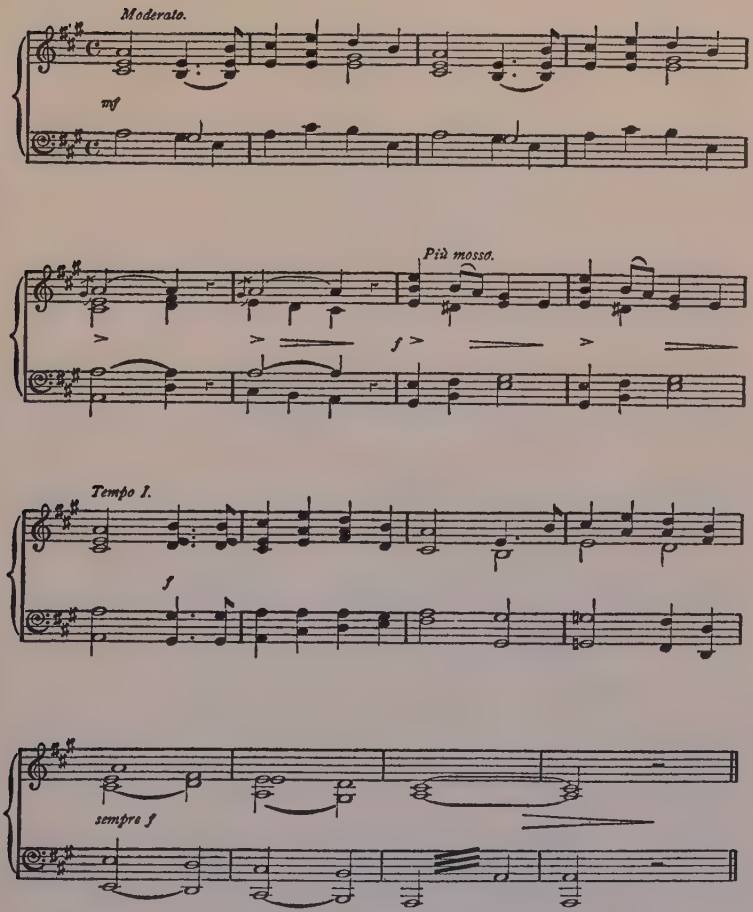
"May our Lord for ever reign"

Tune—"Kimi-Ga-Yo."
(Reign of my King.)


Largo.
May our Lord for ev - er . . reign, While the sun shines
o'er ten thou - sand a - ges more; Hail his reign! May our Lord for
ev er reign! . Till small stones grow in - to great moss - cov-er'd rocks.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

Japanese March[1]



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

POETRY

The Snowfall[1]

Midwinter gloom the earth enshrouds,
Yet from the skies
The blossoms fall
A flutt'ring shower,
White petals all!
Can Spring be come
So soon beyond the clouds?

—Kujohara no Fukayabu

Slumber Song of Izumo

Sleep baby, sleep!
On mountains steep
The children of the hare are straying.
Why are their soft brown ears so long and slender,
Peeping above the rocks where they are playing?
Because their mother, ere they yet were born,
Ate the Loquat in the dewy morn,
And the bamboo grass long and slender—
That's why the ears of baby-hares are long!
Sleep, baby, sleep! to the lilt of my song!

—Author Unknown

Autumn Moon Thoughts

I look upon the harvest moon to-night,
She lifts my soul upon her silver rays;
My thoughts are tangled in a web of light
With vague reflections in a thousand ways.
Dreaming they wander in a world unknown,
Though Autumn's witchery is not mine alone!

—Yorihira

[1] This and the following poems are from Clara A. Walsh, *Master Singers of Japan* (Dutton, 1910).

Light of Dharmakâya

Many the paths that twist and wind
  Through stream-cleft vale or forest maze;
But those who reach the hill-top find
  (Though they have climbed by different ways)
On the wide summit, clear and kind,
  Just the same moonlight softly plays,
Shining on all with equal rays!

—Author Unknown

Plum-Blossom[1]

In this Spring night
  Of all-pervading grey,
No ray of light
  Reveals the plum-tree's spray,
But viewless to the skies
Its perfumes still arise

Fuji

A thousand times I gaze upon thy form,
A thousand times—and each more wonderful!

Swift, with the drifting clouds, tumultuous storm,
The driving winds—so dost thou smile or frown—
Yet always beauteous, whether storm or shine,
O magic Mountain! Fuji the Divine!

—Arikoto

Tears

I thought that tears, the gems of Sorrow's crown,
  Were human only, yet I see each blade
Of slender grass with shining drops weighed down,
  White dewdrop tears, that glimmer in the shade;
Even the grass would seem all passion-filled,
As my own heart, with grief not to be stilled!

—Fujiwara Tada-Kuni

[1] From the *Kokinshin.*

Faded Hues

Fair and unchanged in hue the flowers appear,
As in the last Springtime, exquisite to see,
But one with whom I saw them bloom last year
Hath changed to me!

—Motoyoshi no Mikō

Butterfly Song

Butterfly, butterfly! light upon the Na-leaf, pray!
Or if Na-leaf tempt you not,
On my hand alight and sway:
Hand and Na-leaf both are nigh—
Light upon one, butterfly!

—Author Unknown

Snail Song

Put out your horns for a little, snail!
The rain falls soft, and the wind blows warm,
And rustles the leaves of the bamboo grass.
Put out your horns, ere the showers pass,
For the rain falls soft, and the wind blows warm!

—Author Unknown

GAMES

Shogi

This is "Japanese Chess." The board has nine squares each way, the men have different names, and some of the rules in regard to moves are different from ours. The diagram shows the location of the men and their names, both in Japanese and in English.

Yari	Keima	Gin	Kin	Ō	Kin	Gin	Keima	Yari
	Kaku						Shisha	
Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu
Fu (Pawn)	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu	Fu
	Kaku (Diagonal)						Shisha (Chariot)	
Yari	Keima	Gin	Kin	Ō	Kin	Gin	Keima	Yari

Spear Horse Silver Gold King Gold Silver Horse Spear

Ō may move in any direction one square, .

Kin may move at right angles in any direction one square and diagonally forward one square, .

Gin may move diagonally one square in any direction and at right angles forward one square, .

Keima may move at right angles one square to the left or right and two squares forward, .

Yari may move only straight ahead, but as many squares as desired, .

Shisha may move at right angles forward and backward and to either side as many squares as desired, .

Kaku may move diagonally in any direction as many squares as desired, .

Fu may move only one square at a time and straight ahead, .

The enemy's line is the lower boundary of the third row of squares from the top. Any man when it reaches the enemy's row becomes Kin and then has all the moves that Kin has. When one is captured from the enemy it is used to play against the enemy, except Shisha and Kaku. These two may move in any direction, but Shisha diagonally only one square at a time, , and Kaku at right angles only one square at a time, .

Yanetsuki

Like "Battledore and Shuttlecock." This is played especially at New Year's time. The aim is to see who can keep the shuttlecocks in the air the longest.

Rakan-san[1]

The players form a circle, and each one takes some funny position or makes a funny face. As soon as all are ready they repeat together:

[1] *Rakan-san* means "The Images."

The images are here
Come all and bring good cheer.
Yoiasa no, yoiasa no,
Yoiasa no, yoiasa no.

Then each takes the position of the one to his right. Again the jingle is repeated, and again all change to their neighbor's position, and so on and on. Each one who makes a mistake must drop out of the game. After a while those who have dropped out are each made to do a "stunt." Or the game may be continued and a prize given for the one who stays in the longest. Sometimes one is chosen to signal for the changes and to watch for mistakes. The game should be played swiftly to make much fun.

Big Lantern; Little Lantern

The players form a circle. The game begins by one saying to his neighbor "big lantern," while making a gesture for a little lantern. The next person turns to his neighbor and says "little lantern," while making a gesture for a big one, and so on around the circle. Much fun results from confusion in trying to give gestures not in accord with what is being said. Those who make a mistake may be dropped out and the game continued until there is only one left. He then is the winner.

REFRESHMENTS

Drink

Tea is the favorite drink in Japan. Green tea is used, and it is served without either cream or sugar. It should be made rather weak.

Cake

With the tea may be served sponge cake cut in squares. Japanese and American sponge cake are just alike. Rice wafers and *senbei* are much served in Japan, and may be obtained from Katagiri and Company, 224 East Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. *Senbei* come in both large and small sizes, and are made both as salty wafers and as sugar wafers. It would be well to order a variety.

Candy

All European and American candies are common in Japan. Nuts are not much used.

Fruit

Many of our fruits grow in Japan also: peaches, plums, cherries, pears, grapes, watermelons, oranges, tangerines, lemons, and figs. Any of these may be served as Japanese refreshments.

DRESS

Women

The native kimono is so well known in our country that it can be bought in any large city. It is well to remember, however, that any kimono is not the typical Japanese kimono. There are many differences; the Japanese kimono is very narrow in the skirt, the sleeves hang from below the elbow in a long rectangle, and around the waist is worn a wide sash or *obi* with a wide bow at the back made as only the Japanese can make it. No attempt should be made to imitate this kimono, but the real thing should be ordered. We are too familiar with the kimono which is not strictly Japanese.

In place of shoes the Japanese wear a peculiar sandal with a strap which passes between the first two toes. Naturally this requires the Japanese foot covering which makes a division between these toes. It is of heavy white material made the shape of the foot.

The Japanese carry parasols instead of wearing hats—Japanese parasols of course.

Miss Shimamura emphasized the fact that Japanese do not usually wear ornaments in their hair. When they do, it is only some small dainty flower or a little ornament of coral or jade. It is a wrong idea that Japanese women wear fans, big flowers, or pompoms in their hair. The better class never do so.

Little jewelry is worn, except rings and pins. These are usually of coral, amber, or jade. Sometimes a buckle or pin is fastened in the front of the *obi* to hold it in place.

To represent the Japanese truly one must be very artistic. They like color but they reserve the brighter colors for children. The women wear pretty, dainty colors in small patterns.

Men

The man's garment is just like that of the woman except that darker, plainer colors are worn, such as dark brown or blue, gray, or black.

CHAPTER V

THE PHILIPPINES

Contributors: José Macapia, Platon Callangan, Tado Caro, Francisco Acosta

THE VISIT

They are four boys with shining black hair and bright black eyes and skin which a southern sun has tanned everlastingly. They are always good natured, courteous, and gracious. They are bright and quick, and they make fine workers. To carry a full university course and work eight hours a day besides is an ordinary affair with them. They are a month's journey from home and among foreigners; their people are too poor to help them; the boys must make their own way. What is that to them? They love America, and they are determined to do their part in bringing the blessings of America to their own country. So four years, six years, ten years, go by and they are still studying to be lawyers and teachers. Brothers and sisters arrive whom they have never seen; grandparents and parents and brothers and sisters fall sick and are taken away never to be seen again; sisters marry and have children and move away, and the homesick parents beg their boys to come home. Every time one of them gets a letter from the Philippines his merry talk ceases, his smiling face grows solemn, and for many days he is very quiet. The boys are sorry to have their parents lonesome and unhappy; they, themselves, are often homesick, but they will not give up. They have come here to learn to be of real help to their people and their country, and they will not leave until they have finished their courses.

Mr. Macapia is writing his thesis on "The Origin of the Trouble between America and the Philippines." It is very interesting to watch his study. He says, "I must see both sides," and he reads everything on the subject that he can find, and then argues and pleads for his country. He insists, "The Philippines must have independence some day. I think all Filipinos are not ready yet, but we want more of our people represented in the government. That can be now." Asked if they liked General Wood, he replied, "We liked him as a man but not as an administrator." But their enthusiasm for our country is unbounded. They all declare, "We love America as our mother!"

Mr. Callangan is studying to be a teacher of English and literature. He has been putting the folk lore and verse of his country into written form. Most of these tales were told by him. One can but marvel when one sees from what ignorance, superstition, and fear these boys have risen! The Filipinos are a very deserving and a very capable people.

STORIES

How a Town Was Named

During the early Spanish rule the people of a certain village refused to pay taxes. Tax-collectors came and even the sheriffs came, but the people fought them all off. They did not want to pay taxes, and they had made up their minds they would not pay taxes, so they got together and planned a way out of it. They bought bloodhounds to frighten the collectors away. When the sheriffs came and when the tax-collectors came, the people let the bloodhounds loose and that was all they needed to do. No one wanted to collect taxes after that. Every time the officers gave up and left in a hurry and the townspeople had their own way.

One time the Governor of the province went on a tour to visit all the towns that were under his rule. When this town was reached, the Governor asked:

"What town is this?"

The guides knew and they were afraid to go there so they answered: "Oh, no one lives there, only dogs!" Of course the Governor then went on by; he was not interested in visiting dogs.

Ever since, that town has been called *Atulagan*—which means "Dogs Only"! But now the townspeople do not like it if others think that only dogs live there.

How Two Towns Were Named

In a certain village near a river there was once an epidemic of cholera. The superstitious people thought it was because St. Michael, the patron saint of the town, had been displeased, so they decided to do him especial honor. They formed processions and marched through the town with the image of their saint carried aloft; they offered sacrifices to him and did all the yelling, shouting, and praying they could to show how devoted they were.

But still the cholera raged. Every day more people died from it, and every day the townsmen became more alarmed. Also they became disgusted that all their wonderful efforts to please St. Michael had been of no use. One day they decided they had had enough of their saint and they

took his image, put it on a raft with a basket of food, and started it down the river to the next town. They pretended to be sending him away on a visit. St. Catherine was the patron saint of this other town. The people wanted to get rid of St. Michael, but still they were afraid to put him out without planning to provide for him. But surely no saint could complain of a basket of food and a visit to St. Catherine! So down the river he went, and as he floated off the people sang:

St. Michael, St. Michael,
Ah, surely he's going away!
Go off with your basket
And visit St. Catherine today.

Very soon after that the cholera disappeared. Then there was great rejoicing. The people had all sorts of celebrations; masses were said in the churches, there were pompous processions, houses were decorated, and there were feasts and festivities of all sorts—music, dancing, singing, and drinking. The people were glad they had sent St. Michael off.

In the midst of it all, at midnight when everybody was out making merry and a great many were drunk, something dreadful happened. The crocodiles came up from the river and attacked the town. The people, frightened almost to death, ran this way and that, but they were too scared and too drunk to be able to defend themselves. The hungry crocodiles came right on, droves of them, and killed everybody in that town except one man. That man escaped by hiding. He came across a huge iron kettle that was used for boiling meat and crawled under it, remaining there for two or three days. He might have stayed there till he died, for he was much too scared to come out, but at last help came. A visitor arrived from another town and, seeing what an awful calamity had befallen this place, searched through the town to find if there were any people still alive who might be rescued. This man was found and was taken away by the visitor to his own town, and there he lived safe and sound.

Thus was a whole town destroyed. This town was always spoken of by the name of *Gattarang*, which means "Crocodile Attack." In course of time another town grew up on this same site, and it also was called Gattarang. It was named in memory of the first town. And the people in this town know better than to be disrespectful to their patron saint.

Siam-Siam

One time a man started out at midnight to make a trip to a certain village. On his way, he had to cross a river. He was on horseback and, as his animal could be trusted, when he came to the river he started him down the bank to the water, but he had not gone far when a figure hailed him for a ride over. The rider stopped his horse and took the stranger on. They then proceeded across the river and got about as far as the middle of the stream when the man had a terrible fright. He was embraced by the stranger, and the arms that embraced him were no flesh-and-blood arms—they were simply bones! To add to his horror, the stranger whispered, "Siam-Siam." That was the name of a ghost which everybody knew about. The man could stand no more; he at once jumped off his horse and ran through the water to the bank and back to the village. On arriving there, he told the people what had happened and all were as thoroughly frightened as he. Everywhere prayers were said and the priest was paid to hold special masses. All the town wondered what had become of the ghost, and everybody wondered if it would be appearing any more.

In another town there had dwelt a wicked man who used to kill at sight anyone with whom he became angry. After his death, many stories spread about how his spirit was trying to make expiation for his wickedness. It was his ghost which was called "Siam-Siam." There was one story of an experience which an old man had with Siam-Siam.

Late one night this man was going home from a wedding party. There was a lonely place where he had to cross a bridge overshadowed by trees. Darkness had fallen before he reached the spot, and he could scarcely see. He started to cross when suddenly he found the way blocked by something right in the middle of the bridge. Coming nearer, he saw that it was an open coffin with someone in white lying in it. As he approached, the figure raised one foot. The man then went to one side and tried to pass, but the figure raised both hands. The poor man did not know what to do. It was midnight and raining and everybody was asleep by now. He did not like to go all the way back in the dark and rain. He walked back a short distance thinking hard what he should do, and finally decided to make a bold dash. He ran till he got to the coffin, then he closed his eyes and jumped over it. As he ran on across the bridge he looked back and saw that the ghost was standing up with arms outstretched. He ran on home as fast as he could.

[1] Pronounced *Shum-Shum*.

When he reached the house he found the door was bolted. He was desperate to get in. He could not get the door open, and he could not wake anyone; but he was afraid the ghost was after him and he had to get in some way. What was he to do? He threw himself against the door with all his might and forced it open. The noise awakened his wife. She knew what had happened. She heard someone following the old man, and heard a hollow voice which she knew to be that of Siam-Siam. Safe in the house, they locked the door again, but outside they could hear the ghost running around the house. The man and his wife knew that it was his wickedness that was bothering the poor fellow and that his spirit was trying to get away from it, so they prayed for Siam-Siam. They prayed long and mightily, and at last their prayers took effect.

One night the priest was awakened by a knocking at the door. He opened it, and what he saw so frightened him that at first he wanted to close it at once. There on the porch stood a ghost clothed in a long white robe. The priest said his prayers, then he asked the visitor what he wanted.

"I am Siam-Siam," was the slow, solemn answer. The priest crossed himself and again took courage.

"Well," said he, "why do you go around scaring people? Why don't you repent and confess, then you would find peace and others could have some peace too!"

"Father," said Siam-Siam, "I come to confess." Stiffly he knelt before the priest, his bones rattling on the floor. This is what he confessed: "When I was alive I killed ninety-nine people; I stole ninety-nine carabouse and ninety-nine cows and ninety-nine pigs and ninety-nine banana bunches and ninety-nine guavas, and lied ninety-nine times," and on and on he went with such a big long confession that the priest could not get it all, but every sin the spirit confessed was connected with ninety-nine. *Siam-Siam* means "Ninety-nine." That is how he came to be called Siam-Siam.

This confession ended all trouble with the ghost. After that his spirit was at peace and he was seen and heard no more.

The Fisherman and the Nymphs

At evening time a fisherman took his net and went out to fish. He walked and he threw his net and dragged it in, and he walked farther and

threw his net again and dragged it in, and he kept on walking and throwing his net and dragging it in, but no fish did he find.

The evening was very quiet, calm, and beautiful. As the darkness fell, lights gleamed here and there, now high, now low, now close, now far off, luring him on in spite of himself. Again and again he decided to give up trying to get any fish and to go back home. Each time he started toward a light which he thought was home, but always when he got there he found it was not home and that the light had disappeared. Then he saw it shining in another place. Queer! He could not understand it. He saw he had made a mistake. Perhaps what he had seen was not a light. It must have been something else. He thought he would now aim for the light to the left. That must be home. But before he could reach it, it had gone, and instead a light was beckoning brightly to the right. On and on he walked, following first one light and then another, but never getting anywhere.

He grew very tired. It became darker and darker till in the blackness around him he could see only the light he was trying to follow. He forgot all about fishing, but now carrying, now dragging his net, he stumbled on and spent all his time searching out the lights. Their lure was stronger than his weariness and kept him going. So throughout the long, still, dark night!

At last the blackness melted away, and when the morning dawned there was his house only a little distance away. He had been going round and round the lake all night. He found there were no houses anywhere that he had been trying to go. Sometimes the radiance had been on the water, sometimes on the shore, sometimes in the trees! What did it all mean? Now he knew. They were not people who had lighted those lights; they were no earthly gleams he had been following. A queer little shiver went over him when he began to understand what it was all about. Some magic power he knew not of had laid hold of him. He had been lured on by the water nymphs.

The Dragon with Seven Heads[1]

Once there were four brothers; one was a warrior, one was a doctor, one a carpenter, and one a farmer. They all wanted to do some heroic deed, so they started out together for a town where there lived a dragon

[1] Of Spanish origin.

with seven heads. It was believed this dragon had captured a beautiful woman and was keeping her in prison. The prison was on an island out in the ocean which made it almost impossible for anyone to get to it, and the dragon guarded it all the time so that no one could reach the lady even if he did reach the prison. It seemed to the brothers that the rescue of the lady would be a real deed of heroism, and they set to work.

The carpenter took the bark from a small tree and built a big ship, and they all sailed off to rescue the lady. When they reached the island they found the prison and, sure enough, there was the dragon stretched around it. The brothers went nearer to investigate and, best luck, the dragon was asleep.

"Good," they thought, "this is just our chance!" So the warrior drew near and cut off one of the dragon's heads. That awakened the dragon and it started to fight. A hard struggle then began between the two. Cutting off a head did not do a bit of good. He cut off another and another, but each time a head came in the place of the one cut off. By the time the warrior had tried each head, he was beginning to feel tired all over, so he thought he would do something more worth while. This time he stepped back and swung his sword with a wide sweep which cut off all the dragon's heads at once, but the next minute there were seven more heads just as sure as life. The warrior then gave up cutting off the heads and made a lunge at the dragon's ribs. He thrust his sword clear through the ribs and pierced its heart. Instantly the dragon collapsed and lay still. It was dead.

The fight had been going on for several days, and the brothers were starving. They had all been so absorbed in the combat that there had been no time to think of eating; besides, there was nothing to eat if they had had time for it. Now was the farmer's turn. He threw his wand on the ground and immediately all kinds of vegetables, grain, and fruit appeared. The four brothers had all they wanted to eat and were quickly revived. Then they rescued the lady and sailed away.

All went well until they were near home when suddenly a big storm came up. The ship was dashed against the rocks and smashed to pieces. None of the company was killed, though, and the carpenter went right to work to make another boat. This he did with one little piece left from the wreck. One board was all he needed. So all were saved and reached home safely. But the lady was very sick. The exciting fight and the narrow escape from shipwreck were too much for her. She had hysterics.

Meanwhile the brothers were having a debate as to who should marry the lady.

"I killed the dragon," said the warrior. "If it had not been for me the lady would never have been rescued."

"I saved us all from starvation," declared the farmer. "If it had not been for me, there would have been no one left to marry the lady."

"What about me?" the carpenter protested. "I saved us all from sinking. If it had not been for me none of us would be alive."

The doctor had been silent all this while, but he was biding his time, for he had a plan he wanted to work out. The lady's hysterics got worse and worse. She laughed and she cried, and she cried and she laughed until she was too weak to sit up. At last she gave one awful shriek and was dead. The brothers fell silent, then the doctor spoke up:

"Look here, you know our father is a widower and needs someone to take care of him. Let us all come to an agreement. The lady is dead now and none of you can marry her, but I'll restore her to life on one condition.

"What's that? What's that?" they all questioned.

"I will restore her to life," answered the doctor, "on condition that our father be allowed to marry her."

Of course they had to agree, for there would be no lady if they did not. So the doctor brought the lady back to life, and she and the father were married amidst great celebration. Never had there been a more beautiful lady nor a more joyous marriage. The brothers were happy to have the lady alive again, the father was happy to have such a beautiful bride, and the lady was happy to be well again. So the brothers accomplished their heroic deed, the lady was rescued, the father taken care of, and all was well.

Toribio, the Mountain Boy[1]

High up on a secluded mountain overlooking a large town there once lived a family of father, mother, and one son. While the boy was still small his parents died. They had been poor people, and when they were gone the child was left with no home but a rude hut and the beautiful mountain forests, no companions but his dog and the birds and wild animals, and no neighbors but the savage tribes living on a nearby mountain. At fourteen he could neither read nor write nor talk. He had been

[1] A Philippine epic; in the Philippines called "Biwag."

taught to wear something on the order of clothes, skins or sacks or whatever he could fix up, and he had been taught how to make fire and which of the plants and wild creatures would make good food; but he knew nothing of books, and the only way he could talk was by signs.

One day when he was out hunting he met a poor old man who made his living by gathering grasses and wood to sell. The old man was full of surprise to find a boy all alone in the mountain forests, and he said, "My boy, why are you here in such a dangerous place?" Of course the boy could not understand a word the man said. The man tried asking some more questions, but still the other could not understand. Then the old man began to make signs, and the boy showed where he lived. It seemed a poor, lonely, dangerous life, and the man made signs to the boy that he wanted to adopt him and have him for his own. At last the child of the mountains nodded; he would go down to live with the man, and he would be like other people. He gave one last look around at his beautiful flowers and trees, turned thoughtful eyes at the sky above him, then went into the hut and put away his bow and arrows. When he came out he whistled to his dog, and down toward the town they went—the mountain boy and his dog with their new friend.

It was a Christian town to which the boy was taken, and the people there had ways of living that he had never dreamed of. There were comfortable things made to sit on, big easy affairs made to sleep on, wonderful ways of getting food, and dozens of things to eat that the boy had never before seen. And there were clothes; oh, such clothes!

The mountain boy found there were many boys in this town. At first when he learned to talk, he wanted to know them and be pals with them. It seemed great to have so many boys. But he had only rags to wear, and the other boys would not let him go with them. They shoved him out of their way and made faces at him. Then the mountain boy ceased to care about the other boys; they seemed foolish to him. What did they know about the haunts of the mountain deer, how the carabao lived, or how to catch wild ducks? Who of them knew the call of the wild pigeon and how to be friends with the birds? What did they know about the myriad flowers on the mountain top and the stillness up there where you could hear your heart beat and talk with the stars? He cared nothing for their little games and their foolish likes and their anger, what they wore, and where they lived. He had games with birds, and friends with animals that they knew nothing of. Only one thing about those boys he cared for—

that they could read and write. When they left him out it made him homesick for his wild life in the mountains and he wanted to run away, but he did not. He remembered the lonesome old man who had been so good to him, and he thought with great longing of the books he could not yet read. So he stayed. But matters grew worse and worse. The boys made fun of him, and he was so ashamed that at last he could stand it no longer. He went to the old man and said, "I leave now. I go back to mountain. You good to me, but boys, no. Thank you. I come see you again. Goodbye." So he was gone, but he vowed to himself that some day he would show those boys that he was somebody and make them be decent to him.

There was much trouble between the wild tribes of the mountains and the Christian people of the towns. The wild folk did not like these people who lived in towns, and they were always trying to drive them away. The boy had not been gone long when he came back to see the old man, and while he was in town who should come but a man from one of these wild tribes. The boy was now sixteen or eighteen years of age and wise in the ways of the mountain folk. He suspected danger, but he kept it all to himself. He went back to the mountains to see about it and found it was all bad enough. The wild tribes had set a day for attacking the town. He thought and wondered and planned what he could do about it. The town was a wonderful place to him. He had lived there for a while, and he did not want it destroyed.

One night he dreamed that something from heaven would fall into his hands and that he must not let it go. He woke up startled. What could it mean? What could be coming to him? And how could he keep it? Very soon he found out. The next night a star shot down from the sky—a *vertude*, or "star of magic," the Filipinos call it. It came straight down in his direction. He knew it must be his gift from heaven. He caught a part of it and quickly cut open the skin of his arm and sewed in the magic. He would keep it forever as his dream said he should. Immediately the boy was changed. He could jump from mountain to mountain and fight with the strength of a tribe. He had become *Toribio*, the "superhuman."

Now he knew he was equal to the attack. There was no time to waste. Already smoke was rising from the valley. The wild tribes must be down there. Toribio was high up on the mountain. What he wanted above all was to be down there to protect the town. If only he could stand between the town and the wild tribes! No sooner did he think it

than he found himself taking the leap. There were a few minutes of breathless flight over the forests and down the mountain side, and the next thing he knew he alighted in the valley. Off to one side of him rose the smoke of the attacking tribes, and beyond the clearing on the other side lay the peaceful quiet little town. None too soon had Toribio got his bearings. In a few moments the attack began, and the wild men with their bows and arrows and spears came stealing upon the town. But Toribio was right in their way, and very few of them got by him. He dashed from place to place wherever they came, catching them. Sometimes he hit them in the head, sometimes he thrust them through with their own spears. He seemed everywhere at once. The faster they came the more quickly he darted. They could not escape him. He was as quick as lightning and as strong as all of them put together. He killed them off as fast as they appeared. He held the *vertude* within himself. The fighting grew fiercer and fiercer. The wild men did not know what to make of this opponent. They had never heard of a whole tribe being beaten by one man, and they would not give up easily. Soon the whole town was aroused. The townspeople did not know who this was who was saving them from a savage attack, but they rushed around and armed themselves as well as they could and prayed for their deliverer. Then finally the onslaught ceased. Too many of the wild men had been killed for the rest to dare any longer. No more ventured forth, and the mountain boy was left alone.

As soon as he was sure the fighting was over, Toribio started for the town. He thought he would see how it fared and whom he might find that he knew. But the people did not wait. When they saw him coming they rushed out to meet him. From all directions they came. They hailed him as their deliverer, and in gratitude they fell down before him and worshiped him. They did not know that he was the ragged little boy who had once tried to live among them. They crowded around him and asked him who he was. How different from the way they used to leave him alone! He would not tell them, but finally he spied his friend, the old man. Pushing his way through the crowd to him, Toribio threw his arms around him and embraced him. His friend knew him, and said to the people, "This is the mountain boy who used to live with me. I wanted him to stay, but you snubbed him and were so mean to him that he left." Then the people were sorry. They begged him to come and live with them now, and said he should be treated as a guest and be free to do as he

pleased; but Toribio would not. He had showed them that he was worth something and that was all he wanted. After a little while he bade the old man goodbye and went away again.

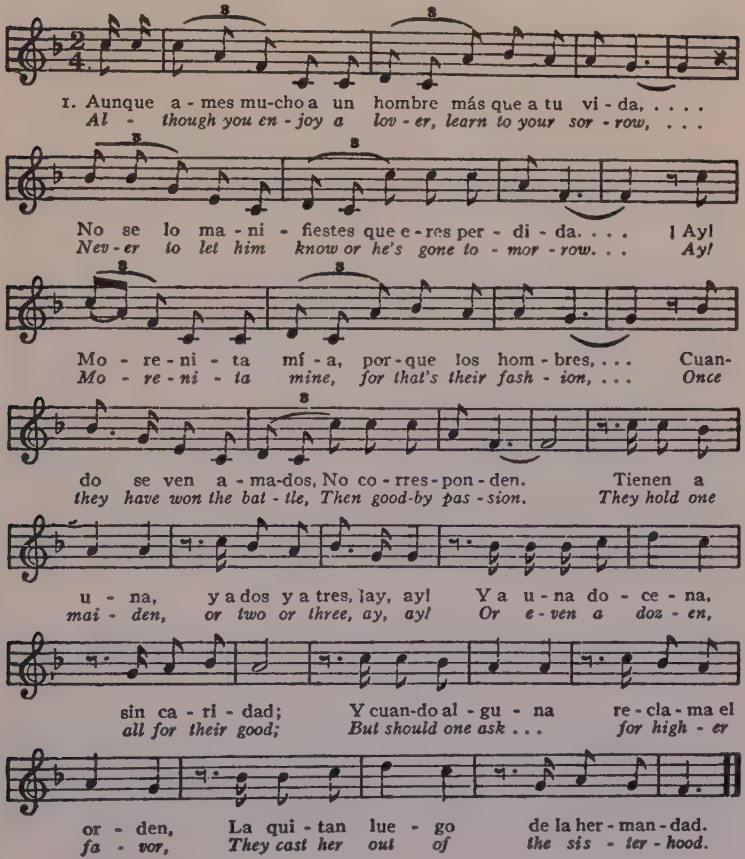
Toribio went back to the mountain to live. No one knows how long he lived there nor when he died nor how he died. Some say that he tried to separate the mountain he lived on from the one next to it, and that after he had moved the mountain it came back to where it had been and with its great power crushed him as it came. Some say that he still lives on the mountain and that every year he rises an inch above it. They think that some day he will rise clear above it and in that day the world will come to an end.

The place where the mountain boy used to live is still remembered. It is near Cabagan, in the province of Isabella of the Philippine Islands. High up the mountain side a river runs across, and there above the river, near the top of the mountain, the place is marked by a huge white stone. The stone can be seen from below, but no one could ever reach it from that side. The mountain there is too steep to climb. The stone might be reached from the other side of the mountain, but it never is. No one would trespass upon the place where Toribio lived. It is held sacred.

So the poor, lonely child of the mountains became great, and because of the love his countrymen have for him, he will never die.

Aunque Ames

(Very familiar in Spain and Spanish America)

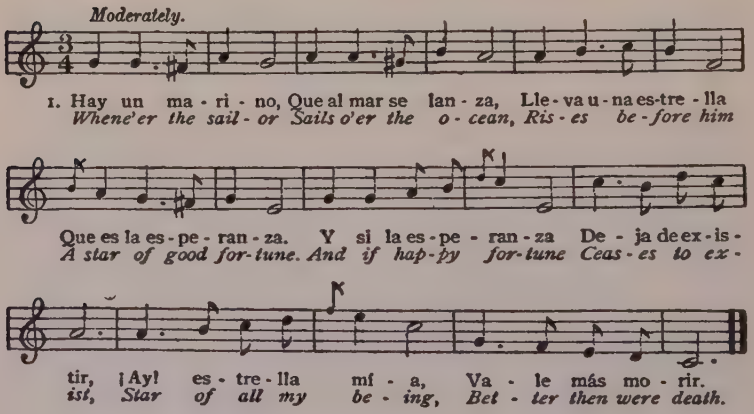
Danza rhythm. Moderately.

1. Aunque a - mes mu-cho a un hombre más que a tu vi - da, ...
Al - though you en - joy a lov - er, learn to your sor - row, . . .
No se lo ma - ni - fiestes que e - res per - di - da. . . . ¡Ay!
Nev - er to let him know or he's gone to - mor - row. . . Ay!
Mo - re - ni - ta mí - a, por - que los hom - bres, . . . Cuan-
Mo - re - ni - ta mine, for that's their fash - ion, . . . Once
do se ven a - ma-dos, No co - rres - pon - den. Tienen a
they have won the bat - tle, Then good-by pas - sion. They hold one
u - na, y a dos y a tres, ¡ay, ay! Y a u - na do - ce - na,
mai - den, or two or three, ay, ay! Or e - ven a doz - en,
sin ca - ri - dad; Y cuan-do al - gu - na re - cla - ma el
all for their good; But should one ask . . . for high - er
or - den, La qui - tan lue - go de la her - man - dad.
fa - vor, They cast her out of the sis - ter - hood.

2. I once fell deep in love with a man who told me
That if I could forget him, he would die surely.
Ay! Morenita mine, that's not so certain,

Since he continues living, although forgotten.
But men are always so egotistical
That they believe all the things they say;
They sigh and groan and weep and promise,
But change their minds on the self-same day.

Hay un Marino

(From Costa Rica. Sung by W. C. Riotte. Variants are found in the northern part of South America)


Moderately.
1. Hay un ma - ri - no, Que al mar se lan - za, Lle - va u - na es-tre - lla
Whene'er the sail - or Sails o'er the o - cean, Ris - es be - fore him
Que es la es - pe - ran - za. Y si la es - pe - ran - za De - ja de ex - is -
A star of good for-tune. And if hap-py for-tune Ceas - es to ex -
tir, ¡Ay! es - tre - lla mí - a, Va - le más mo - rir.
ist, Star of all my be - ing, Bet - ter then were death.

2. If a dead body
To the shore is driven,
Ah! this dead body,
Whose might it be?
'Tis a lonely sailor,
Dead and cold is he.
He has found his ending
Deep within the sea.

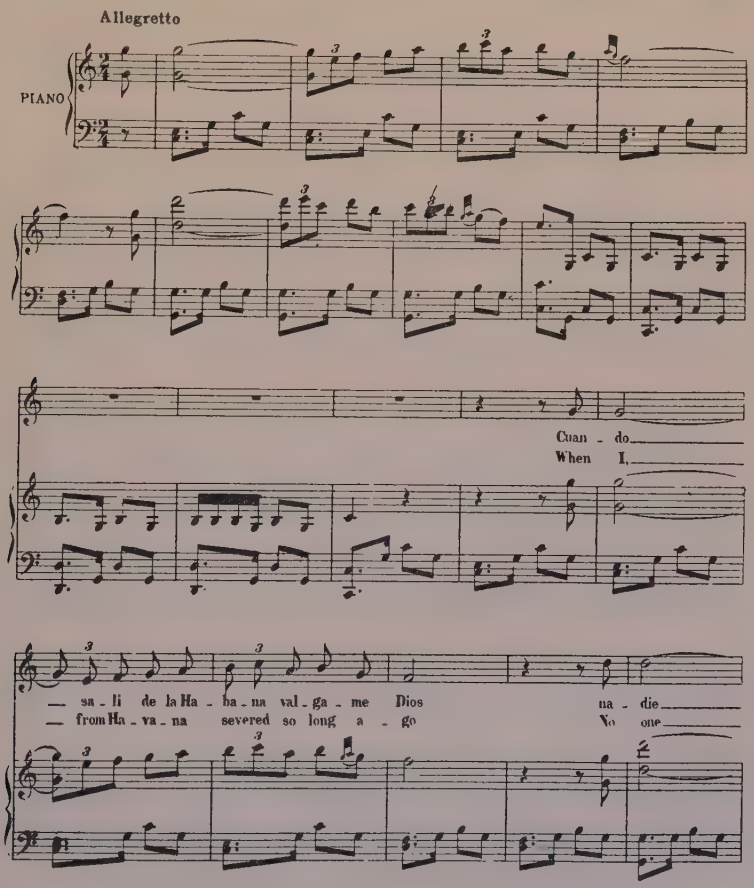
La Paloma

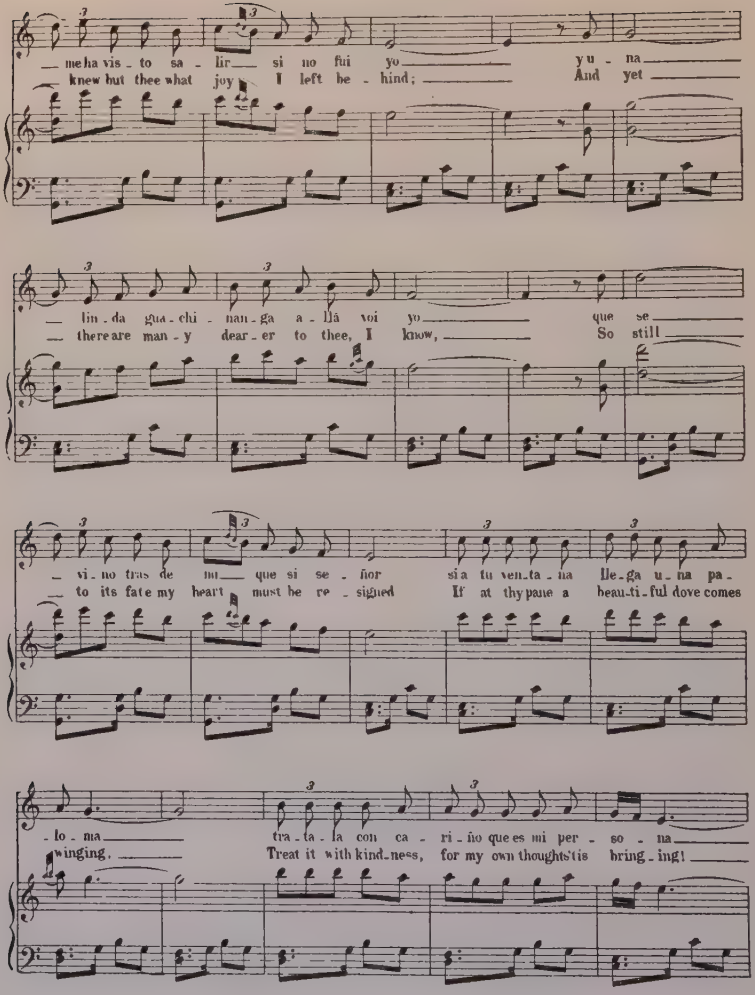
(THE DOVE)

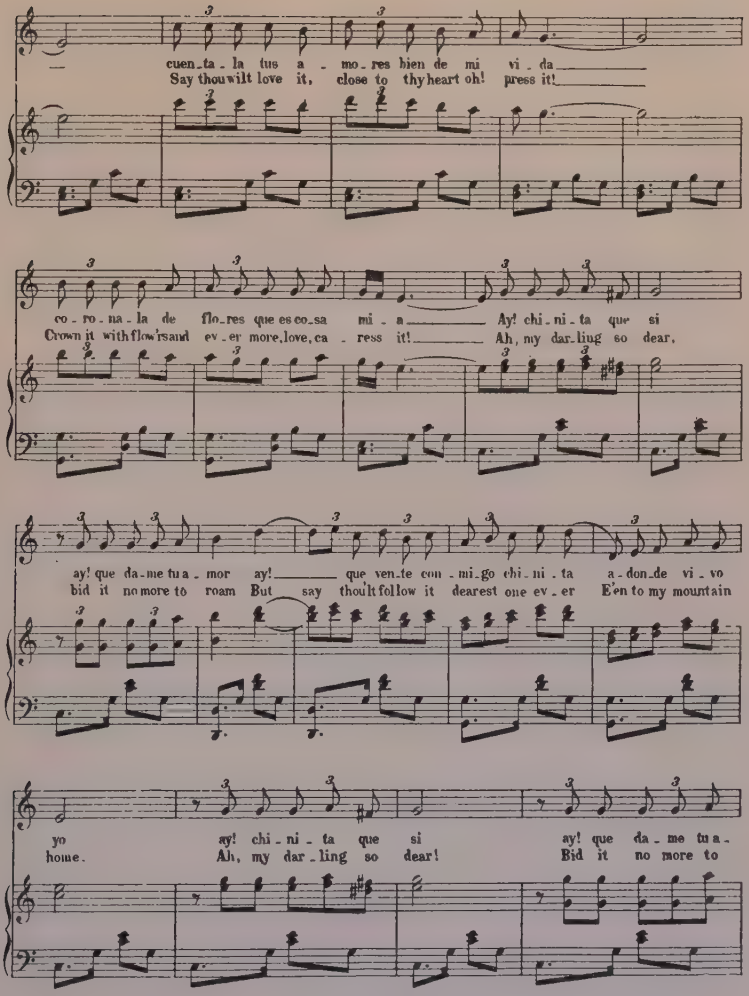
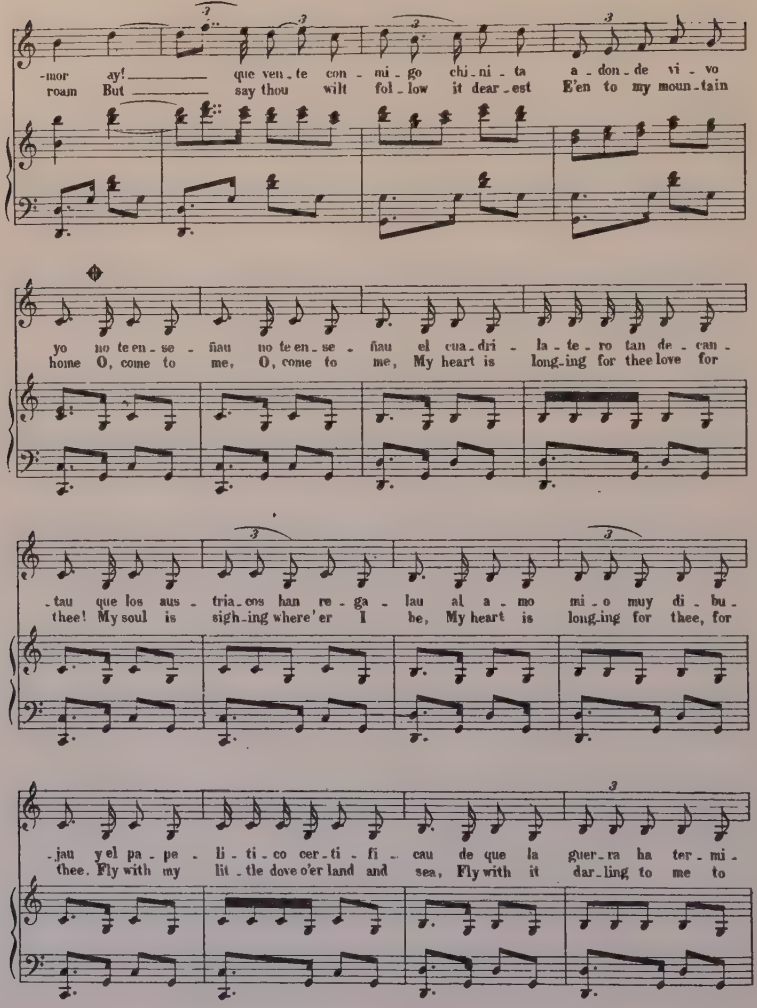
(Original Edition)

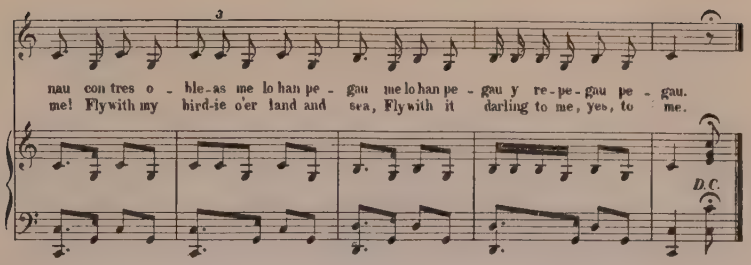
Translated by H. Millard

SEBASTIAN YRADIER




me ha vis - to sa - lir si no fui yo yu - na
knew but thee what joy I left be - hind; And yet
lin - da gua - chi - nan - ga a - llá voi yo que se
there are man - y dear - er to thee, I know, So still
vi - no tras de mi que si se - ñor si a tu ven - ta - na lle - ga u - na pa -
to its fate my heart must be re - signed If at thy pane a beau - ti - ful dove comes
- lo - ma tra - ta - la con ca - ri - ño que es mi per - so - na
winging. Treat it with kind - ness, for my own thoughts 'tis bring - ing!

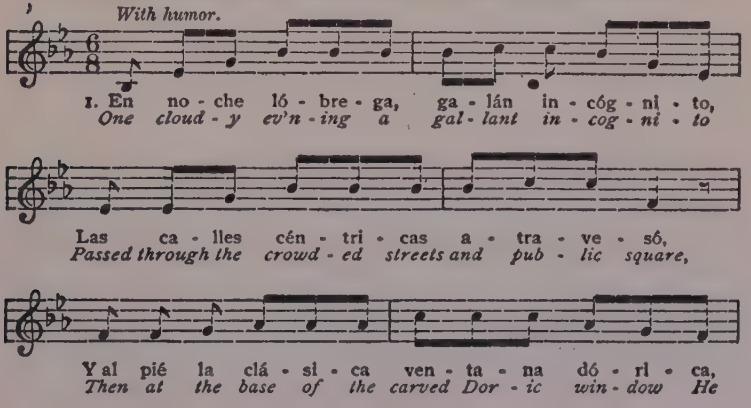

cuen-ta-la tus a-mo-res bien de mi vi-da
Say thou wilt love it, close to thy heart oh! press it!
co-ro-na-la de flo-res que es co-sa mi-a Ay! chi-ni-ta que si
Crown it with flow'rs and ev-er more, love, ca-ress it! Ah, my dar-ling so dear,
ay! que da-me tu a-mor ay! que ven-te con-mi-go chi-ni-ta a-don-de vi-vo
bid it no more to roam But say thou'lt follow it dearest one ev-er E'en to my mountain
yo ay! chi-ni-ta que si ay! que da-me tu a-
home. Ah, my dar-ling so dear! Bid it no more to

-mor ay! que ven-te con-mi-go chi-ni-ta a-don-de vi-vo
roam But say thou wilt fol-low it dear-est E'en to my moun-tain
yo no te en-se-ñau no te en-se-ñau el cua-dri-la-te-ro tan de-can-
home O, come to me, O, come to me, My heart is long-ing for thee love for
-tau que los aus-tria-cos han re-ga-lau al a-mo mi-o muy di-bu-
thee! My soul is sigh-ing where'er I be, My heart is long-ing for thee, for
-jau y el pa-pe-li-ti-co cer-ti-fi-cau de que la guer-ra ha ter-mi-
thee. Fly with my lit-tle dove o'er land and sea, Fly with it dar-ling to me to

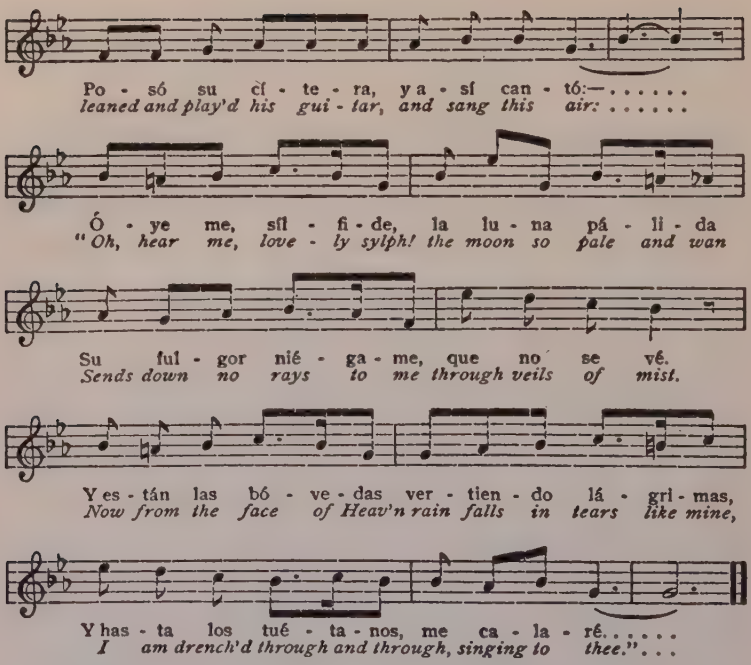

nau con tres o - ble-as me lo han pe - gau me lo han pe - gau y re-pe-gau pe - gau.
me! Fly with my bird-ie o'er land and sea, Fly with it darling to me, yes, to me.
D.C.

My dove it will murmur, Ne'er shall I love forget!
Each day I am thine, in gladness or in pain;
Oh, treat then with kindness, darling, my pretty pet,
Tho' fate may decree we ne'er may meet again!
Still from my heart a message of love 'tis bearing;
Still it will murmur, thou art each hope still sharing!
Fondly it gently, think of our days of pleasure,
Praise it so highly, better than gems or treasure,
Ah! my darling, so dear.

El galan incógnito

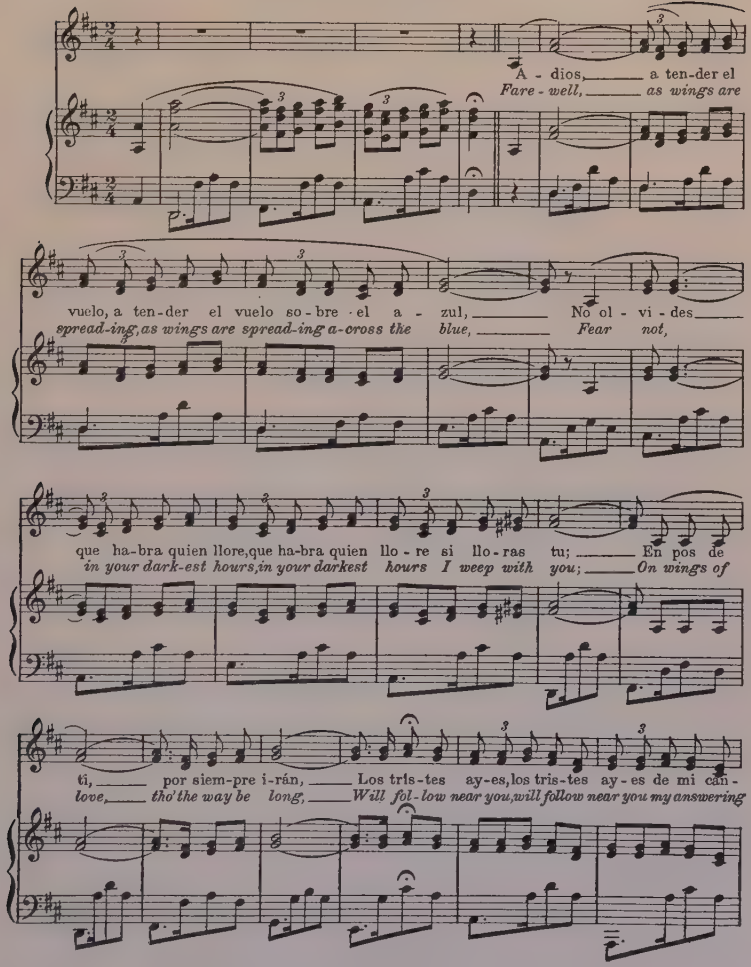
(A variant of a Spanish song. Very familiar in all parts of Spanish America.)

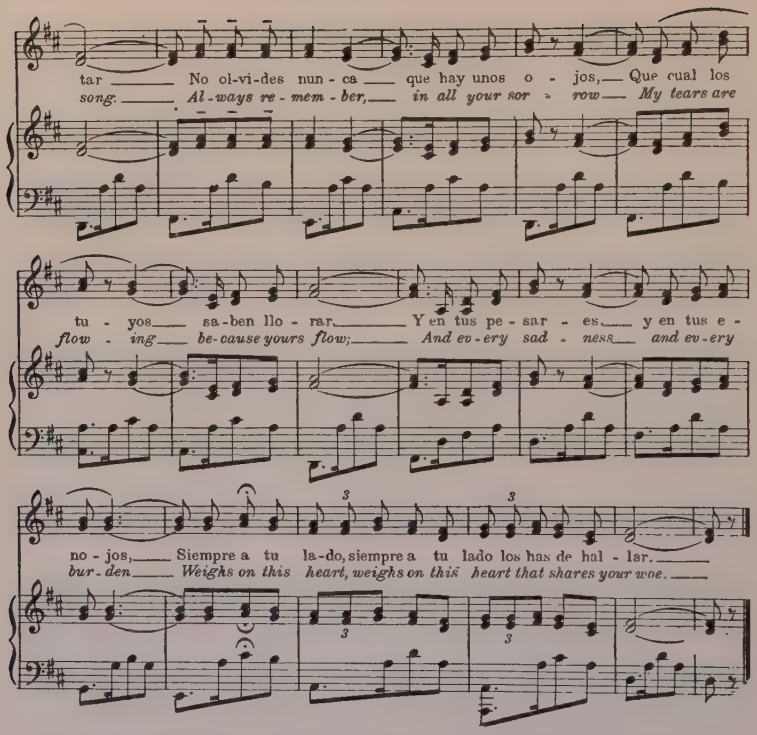

With humor.
1. En no - che ló - bre - ga, ga - lán in - cóg - ni - to,
One cloud - y ev'n - ing a gal - lant in - cog - ni - to
Las ca - lles cén - tri - cas a - tra - ve - só,
Passed through the crowd - ed streets and pub - lic square,
Y al pié la clá - si - ca ven - ta - na dó - ri - ca,
Then at the base of the carved Dor - ic win - dow He


Po - só su cí - te - ra, y a - sí can - tó:— . . . . . .
leaned and play'd his gui - tar, and sang this air: . . . . . .
Ó - ye me, sil - fi - de, la lu - na pá - li - da
"Oh, hear me, love - ly sylph! the moon so pale and wan
Su ful - gor nié - ga - me, que no se vé.
Sends down no rays to me through veils of mist.
Y es - tán las bó - ve - das ver - tien - do lá - gri - mas,
Now from the face of Heav'n rain falls in tears like mine,
Y has - ta los tué - ta - nos, me ca - la - ré. . . . . .
I am drench'd through and through, singing to thee." . . .

The sylph who heard this song, from her incognito,
Pulled down the blinds so tight! (Ah, cruel she!)
Then she cried, "Gracious me! how the bats fly to-night!
Singer romantic, I ope not to thee.
My window shows no light, Señor, I go to bed.
Sing to the rain instead, sing not to me."
"Now from the face of Heav'n rain falls in tears like mine,
I am drenched through and through singing to thee."

Las Golondrinas
(the swallows)


A - dios, a ten-der el
Fare - well, as wings are
vuelo, a ten-der el vuelo so-bre el a - zul, No ol - vi - des
spread-ing, as wings are spread-ing a-cross the blue, Fear not,
que ha-bra quien llore, que ha-bra quien llo - re si llo - ras tu; En pos de
in your dark-est hours, in your darkest hours I weep with you; On wings of
ti, por siem-pre i-rán, Los tris-tes ay-es, los tris-tes ay-es de mi can -
love, tho' the way be long, Will fol-low near you, will follow near you my answering


tar No ol-vi-des nun-ca que hay unos o - jos, Que cual los
song. Al-ways re-mem-ber, in all your sor - row My tears are
tu - yos sa-ben llo - rar. Y en tus pe-sar - es y en tus e -
flow - ing be-cause yours flow; And ev-ery sad - ness and ev-ery
no - jos, Siempre a tu la-do, siempre a tu lado los has de hal - lar.
bur-den Weighs on this heart, weighs on this heart that shares your woe.

Beloved, if doves and swallows, if doves and swallows come to your tree
Ask them, they will tell you softly, they will tell you softly they come from me;
To my adored I'll bid them sing
And tend'rest memories, and tend'rest memories to her they'll bring.
Always remember in all your sorrow
My tears are flowing because yours flow,
And every sadness and every burden
Weighs on this heart, weighs on this heart that shares your woe.

Trans. MRS. HELEN LAUGHLIN MARSHALL

POETRY

The Last Farewell[1]

Farewell, sweet country I adore, fair land of sunshine bright,
Pearl art thou of the eastern sea, the world's lost paradise;
My sad and mournful life I give, freely and with delight,
Were it more brilliant and more fair, more worthy in thy sight,
Still would I give it for thy sake, nor count it sacrifice.

On the fields of battle fighting, delirious with wounds,
Without thought and without doubting, do others give their lives,
Nor place nor manner matters, cypress nor laurel crowns,
In conflict or as martyrs, scaffolds or battle grounds,
'Tis all the same, if only one for home and country strives!

When glows the red of morning upon the eastern sky,
And thro' the murky darkness foretells the dawn of day,
Then shall I die. . . . . Aurora! if thou should'st need supply
Of scarlet for thy dawn light, my blood I prithee try,
And grant it a reflection from thy bright rising ray.

My dreams when scarce a growing boy, my dreams in riper years,
Were one day to behold thee, pride of the eastern sea,
Thy forehead pure and lofty, thine eyes unwet with tears,
Showing nor frown nor wrinkle, no tinge of shame or fears,
This, my beloved country, has been my dream for thee!

Freedom! thou dream of all my life, my ardent, fond desire,
My soul, about to take its flight, calls eagerly on thee,
Freedom! how blessed, by my fall, to raise thy banner higher,
To die to give thee birth and life, 'neath the skies to expire,
And then, in thine enchanted land, sleep thro' eternity!

If, in the grass above my tomb, thou chanc'st to see some day,
A humble, lowly flowret bloom, thy lips upon it press,
For 'tis the blossom of my soul arising from decay;

[1] The national classic of the Philippines written by the hero of the Philippines just before his execution.

When on my brow I feel thy breath, to me it shall convey
The comfort of thy tenderness, the warmth of thy caress.

Let Luna, with her tranquil rays, softly upon me shine,
Let not the Dawn, with brilliant light, her morning greeting cease,
Let all the winds murmur and sigh above my lowly shrine,
Then, if a bird descend and light upon my cross of pine,
There let it sing in sweet content a song of love and peace.

Then let the rain, the blazing sun absorbed by its bright rays,
To the pure sky return as pure, bearing my humble plea:—
Let some kind friend my early end deplore in mournful lays,
And in the quiet evening hour, when someone for me prays,
Then, O my country, let him ask my rest in God shall be.

For those who give their lives to thee, I fain would breathe a prayer,
For those who suffer torture deep, too frightful e'en for thought,
For our poor mothers, who bewail their loneliness and fear,
For widows and for orphans too, my plea, I prithee, hear,
And for thyself, that thou may'st see thy swift redemption wrought.

And when dark night the graves shall wrap in deep obscurity,
And but the dead alone remain, waking and watching there,
Ask not their quiet to disturb, nor solve their mystery,
Though thou should'st hear the zither and the psalter's harmony,
'Tis only I, my country dear, chanting to thee my prayer!

And when my tomb, by all forgot, from memory shall fade,
And there shall be no cross or stone to mark my place of rest,
Then let man plough my ashes up and scatter with the spade,
So that before their last return to nothingness is made,
A carpet of my dust they'll form upon thy loving breast.

Then nothing matters more to me, by naught my heart is stirred,
Thy atmosphere, thy air, thy vales, I fly rejoicing o'er,
Vibrant and liquid notes thou'lt hear, as clear as song of bird,
Light, perfume, color, song, and sound, and weeping shall be heard,
All these the "credo" of my faith repeating evermore.

My country, idolized and dear, grief of my griefs, thou art,
Beloved Philippines, to thee my last farewell I sing.

I leave thee all, my parents, friends, and loves dear to my heart,
I go where scaffold, and where slaves and tyrants have no part,
Where man's faith never caused man's death, where God alone is king.

Farewell, fathers and brothers dear, parts of my life,
Friends of my childhood in the home, long lost and yet loved best,
Give thanks that I at last shall rest after the weary strife;
Stranger farewell; farewell to thee, my happiness, my wife,
Farewell, beloved, each and all; to die is but to rest.[1]

—Don José Rizal

The Notes on Your Harp[2]

I was heavy with livid sleep, for my fatigue was enormous.

You played on your harp the gay strains of youth.
The fire and passion of your melody, you flung carelessly.

There was the soft rustle of palms, and I felt the caress of the noonday breeze upon my brow, intoxicating as the embrace of your arms. Still my sleep was heavy and my lethargy potent to break. I knew it all along as you vainly strove to dedicate to me the most eternal of your songs.

You played again and again with untiring fervency of feeling likening your music to the ceaseless chants of the sea, lashing the wrecks strewn by the wrack of the storm.

You began to be weary and your fingers wandered idly on the chords of your harp.
There was a note that you touched and I awoke to its meaning—you—wondering how it could have been.

Refreshed by the note you idly touched, you arose to new heights, capturing at last the sweetest of rhythms.
You poured forth the living essence of your being in the music of your harp and I awoke to its meaning.

—M. de Gracia Concepcion

[1] Translated from the Spanish by E. M. Patten in *Poet Lore*, XXVI (summer, 1915), 393–95.

[2] From *Filipino Student Bulletin* (Filipino Students' Christian Movement, Jan.–Feb., 1927).

GAMES[1]

Sonca[2]

This game is similar to our "Jacks." It is played in groups of two, with a small rubber ball and six tiny hard fruits, stones, or marbles. The players are seated on the floor and proceed as follows:

First all the fruits or stones are put down on the floor, then between bouncing and catching the ball they are picked up one at a time by the same hand that bounces the ball. Returned to the floor again, they are next picked up two at a time, then three at a time, and so on until at last they are all picked up at once. This last time they are held in the left hand against the chest. From here they are returned to the ground one at a time.

The object of the game is to go through the complete routine without making a mistake. When a player makes a mistake his turn is over, and he must stop until the other player has had his turn. Each time a mistake is made the player has to begin at the beginning and go through the whole routine again. He wins who first succeeds in going through the entire performance without making a mistake.

Pum-Pum-Pulloi

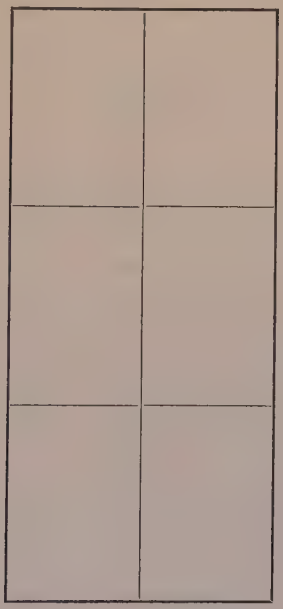
Two parallel lines are drawn several feet apart. The leader stands halfway between these lines, and all the other children are in front of him and outside the front line. When the leader calls "Pum-Pum-Pulloi" all try to pass over the lines and beyond him. The leader, without moving from his stand, must see how many he can touch three times. All so touched can go no farther, but must join the leader at the center and help him to tag others. Those who succeed in getting by without being touched are the winners. The last to get by will have a hard time and cause a great deal of fun. The more dodging and quickness, the more fun. This game is played by children all over the Philippine Islands.

[1] Conundrums or "puzzles" are popular. Any of our conundrums may be used.

[2] *Sonca*, meaning "toss." Pronounced with hard *c* and accented on the last syllable.

St. Peter

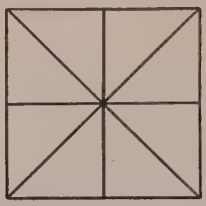
This game is played on a diagram drawn on the ground as follows:



There should be as many cross-lines as there are people in each team. The diagram is supposed to represent a ladder leading to St. Peter; that is how the game gets its name. Two teams of four each play on a field like this. One team stands guard, and the other seeks to get through the guards. The captain of the guarding team stands on the entrance cross-line and the guards on each of the other three cross-lines. No guard can leave his line. The opposing team tries to get past all four lines, but this requires getting past each of the guarding team without being touched. If one is touched the whole team is beaten and must then take the place of the guarding team while it in turn seeks entrance. The team seeking entrance to the field must come in at the end but is free to move about as it pleases. This is a very popular game. It takes quickness both in action and in thought and can be played by any number of people.

King, King

This game is played on a cardboard diagram or a diagram drawn on a table thus:



It is played by two people who each have three small stones or coins. The first player places a stone on one of the intersections on the diagram. The second player likewise places a stone on one of the intersections, and each in turn puts down a stone until each player has placed all three of his stones. In the next rounds of the game the players each move their stones from intersection to intersection, one move in a turn, each trying to get his stones arranged in a straight line. No one can move off a line. There is much fun in each one's trying to keep his opponent's stones from getting in a straight line. He who first gets his stones in a straight line is the "King." One must watch and think in this game much as in our "Checkers."

Guessing-and-Jumping

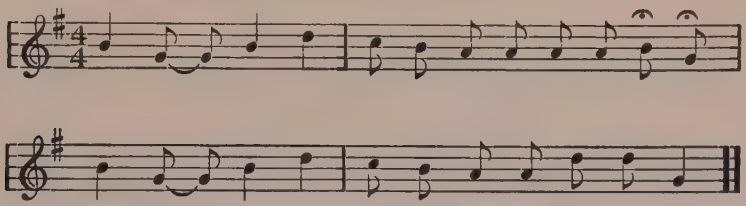
Two groups, each with a captain, range themselves in parallel lines and face the goal. In each line there should be a little space between the players. The goal should be several feet off, in line with the players. To start the game, one of the captains hides a small stone in his hands and holds out his clenched fists for the others to guess in which hand the stone is. First turn falls to the side which guesses correctly.

The side which is to start the game all put their hands behind them and try to pass the stone down the line without letting the captain of the opposing team see who has it. Whenever the opposing captain thinks he sees who has the stone, he calls on that person to show it. When the guess is right, the person who has the stone must jump as far as he can toward the goal. The other line then takes the stone and tries to pass it along while the first captain does the guessing, so alternating until the goal is reached. That line wins whose members first jump as far as the goal.

MATARILE[1]

(Two Together)

The children form a line and one stands facing them. They retreat and advance singing. This is sometimes sung: "Ambó ható."



LANIÑA
Ambos a dos,
matarile, rile, rile,
ambos a dos,
matarile, rile, ron.

LAS DEMÁS
¿Que quiere usted?

LA NIÑA
Quiero un paje, etc.

LAS DEMAS
Escoja usted, etc.

LA NIÑA
A ... puse el don (La que eliga), etc.

LAS DEMAS
¿Que le da usted? etc.

LA NIÑA
Una muñeca de oro, etc.

LAS DEMAS
Dice que sí, etc.

LA NIÑA
Dice que non, etc.

LAS DEMAS
Traigala usted, etc.

LA NIÑA
Tómela usted, etc.

THE GIRL
Two together,
matarile, rile, rile,
Two together,
materile, rile, ron.

THE COMPANY
What do you want?

THE GIRL
I want a valet, etc.

THE COMPANY
Pick one out, etc.

THE GIRL
[She picks one out and says, "Give the gift, etc."]

THE COMPANY
What did you give him? etc.

THE GIRL
A gold doll, etc.

THE COMPANY
She says "yes," etc.

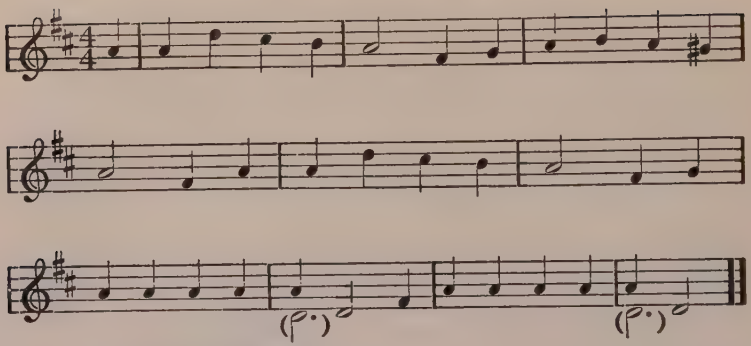
THE GIRL
She says "no," etc.

THE COMPANY
Brings her along, etc.

THE GIRL
Hold her, etc.

[1] From *Canciones Populares*, by Allena Luce, with the permission of the author and the publishers, Silver, Burdett and Company.

La puerta de Alcalá[1]



(𝄐) for last stanza only.

LAS DOS NIÑAS

A la vívora, vívora
del amor,
por acquí podéis pasar.

TWO GIRLS

By the seashore, by the seashore
Of love
Here you may pass.

LAS OTRAS

Por aquí yo pasaré
y una niña dejaré.

THE OTHERS

Here I shall pass
And leave one girl behind.

LAS DOS

¿Y esa niña cuál será:
la de alante o la de atrás?

THE TWO

Which one shall it be,
The one ahead or the one behind?

LAS OTRAS

la de alante corre mucho
La de atras se quedará.

THE OTHERS

The one ahead runs fast,
The one behind shall remain.

LAS DOS

Pásame, sí,
pásame, ya,
por la puerta de Alcalá.

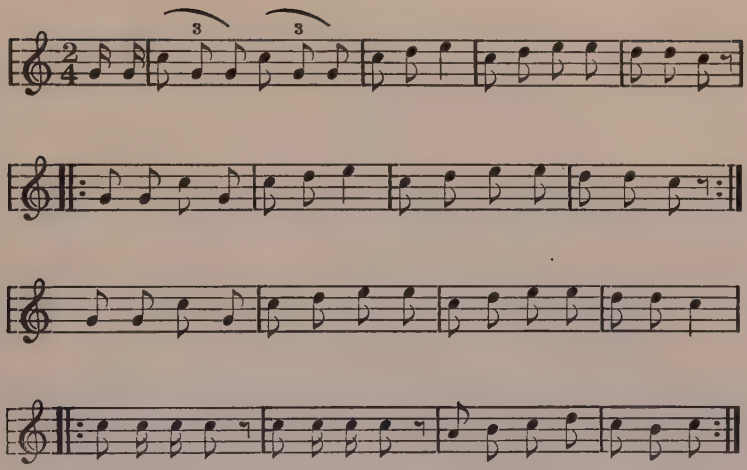
THE TWO

Let me pass, yes;
I have passed now.
Through the gate of Alcalá.[2]

[1] From *Canciones Populares*, by Allena Luce, with the permission of the author and the publishers, Silver, Burdett and Company.

[2] This is the Spanish of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" and is played in the same way. From Allena Luce, *op. cit.*

LA PASTORA[1]



I

There was a shepherdess,
Laran, laran, larito,
There was a shepherdess
Watching a small herd.

II

With milk in her goatskin bag,
Laran, laran, larito,
With milk in her goatskin bag,
She had made into cheese.

III

The cat watched her,
Laran, laran, larito.
The cat watched her
Watch its keen eyes.

[1] "The Shepherdess." Taken from a French song, "He Is a Shepherd." In the center of the circle is a girl who acts as a shepherdess and another as a cat. From *Canciones Populares*, by Allena Luce, with the permission of the author and the publishers, Silver, Burdett and Company.

IV

If you scratch me with your claw,
Laran, laran, larito,
If you scratch me with your claw
I'll cut off your tail.

V

The claw scratched her,
Laran, laran, larito.
The claw scratched her
And so she cut off its tail.

VI

She went to confess her sin
Laran, laran, larito.
She went to confess her sin
To Father Benito.
[The shepherdess kneels before one of the girls.]

VII

Father, I am accused,
Laran, laran, larito.
Father, I am accused
Of having killed your cat.

VIII

[The other girl answers.]
From penitence I take you
(I forgive you)
Laran, laran, larito.
I may forgive you
If you give me a kiss.

IX

[She kissed her and everybody sings]
She gave her a kiss,
Laran, laran, larito.
She gave her a kiss,
And so the story ended.

REFRESHMENTS

For All Seasons

CUSTARD

Custard is popular, both baked and boiled. Boiled custard is much used for birthday celebrations. On such occasions it is brought in, in a large dish, the custard bearing a decoration of fluffy white meringue which spells the name of the one being honored. Each individual is served from this dish.

CANDIES

Candies are much used for refreshments and are considered sufficient without anything else. Following is a Philippine recipe for coconut candy:

Grate the coconut and stir into boiling honey. Boil until the oil begins to come out of the coconut, then take off the fire, let cool, and cut into pieces. The honey used for this is made from sugar cane and is black, so of course this candy is very dark. Any honey, however, will serve the purpose.

Other candies common over there are lemon drops, gum drops, and a kind much like what we call "Turkish paste."

MADOYA

Rice pudding served with grated coconut on top.

COCONUT MUFFINS

3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoonfuls sugar
2 eggs
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1 cup coconut milk
¼ cup hot water

Sift the ingredients together. Beat the eggs light, add the milk and water and stir in the ingredients. Put into greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven.

DRINKS

Lemonade is most used for social affairs. It is made about as we make it and served with cakes or crackers.

Chocolate is a usual drink but is used more for luncheon than for festive affairs.

CAKE

To make cake of the Philippine kind, use rice flour.

For Christmas

Refreshments for the Christmas season consist of apples, raisins, cake, and lemonade. Apples are very scarce in the Philippines and being a great luxury are much liked for special occasions. The nuts most common over there are walnuts, chestnuts, and pecans. The cake of the Christmas season is called *pinatro* and is made as follows:

To flour and salt add water until the mixture makes a dry ball. Take a piece of the dough about the size of the fist and roll it between the hands until made into lengths about as big around as one's finger, then cut into pieces about the size of a grape. Mix coconut milk with water and sugar to taste and put into a deep pan to boil. This liquid should be twice the depth of the balls. When boiling, drop in the balls and keep stirring gently to prevent burning. When the water is thick and sticky, the mixture is done. To serve, dish out as it comes, balls and thick dressing together.

DRESS

Women

The Filipino women all wear long, tight-fitting skirts with a decided train. Very often there is worn also a short full overskirt. The long skirt is usually of some bright color and made of silk, sateen, or other cool material. The overskirt is of black lace or net, plain, beaded, or embroidered. It is quite short, reaching much above the shoetops, thus letting the colored skirt show below. The waist is made plain and tight fitting with round or square neck and short, full sleeves. With it is always worn a loosely folded rectangular scarf about a yard square. The sleeves reach about to the elbow and stand out very stiff and full. They are made by sewing a straight piece of goods around the armhole and laying small pleats over the top. The sleeves and scarf are embroidered to match. The waist, including the scarf, is made of Philippine *piña* cloth, which is a cream-colored material, thin, loosely woven, and starched very stiff. It is more like coarse organdy than like anything else American. The scarf is folded cornerwise, many folds laid over the first bias fold, then fitted around the shoulders so that the corners are in the back and the points cross in front or meet at the waist. It may be held together with a fancy pin. The many folds across the shoulders make the scarf stand up and out from the neck in royal style. A modern way of dress uses something much like the fichu formerly worn in America instead of the rectangular scarf. Of course children do not wear a train nor all these elaborate details, but by high-school age the girls do.

The Filipinos are very fond of color; the bright, deep colors are most used in dress; hose are always black or white or brown—no bright color there. The women are also fond of jewelry; they wear necklaces, beads, pins, earrings, and put ornaments in their hair. Petticoats are much trimmed. All women wear high heels. Hats are left for the men; the women usually go bareheaded but carry parasols of black. These also may be embroidered.

Men

Men of the better class wear palm-beach suits and white canvas shoes. Their coats are of two styles, closed and open. The closed coat

resembles our cadet uniforms; it is buttoned all the way up, including the collar. The open coat is much like those usually worn by our men and may be left unbuttoned or open. Panama hats are worn.

Boys and the peasant class wear suits cut much like our pajamas. The trousers are of strong white drill, and the coat or blouse is of *cinimay* cloth or silk. *Cinimay* is a silk made from vegetable fiber. It is of loose weave much like *piña* and comes in stripes or plaids of light colors.

CHAPTER VI

BRAZIL

Contributor: ELOISE MARINHO

THE VISIT

She was a dainty, black-eyed girl. She spoke with a foreign accent and her manner was not American. Her eyes had winning ways of calling one and making friends; she was very gentle and modest, and she was very lively in her talk. Could she be French? No matter how often one met her, there was the same gentle sweet way and a lingering look from those big dark eyes. Young men always came flocking around her and older people asked, "Who is that dear girl?" Someone said she was from Brazil.

"Brazil!" was the exclamation. "So far away! We seldom meet anyone from there. We'll have to have her tell us some stories."

"Folk stories?" she asked. "Yes, I should be glad to. I know many, but I don't know which you want."

"Oh," was the answer, "any that are known all over your country."

"But," she explained, "we have so many races. Shall I tell you Indian stories, or Spanish, or Portuguese?"

"You mean each race has its own stories?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell the kind you used to like when you were a child." She was so dear, it seemed anything she had liked we should like. And then, "Tell some stories of your own race. Of what race are you?"

"I am Portuguese," she answered, "and most of the Portuguese and Spanish stories are love stories. In my country we always tell the children love stories."

"Even the little children?"

"Yes, they like that kind best. And their games are about love too." No wonder she seemed so made for love. "I shall tell you Indian and Portuguese stories," and with a shy glance she went on, "There is one story I made myself. Perhaps I shall tell it to you. I call it 'The Story of the Vintem.' The vintem is a very small piece of money, just two-tenths of a cent. This story is almost a folk story because all the ignorant people in Brazil think the *vintem* brings good luck."

Very soon after that she bade us goodbye and invited us all to come to see her in her beautiful city. When questioned as to what city that was she replied teasingly:

"Oh, the most beautiful city in the world. You ought to know what city that is."

So Eloise Marinho sailed away to Rio de Janeiro, but we still remember her gentle ways and her beautiful dark eyes, and we see her in her stories.

STORIES

How Emeralds Came[1]

Up among the lofty peaks in the great forests of Brazil a bright little stream ran leaping and jumping down the mountain side. It was a very happy stream, for it thought the forest world a beautiful place in which to live. It ran between whispering pines, fragrant firs, silvery aspens, and feathery ferns. Green, green, green everywhere; dark green and light green, gray green and blue green and bright green.

"Surely," it thought, "green is the most beautiful color in the world. I wish I were green too."

So loving the green world about it, all nature responded by loving the mountain stream, and it reflected the green things in its waters and made them look even more beautiful. When the stream had flowed far down the mountain, it became much larger and had quiet pools in it; then the water lay still and let the green shine into it and color it all through. At last the water was so beautiful and green that the stream was satisfied. But that was not the only reason why the stream was happy. The water had caught the soul of the trees and a maiden lived there—a beautiful maiden with flowing green hair. People saw the sparkling ripples of her hair, and the quiet, deep green of her form, and wondered who she was and how she came there. The stream became famous and people came from afar to see the maid of the water. As long as the stream flowed the maiden lived in it and it loved its green world.

After many years the stream dried up, and the maid of the water, left high and dry on the mountain side, soon perished, but her flowing green hair went into the earth and rook root there. The earth gathered in her beauty and stored it away. Years after when men dug into the ground where her hair had laid they found precious gems of green. The soul of the green maid had changed the plain brown earth and made it also green and beautiful. Ever since, in that part of the country, the earth has been full of emeralds.

[1] This is an Indian legend.

How the Waterfall Came[1]

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Indian girl named Iracy. The country she lived in was unusually beautiful and rich; there were dense forests, fields of cotton and rice and sugar cane, and fruits of all kinds. But there came a time of no rain. The trees dropped their leaves, the cotton and rice and sugar cane all dried up, there was no fruit on the trees, and the grass turned brown. People feared a famine so they prayed to the god of the earth for growth. They promised that if he would send them rain and good crops they would give him Iracy, their beautiful maiden. Iracy was willing, for she loved her people and wanted to help them, and she trusted the god.

At first there did not seem to be any more sign of rain than there had been before, but still the people danced and chanted and sang to the god and brought him offerings. After a time a mist could be seen rising on the horizon. The god had heard. Little by little the mist spread over the sky till it became a thin cloud, then the cloud became heavier and darker and finally it began to rain. It rained heavy and long. Such rain the people had not known for months. Everything turned green again, and the growth they had prayed for began. Everybody was happy and grateful. They thanked the god, and Iracy went to his shrine with flowers. Every day she went and prayed and offered flowers to the god. All went well till one day an Indian warrior in passing saw the girl. He was struck with her beauty and fell in love with her. Again and again he went that way so that he might see her. She fell in love with him too, and he persuaded her to run away with him. At last she forgot all about the god and going to the shrine, and went away with the young Indian.

As soon as she forsook the shrine, something dreadful happened. The earth began to shake, great crevices opened up, and water began to drip down on her shoulders. She put her hand up to see where the water came from and found her hair was all wet. Before she knew it her hair had all turned to water. She looked down to see if her dress was getting wet, and behold she had no dress at all. It had all turned to mist! She started to touch it, but found she had no hands any more. By this time she was all turned to water and something was hurrying her on to a high cliff where she went tumbling down into a waterfall.

The warrior lover tried to follow and bring her back but the wrath

[1] This is an Indian legend.

of the god had struck him also. He found he was powerless to move. His feet began to sink down into the earth. Soon he was rooted to the spot. He had changed to a flamboyant tree with beautiful red blossoms. Ever since, he has stood by a stone near where the river flows over the cliff and has shed his red blossoms into the waterfall. He still loves Iracy and gives her the best that he has.

That is how the waterfall came to be and the beautiful flamboyant tree that grows beside it.

The Warrior Maid[1]

In the time when the Moors were overrunning Portugal and all its men had gone to war to try to save their country, there lived a nobleman who had nine daughters. Nine daughters and no sons! He was too old to go to war himself, and he was greatly burdened by anxiety for his country, yet he had no one to help fight for her. Sometimes in his distress he exclaimed, "Oh, that I had a son!"

One day his youngest daughter disappeared and search as he might he could find no trace of her. Messengers were sent to every city throughout the realm and the highways were watched, but all to no avail. The nobleman offered a great reward for her return or for any news of her whereabouts, but he heard nothing of her. Days and weeks went by. He waited and watched and wondered. Fear grew in his heart and he was very lonely for his lovely daughter, but he could do nothing.

All the while the war was going on, but suddenly the affairs of the Portuguese took a better turn. A dashing young warrior appeared in their camp and with him came hope, courage, and success. He was a young fellow of fine appearance and so dauntless in courage that none could withstand him. The soldiers all rallied round him and wherever he led they followed. Defeat and despair had almost overwhelmed them, and they eagerly welcomed anyone who could bring them better fortune. He found all the weak spots of the foe and drove the enemy farther and farther back. More than that, all his fellow-soldiers liked him. He made himself a friend to them, and it was not long till any of them would have laid down his life for him.

All the Portuguese camp loved Don Rodrigo, and one soldier actually worshiped him. Don Juan followed him around as a lover would his sweetheart and seemed spellbound by his eyes. Such wonderful eyes, he

[1] This is a Portuguese story.

thought, he had never seen in a man. Sometimes he wondered if they could be the eyes of a man. Finally a truce was declared and Don Juan went home. Then he saw his mother and told her all about it. He said:

Mother, O Mother, it's pain and it's woe,
And all for the eyes of Don Rodrigo.
No eyes of a man, are they,
But the eyes of a woman, I say.

And his mother said: "What, do you think perhaps Don Rodrigo is a woman? Well, I'll tell you how you can find out. Take back to him gifts of a sword and some jewels. Tell him he can take his choice. If he is a man he will choose the sword, but if a woman, of course he will want the jewels."

So Don Juan took the handsome presents to Don Rodrigo and had great hopes as he laid the jewels temptingly before him, but when Don Rodrigo saw that fine sword he had no eyes for anything else. Eagerly he took up the sword and cut the air with it to test its metal

"My, what a fine sword," he said. "This shall be my companion in battle."

So Don Juan was no wiser than before. Time went on until there was another truce. Again Don Juan went home to his mother and said:

Mother, O Mother, it's pain and it's woe,
And all for the eyes of Don Rodrigo.
No eyes of a man, are they,
But the eyes of a woman, I say.

And the mother said: "Here is another test. When you go back take some more presents, but this time take a beautiful dress and a fine suit of armor. Now surely if he is a woman he will at least admire the dress." So Don Juan went back to his Don Rodrigo with the presents of a ball dress and a suit of armor. Once more he called his hero out to take his choice of the gifts. But Don Rodrigo scarcely saw the dress. The armor captured him at once and nothing would do but he must try it right on. He was delighted with its fit, and he declared he would wear it always. Still the mystery was unsolved.

The third time Don Juan went home he was quite in despair.

Mother, O Mother, it's pain and it's woe,
And all for the eyes of Don Rodrigo.
No eyes of a man, are they,
But the eyes of a woman, I say.

His mother said: "One more test we will devise. When you go back find a time just before a battle when the moon is full and take Don Rodrigo off with you for a ride. Have it arranged that after you get out into the forest a messenger shall come riding after you calling to battle. If he is a woman, he will hesitate and shrink from going back."

So Don Juan did all as his mother had planned, and when they were out riding in the forest there came a crier riding after them blowing his bugle and calling: "To arms! To arms! The Moors are coming!" But again the test failed. No sooner did Don Rodrigo hear that bugle than he wheeled his horse around and sped back. So Don Juan gave up testing Don Rodrigo, but still he was ever with his hero and loved him as a lover his sweetheart.

At last the war was over. The Portuguese were victorious and Don Juan and Don Rodrigo rode away to visit the famous castle. When they entered the nobleman's domain, its lord came out to meet them and see who his guests might be, and Don Rodrigo took off his helmet. Then the father knew his child and exclaimed: "My daughter! My daughter! Oh, where have you been?"

"To war, Father, fighting for the Portuguese. I am Don Rodrigo."

Now all Portugal knew of Don Rodrigo, and when he saw that the famous warrior was his long-lost daughter he was filled with amazement. He hugged her and he kissed her, but at the same time he exclaimed: "You left me, and no word!"

"Ah," she replied, "it was hard for me too, but I was only trying to fulfil your wish. I heard you say you wished you had a son to fight the Moors." Then the nobleman was overwhelmed with gratitude.

All this while Don Juan stood by speechless. So he was right! The eyes of Don Rodrigo were the eyes of a woman. She turned and gave him one word ere she went in to change her dress: "Wait!" And he waited. Oh, to be sure he waited! When she came back all garbed in her woman's clothes, it seemed to him he had never seen so beautiful a woman. He told her that he loved her and how he had hoped all the time that she might prove to be a woman and no man. And she told him that she loved him. So there was no more war, and they were married and lived happily ever after.

The Story of the Vintem

BY ELOISE MARINHO

On a dresser in a bedroom lay a brooch with a vintem in it and with it on the same dresser lay a diamond brooch, a pearl necklace, some emerald

rings, and other jewels. The jewels were all alone in the room, so started to talk.

"I am far the handsomest of you all," said the diamond brooch, "and I am much the most expensive."

"Oh, I don't know," said the pearl necklace, "I am very precious and come from far ports."

"But," said the diamond, "I gather my radiance from morning light."

"Well, I guess I am as fine as either of you," the emerald spoke up, "and my mistress is very fond of me."

There was a moment of silence and then all remembered the little vintem.

"What are you doing here?" said one, "You don't belong in this company at all. There is nothing fine about you. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I am the mistress' favorite," answered the little vintem. "She wears me more than she does any of you. Besides, I am the bravest of you all."

"Ha! ha!" they laughed. "How's that?"

"I have been to war."

"Been to war! Come, now, what do you mean?"

"That's what I mean. I'll tell you about it. When I first came out of the mint I was very beautiful and shone like gold. A man took me and put me into his deep, dark pocket and took me home. That night he gave me to his little girl. Having me made her so happy that she played with me all evening. Every day after that for many days she played with me. Finally she took a pin and scratched something on me. It was her name, Rosa. Sometimes a little boy played with her, and they often played down on the sand near the sea. One day when they were playing on the seashore she dropped me and I rolled under the edge of a stone. She looked for a long time but couldn't find me. I wasn't far off, but I was just out of sight. I couldn't move or call her, so I could not let her know I was there. After a while she went away and left me.

Many weeks I lay there all by myself, then one of the waves came and rolled me out into the sea. What an exciting time I had there! I saw more kinds of fishes than I had ever dreamed of—little ones and big ones, long ones and round ones, and fishes of all different colors. It was fun to have them swim around me and to watch their mouths open and shut. And such beautiful seaweed there was in the bottom of the ocean, and shells and more kinds of queer creatures than you ever saw."

"Oh, I guess I have seen them," said the pearls. "You aren't the only one."

The vintem had forgotten about where pearls come from, but it went on blissfully: "After a long time I was washed on shore again. Oh, but it did seem good to see the green grass once more and feel the warm sun. And very soon I heard voices. They sounded familiar, so I looked up and there sat a beautiful girl with a handsome man. They were talking very earnestly and seemed to be in great trouble. Every once in a while he drew her up to him and looked at her with great feeling. There were long pauses when neither one said anything. After a while she looked down into the grass and began playing with it and pulling it as she talked, and soon she saw me down there not far from her. Quickly she picked me up and turned me over, and when she saw her name on me she jumped up, exclaiming: 'O Carlos! My vintem, my own little vintem that I used to play with when I was a child.' They both looked at me and she gave me to him to keep, 'for,' she said, 'it will bring you good luck and bring you back to me.'

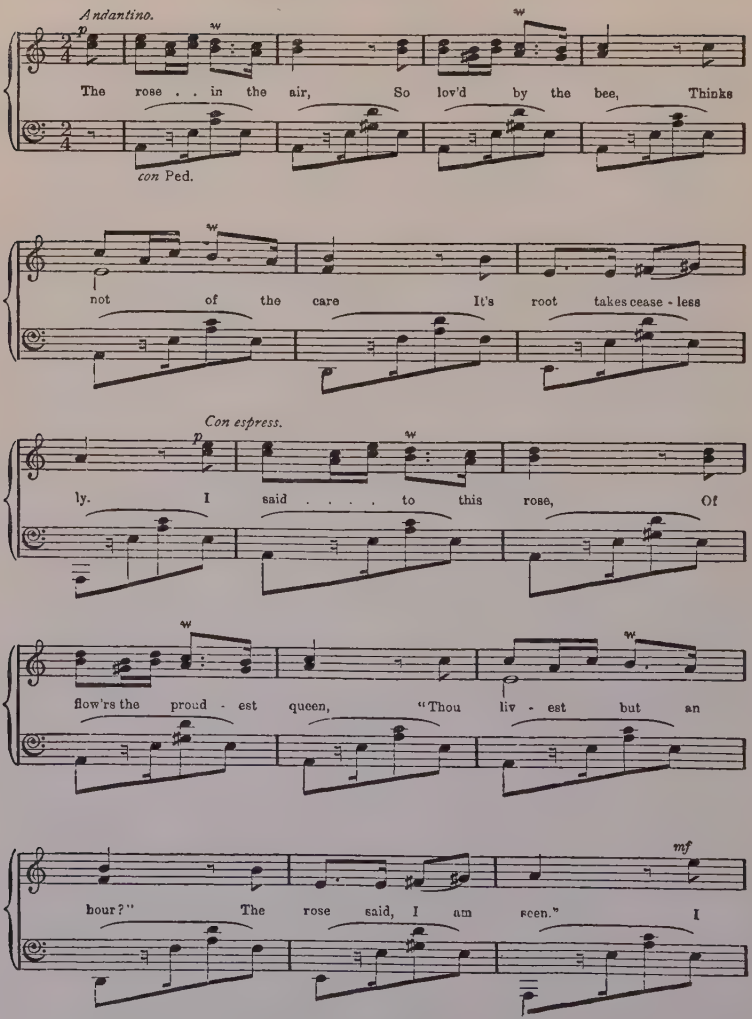
"And Carlos took me and put me in a pocket right over his heart and took me off to war. He was a soldier—the little boy she used to play with—and he went away to fight. So they separated and I had some wonderful times. Such noises and such knocks and bumps as I did get, and there were some very queer smells too. It was terribly exciting, and way down in Carlos' pocket I could not see what was going on. One day I got an awful hit. I thought I would go to pieces, but I didn't, and that night when Carlos went to bed he took me out and looked at me and said: 'Dear little vintem, you saved my life today.' Then I knew what it was had hit me so hard; it was a bullet.

So Carlos kept me with him till the war was over and he went home to his sweetheart. They were surely glad to see each other. Of course he told her about how I had saved him from the bullet, and she was very thankful. That was how she came to have this brooch made and put me into it."

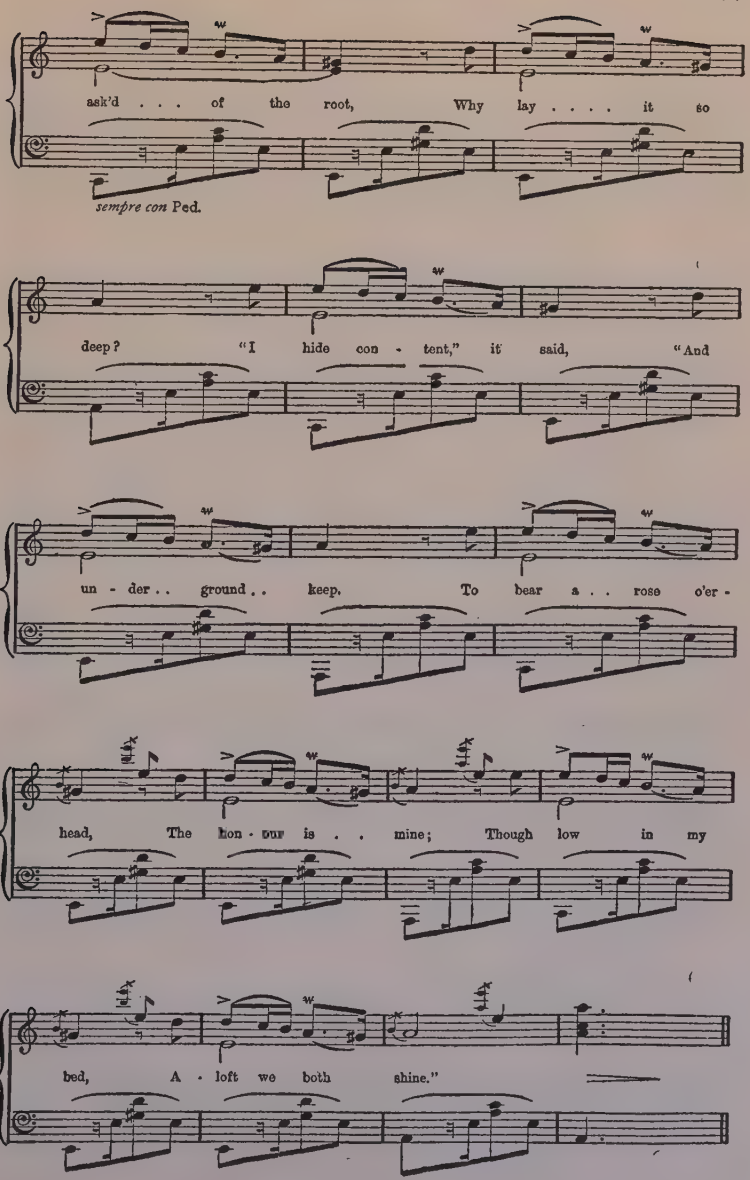
Just then the door opened and a lovely lady came in. With her were some children, one little girl who looked very much like her. The lady came to the dresser, picked up the brooch with the vintem in it and put it on. As she did so, the children exclaimed: "O Mother, tell us the story of the vintem." And this was the story which she told them.

Portuguese Song[1]

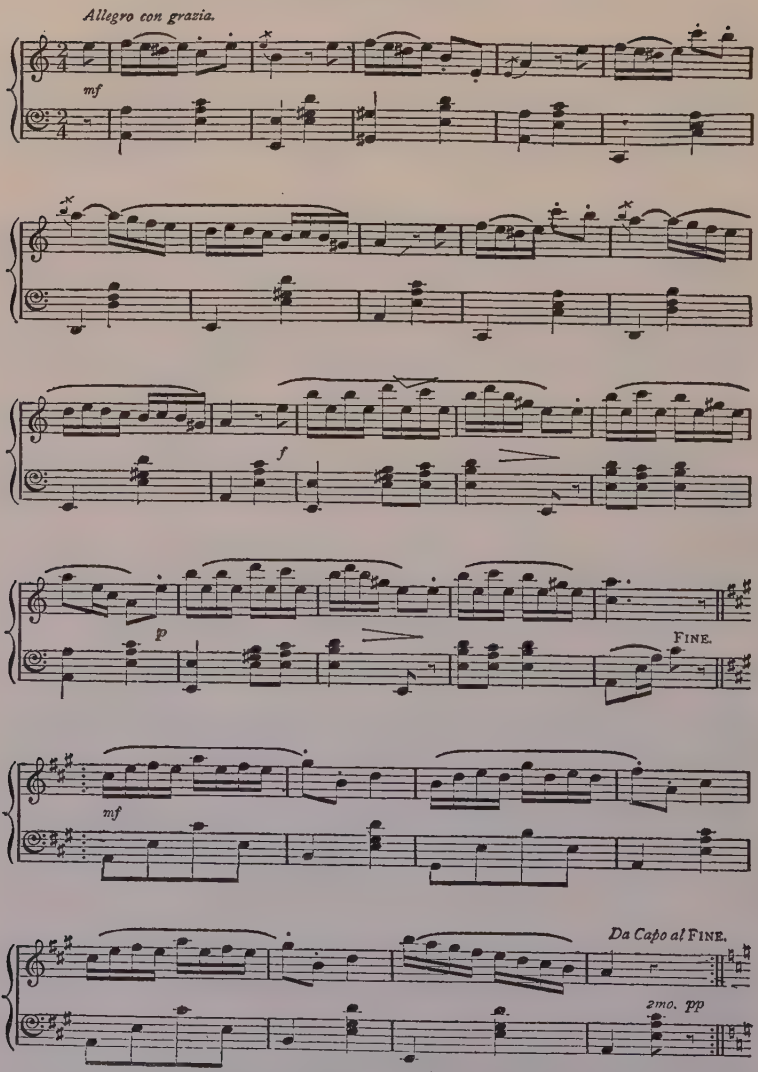
"The rose in the air"


Andantino.
p
The rose . . in the air, So lov'd by the bee, Thinks
con Ped.
not of the care It's root takes cease - less
Con espress.
p
ly. I said . . . . to this rose, Of
flow'rs the proud - est queen, "Thou liv - est but an
mf
hour?" The rose said, I am seen." I

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations.* London: Bayley and Ferguson.


ask'd . . . of the root, Why lay . . . . it so
sempre con Ped.
deep? "I hide con - tent," it said, "And
un - der . . ground . . keep. To bear a . . rose o'er -
head, The hon - our is . . mine; Though low in my
bed, A - loft we both shine."

Portuguese Dance[1]



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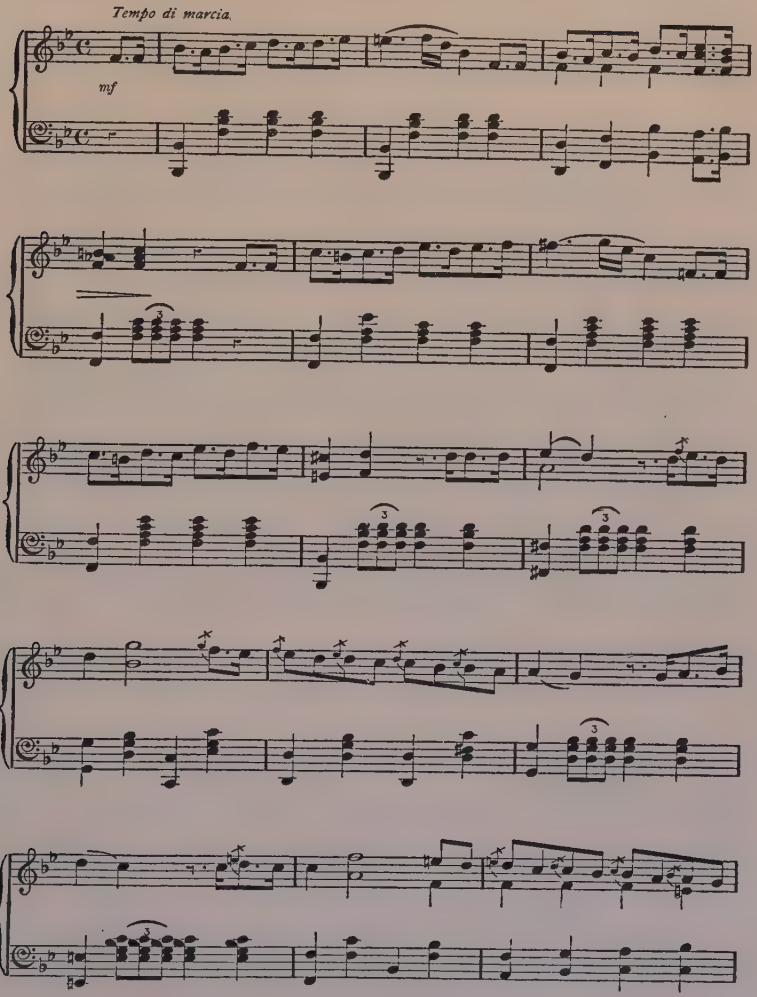
National March of Brazil[1]



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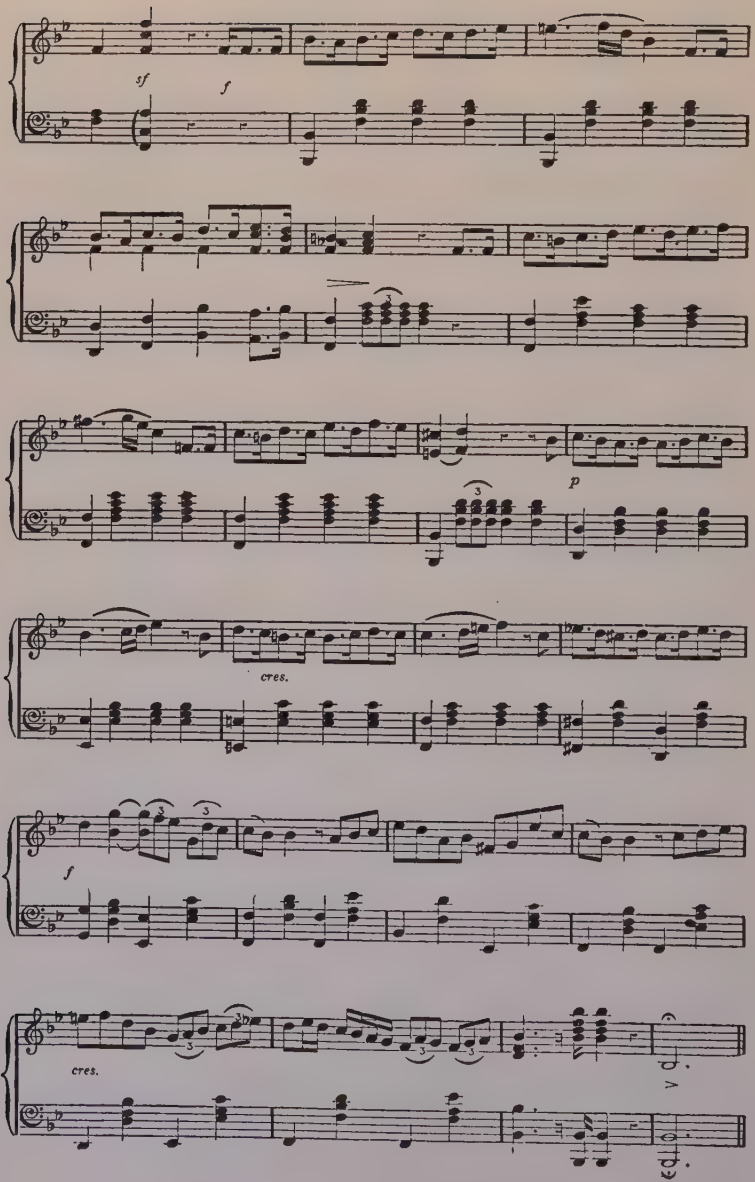
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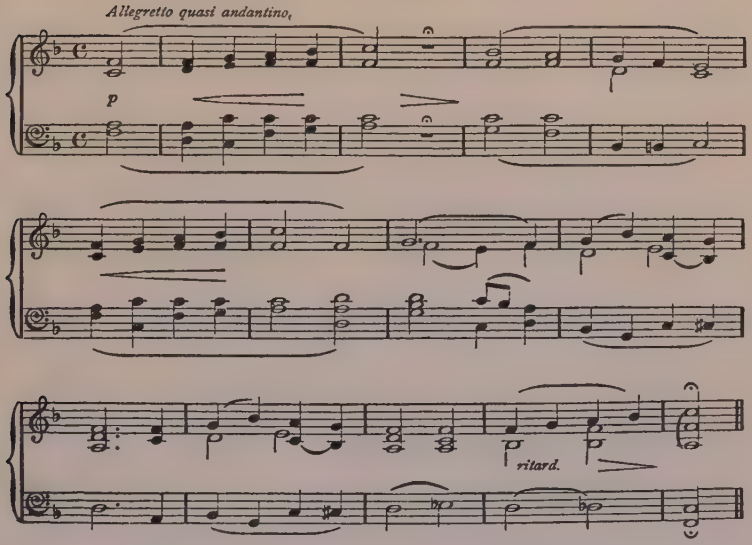
Rowing Song of Brazilian Indians[1]



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

The Candle[1]

That I might read my page, I lit thee. Sought thy light
To bring to my dark room, and to my inner sight,
Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Immersed in dreaming
I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no other gleaming.
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame to the still night given,
Rose like a sentient soul, rose like a passion, driven
Upwards in strength and might, seeking heaven with its fire,
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine own desire!
Here is the page immortal knowledge holding,
The book of books all ancient lore enfolding;
Wisdom of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ anointed,—
To that true light is my small flaming pointed."

—Anonymous

The Two Mothers

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.
One entered, full of radiant joy,
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms
Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,
Also carried a child, but this poor mother
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—
She who bore in her happy arms
The child of her love;
The other, bathed in tears,
Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment
It was the happy mother from whose eyes

[1] This and the next two poems are from Thomas Walsh, *Hispanic Anthology* (trans. L. E. Elliott; Hispanic Society of America; Putnam, 1920).

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her grief,
At the rosy baby.

—Bulhao Pato

Life in the Interior

The rocking of a hammock, a cosy fire
Under a humble roof of thatch,
A talk, a song, a tune on the guitar;
A cigarette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

A robust horse pacing more lightly
Than the wind blowing from the plains,
With a black mane and eyes of fire;
His feet scarcely touching the ground as he gallops.

And at the end a smile from a pretty country girl
Of gentle gestures, kindly words;
A girl with bare neck and bare arms, her curls free—
A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses frankly given under the open sky;
Gay laughter, light gossip;
A thousand jests in the evening when the sun sinks
And a thousand songs at dawn when the sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!
Of the great uplands of the Land of the Cross,
Upon a soil that yields only flowers and glory;
Under a sky that sheds only magic and light.

—Faqundes Varella

To Liberty[1]

EXTRACT

Awake, O Liberty, with joyful song,
As now these thirteen nations do appear,
Whom thou hast joined together, far and near,

[1] The remaining poems in this chapter are taken from Agnes B. Poor, *Pan-American Poems* (Boston: Richard G. Badger, Publisher, 1918).

And joined their willing hands in purpose strong,
To break the chains that did their hopes ensnare!

Philosopher Franklin seizes from on high
Lightning from Heaven, sceptre from tyrant's hand;
And at his glad command
From Boston loud resounds the glad reply!

And Washington doth stand,
Helping a trembling Congress with his might;
Thou, Liberty, thou art his wall and shield;
As when, full long ago, on Latian field,
Fabius, for anguished Rome, delayed, to win the fight.

—Francisco Manuel

Theresa

Stop and hear the wedding march
From the church door softly stealing;
As we near the open arch,
Louder and yet louder pealing.
What a blow! the worst, believe me,
That I've met in all my life.
But my senses don't deceive me,
And Theresa is a wife.

I had always meant to please her,
And to say, when in the mood,
"Will you marry me, Theresa?"
For, of course, I knew she would.
Now my chance is lost, I see—.
Wreath and veil—there's no mistaking;
How she's changed! but then in me,
Time, no doubt, some change is making.

Faded are the flowers of youth,
Perfume gone and color blighted,
Nothing now remains in truth,
But the ghost of what delighted.

Curses on procrastination!
This, of all the vices' swarm
Leads a fellow to damnation,
When he really meant no harm.

Where's the little sun-burned maiden,
With a smile for each and all?
When, her shabbiest frock arrayed in,
She would hasten at our call?
What a hand she was for fun,
Bubbling o'er with mirth and laughter,
How across the fields she'd run,
While we boys came lagging after!

See her now, as pale and calm,
She sweeps on, no swan more stately;
And upon her husband's arm,
How her white hand rests sedately;
I can wager, he'll be jealous,
He is throwing, I can see,
Such a scowl at us poor fellows,
And the worst of all at me.

There's a little touch of warning,
Mingling, too, with all his pride,
Watching, on her wedding morning,
Every motion of his bride.
Well—your childhood days are o'er,
Now you're married, little lady,
You will gather grapes no more,
From the trellis long and shady.

No more from the topmost bough
Can you pluck the ripest cherries,
No more can you ramble now
On the hillside after berries.
How at sunset, down the mountain,
We would scamper, skip, and trip!
Only at the well-known fountain,
Snatching one delicious sip!

Well, that's past—such talk is idle—
  Shabby frocks away are thrown,
You are coming from your bridal,
  And in such a satin gown!
That long line of veil and train,
  Seems as if it never ended;
Shall I ever see again
  Anything one-half so splendid?

All that never was to be,
  Passes like a fading vision,
Spare but one kind thought for me,
  From the height of your ambition;
Proud of your new lord and master,
  Proud of your resplendent dress,
May it be that no disaster
  Ever mar your happiness!

Still I cannot but remember
  One breath of the fragrant breeze;
On that mild night of December,
  Underneath the coffee trees,
When I thought you loved me well;
  Don't turn pale—you need not fear me;
I'm not one to kiss and tell,
  And I wish you joy sincerely.

Why should any one confess,
  When there was so little in it?
One brief touch of tenderness,
  Meeting—parting—in a minute!
But I quite grasp the position,
  For, now I've no chance of you;
With your ladyship's permission,
  I may think of marrying, too!

—Bruno Seabra

Marabá[1]

In solitude dwelling, the loneliest of creatures,
No color, no features,
Have I of Tupá!
And fair as a vision, my beauty yet raises
No love and no praises,
I am Marabá!

My eyes are two sapphires from rocky mines riven,
Two azure rays sent from the dawning of day;
They brighten like gleams of the blue summer heaven,
They darken like blue ocean waves far away.

But if one of our warriors to meet me advances,
"Though dazzling thy glances,"
He murmurs recoiling, "thou art Marabá,
And dearer to me are dark eyes twilight seeming,
Bright eyes softly gleaming,
Through dewy mists beaming, like eve's rising star!"

—Antonio Gonçalves Dias

Folk-Song (Merendin or Mulondin) of the Brazilian Gypsies[2]

All my living thou wast giving:
My whole being came through thee.
Thine the spirit; my sole merit
Was the soul thou gavest me.
Like an echo that rejoices
Only to repeat real voices.

As the flower of an hour
Gives a moment of delight;
Like star falling, past recalling,
Into everlasting night;

[1] Among the Tupa Indian tribes, the children with fair hair and blue eyes who are occasionally born are regarded as *marabá*, that is to say, "accursed"; and are usually buried alive at once. The poem describes the condition of a girl who has been allowed to grow up.

[2] The one here quoted was sung at funerals.

So a fleeting glance was given,
As an angel sped to heaven.

Bud of summer, early comer,
  Fairest one where all were fair;
Fading blossom on death's bosom,
  Pale and still forever there!
I can call—thou dost not hear me;
Thy sweet voice will never cheer me.

Magic numbers in my slumbers
  Still repeat each vanished note,
In my dreaming, thou art seeming
  Still before my eyes to float.
With one throb of maddening pleasure,
I can clasp my heart's lost treasure.

That departed, broken hearted,
  Sadly I lament again,
Joy is banished, light has vanished,
  Every breath I draw is pain.
But I will not stay behind thee;
In the land of death I'll find thee.

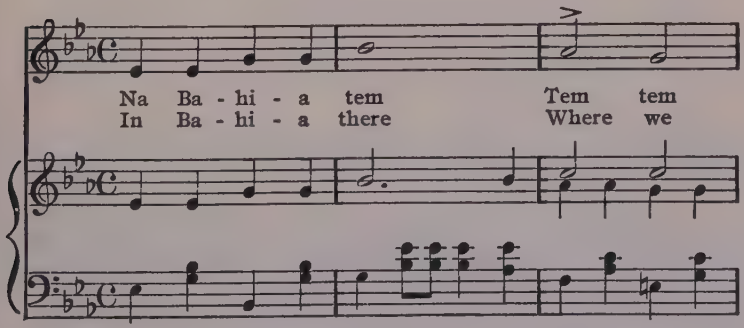
GAMES

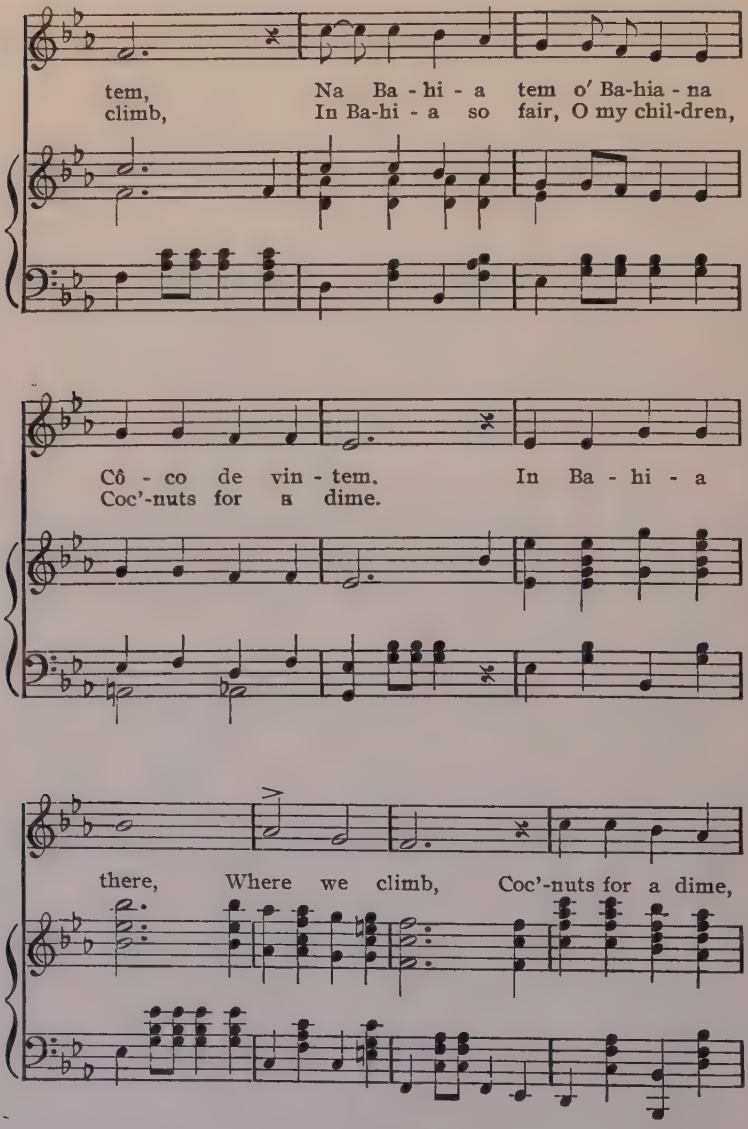
For grown people, the parlor games we have are played in Brazil also, and any of them may be used to represent that country.

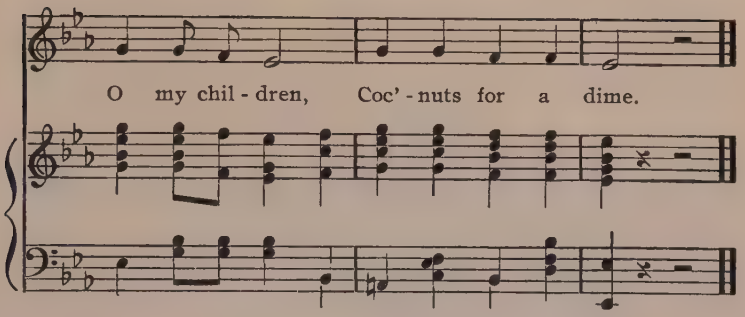
For children, singing games are the most popular. Brazilian children are very fond of games about love. Also they like games that give them a chance for some individual performance. Following is a child's game that is common in Brazil.

In Bahia

Put boys and girls in opposite rows facing each other. While singing the first line, take three steps forward clapping hands three times. While singing the second line, take three steps backward clapping hands three times. While singing the last three lines, take seven steps forward, the row of boys changing places with the row of girls and clapping hands all the while to mark the time. Repeat.




tem, Na Ba - hi - a tem o' Ba-hia - na
climb, In Ba-hi - a so fair, O my chil-dren,
Cô - co de vin - tem. In Ba - hi - a
Coc'-nuts for a dime.
there, Where we climb, Coc'-nuts for a dime,



In Bahia there
Where we climb,
In Bahia so fair,
O my children,
Coc'nuts for a dime.

In Bahia grows,
All can share,
Tall banana rows.
O my children,
Bananas to spare.

In Bahia fair,
All around,
Tangerines are there.
O my children,
Tang'rines on the ground.

In Bahia, seen
From every tree,
Are parrots red and green.
O my children,
Where every one may see.

In Bahia shine,
All can see,
A million diamonds fine.
O my children,
Diamonds are for me.

In Bahia bright,
Where we stay,
The shawls are a delight.
O my children,
With colors very gay.

In Bahia too,
With gai'ty,
Men wear neckties blue.
O my children,
And red ones, too, you'll see.

In Bahia, beads,
Are many,
Made from colored seeds.
O my children,
Bought for a penny.

REFRESHMENTS

Drinks

Coffee, cocoa, and tea all grow in Brazil and of course are as much used there as here. Brazilians are very fond of black coffee and often serve it with rolls.

Cake

Cakes are much liked in Brazil and are of several kinds. The Brazilians make them very rich and in many pretty designs and colors. A loaf cake in Brazilian style should be full of nuts, raisins, citron, and currents. Cakes or cake with a drink are served on all occasions.

Sandwiches

Sandwiches also are served with a drink. To make them the Brazilian way use cheese filling, chicken, or marmalade. For marmalade, quince and guava are popular.

Salad

Brazilians like prunes stuffed with the yolks of a hard-boiled egg mixed with coconut.

Fruit Salad

1 Pineapple
1 Orange
1 Banana
2 Slices cantaloupe
2 Slices watermelon
1 Teaspoonful maraschino
½ Coconut grated

Peel the fruits, dice them, and place in a glass dish. Add the maraschino to the remaining juices and pour over the fruits. Sprinkle grated coconut over the top.

Fruit

Fruit of course is always liked. Following are some that are native to Brazil and may usually be obtained in our country also: seedless oranges, pineapples, bananas, tangerines, Avocado pears, mangos.

Buttered Orange Juice

Juice of 3 oranges
4 Teaspoonfuls rosewater
Yolks of 6 eggs
½ lb powdered sugar
Whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff

Mix oranges, eggs, and sugar well and cook over a slow fire or in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thick. A few minutes before it is taken off the fire, stir a dessert-spoonful of butter through the mixture. Fold in whites of eggs and add rose water. Serve cold in a glass dish.

Color Scheme

The colors of the Brazilian flag are dark green and yellow. These colors might be used effectively for decoration.

DRESS

In Brazil, as with us, there are few people left who do not dress in the modern way. In some parts there are still Indians and gypsies, but the cultured, educated class of people dress about as we do.

Yet one thing about their dress we may use to distinguish them from other people. Since Brazil lies wholly within the tropic or subtropic zones, white clothing is much worn there. To show a Brazilian way of dress, then, both men and women should wear all white. Remember also that Brazilian women are very feminine and dainty in their dress.

CHAPTER VII

AFRICA

Contributor: KAEWELLE GIKPWAMO GBUDA, OR
CHARLES G. BLOOAH

THE VISIT

He entered timidly and in a hesitant, gentle voice asked: "Did you want to see me?" At the same time he pulled out the letter that had been sent him. So this was Kaewelle Gikpwamo Gbuda! There had been rumors of a man among us who was born and raised in Africa. Was it any wonder we were all eager to meet him?

"Most surely," came the answer with great cordiality. "Come in and sit down." He smiled as though he knew we had been wondering how he would look. He was not much different from our North American negroes, only a little blacker and his nose a little wider and a little flatter than we usually see. But such a timid manner! So timid that one could not help feeling sorry for him. It seemed queer, for he spoke English as well as we who are born here. He said he had been in this country fourteen years; quite long enough to learn to speak English well, but could that be a long-enough time in which to civilize a savage? His ways were so quiet and gentle that it did not seem possible he had ever been a wild man. A venture was made to find out.

"People have been saying that you are a real African, but you seem like a person who has been long used to our Western civilization."

"I am a real African," he answered quietly. "I was born and raised in Africa."

"Then how do you know English so well and seem so American?"

"I was educated in a mission, but my parents and relatives are all natives of Africa and still live in their old uncivilized way."

"Is that so? Then how did you come to be educated in a mission?"

"A missionary came to our village and talked and I wanted to follow him." He hesitated. "I felt the call. I went home and asked permission to go with the missionary. My mother said to ask my eldest brother because he was head of the family, but my brother wouldn't let me. So I went to the chief and asked him. He called a meeting of the whole village, but they would not let me go. Then I ran away."

"You ran away! Did they try to get you back?"

"Yes, but the missionaries kept me. After I learned English I came to America." He lived in the mission two years and has been in America fourteen years. Between savagery and civilization, how short a time! Only sixteen years.

We had often heard that the African negroes learn more quickly and make better citizens than do our American negroes. Asked how he was treated here in the United States by our negroes, he was quiet for a minute thinking, then he said simply:

"They look down on me."

"Do they seem different to you from the negroes in your own country?"

"When I first came over here I didn't know there was any difference. I played with all the boys that were in the school where I was. Of course they were mostly American, but there

were many other races, and I didn't think anything about it. At first they all played with me, but after a while the white boys told me certain things I mustn't do and wouldn't let me play with them as much as I had been doing. It was a terrible shock to me and put me back in my work."

"You mean it upset you so that you could not study?"

"It was a long time before I could get used to it and go on with my studies." (No wonder he seemed so timid and so scared!)

"Have you ever heard people say that the natives of Africa are in every way superior to the negroes over here?"

"Yes."

"Why is it?"

"I don't know, but I think the reason these negroes look down on me is that I have not been over here as long as they have. Also they think the Americans do more for the negroes in Africa than they do for the negroes in this country." O far-reaching America!

Mr. Blooah is doing some special work for a professor of science. He expects some time to return to Africa and help teach his people how to read and write and to live at peace and be good citizens. His loyalty to his people is splendid.

There seemed to be no end to the number of stories in Africa. Mr. Blooah could tell one right after the other as long as anyone had time to sit and listen. These that he told he says are only samples of hundreds of such which the parents in Africa generation after generation tell their children.

STORIES

Where the White Man Came From

When evening comes in Africa, in front of every cabin, throughout every village, burns the "spirits' fire." These are bonfires to keep the spirits friendly. In the evening everybody gathers round these cheery blazes to talk about the spirits and to tell stories. This is the time for the little folks. The children ask all sorts of questions, and the questions are answered in stories. Most of these stories are short, and are made to teach a lesson or tell the children some fact. They usually close with a proverb.

One evening while a family was seated around its fire, one of the children asked the question, "Where do the white people come from?" They had thought all the people in the world were black, but they had seen a few white people and they did not understand about them. Why white people? The father of the family answered with this story:

"Once upon a time God made all the people and they were black. He put them into a garden inclosed with gates and then he went away. After he was gone, night fell, and the people went to sleep. When all was dark and quiet, at midnight while they were still sleeping, there came a loud voice and a great noise. It was God coming back to the garden and calling to his people. When they heard him some of them were very much frightened. They trembled and their black skins turned pale. Those people turned so pale that they were white, and they never became black again. Their children and their children's children have been white ever since. This is how it happens that today there are some white people in the world."

The Story of a Bee and a Housefly

Once there were a bee and a housefly who were good friends. They played together and ate together and went everywhere together. The housefly was well off but the bee was a poor child. In time the bee lost her parents so she visited the housefly often. The poor little orphan was lonely and needed some guidance. The parents of the housefly wanted their daughter to be very useful, and during meal time they often told her how to gather honey from flowers and pack it in the hollow of trees. The housefly did not pay much attention but the bee did. She listened care-

fully to the lessons in honey-gathering given to her friend, and she remembered what was said. The housefly was lazy; she did not want to think and she did not want to work. She just flew around idly having a good time. The bee had to earn her own living and made up her mind to follow the parent-houseflies' advice. One day she went out into the forest to try this plan for gathering honey. She flew from flower to flower and found so much of the sweetness that she was soon laden with it. She then packed it in the hollow of trees, the way she had heard the parent-flies tell her friend to do. She found it was fun, and she did it often. The more she did it the more she enjoyed doing it. In time the bee became very useful because of what she could do. People liked the honey. They were glad whenever they found it, and often went out to collect it for food. That made everybody like the bee. All this while the housefly became more and more idle. She never tried to gather honey nor to do any other work. At last she was quite worthless. She failed to carry out her parents' instructions or to do any good, and today she is everywhere a great pest. Nobody likes the fly.

Because of the bad ways of the housefly, whenever a child is careless, his parents speak to him this proverb:

"In the lesson of the housefly the bee learned her wisdom."

The Race between the Deer and the Snail

The deer was very proud of his swiftness and made great fun of the snail's slow ways. One day he said to the snail: "I can beat you running."

The snail said: "No sir, I can beat you."

The deer said: "Why, how can you?"

"Well, just try it and you'll see."

"But of course I can run faster than you can," said the deer. So they argued back and forth and could not settle the matter. Each one was sure he could beat the other. Finally, they decided to go to the village chief for his decision.

"This will never do," the chief said, "I'll call a meeting of the village."

When the people had all come together and were seated around on the ground, the chief said: "The deer and the snail are having a dispute. The question is which can run the faster. What shall we do about it?" Some said the deer could beat the snail any day, but the snail's friends said they were sure the snail could beat, so finally it was agreed to have

a race to decide it. The deer and the snail were informed, and they both went away to get ready. The snail had a great idea. He called together all the snails in the forest and told them his plans. When the race began one snail was to place himself a short distance beyond the starting-point, the next snail was to place himself a little beyond the first snail, and so on for the whole distance. The plan was for each snail in turn to run. When the first snail had run as far as the second snail then he was to hide under the leaves and the second snail take up the race and run till he came to the next snail. Then he in turn would hide under the leaves and the third snail take up the race. And so on, one snail after the other taking his part in the race as long as the deer should be running. Whichever snail was just ahead of the deer should always be the one to answer when the deer called. Thus the snail would seem always to be ahead of the deer. This plan sounded very fine to the snails and they said: "All right, we shall carry it out." So they went away and lined themselves up along the roadside where the race was to be held.

The time for the event arrived. There was a great noise and many people were gathered together to watch. The deer and the snail started off. The deer ran far and fast; the first snail ran till he came to the second snail, then he hid under a leaf and the second snail took up the race and after him the next snail and the next. The deer did not know that there had been a change in snails, and he kept on running. After a while, when he had run so long that he thought the snail must surely be left behind, he called out to it:[1]

"O hear, O listen,
Snail, little snail,
The housefather dishes up largely."[2]

Then the snail answered:

"Who-o-o-o!
What sort of strangers are calling me?"

[1] In Africa each person is known by a little tune which the Africans call a "song-wave." Each person chooses whatever he likes for his song-wave. These tunes are used just as people's names are used—to call a person or by the person to make answer. They are usually in the minor key.

[2] Meaning that only the head of the house may dish up as much food as he likes.

And the deer gave his song-wave in answer:

"I am little deer;
Batu tree[1] is tall; his head is red."

The snail called again:

"Shall I come there?"

"Nothing here; nothing here" the deer made answer. He was astonished that the snail was still ahead of him and he used a swear word.[2] He said: "My good sister, I shall not let that snail get ahead of me," and he started running harder than ever. He ran as hard as he possibly could, then when he was almost worn out he called again:

"I am little deer;
Batu tree is tall; his head is red."

But again the snail replied,

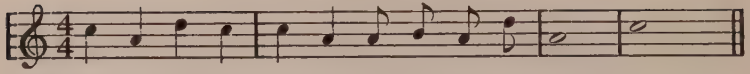
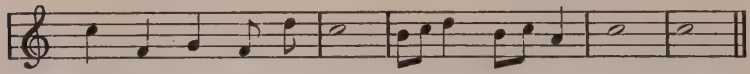
"O hear, O listen,
Snail, little snail,
The housefather dishes up largely."

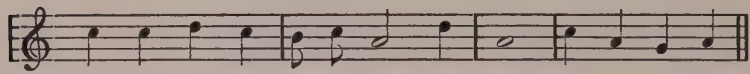
Still the snail seemed ahead and still the deer kept on running. Every once in a while he called out to the snail, but always a snail just ahead answered. Finally, the deer was so worn out that he had to give up and the snail won the race.

[Proverb: "It is not always might which counts, but wisdom."]

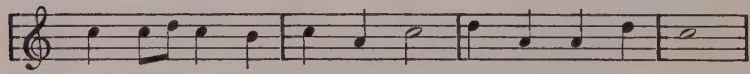
[1] The batu tree was the deer's favorite tree. It is a very tall tree with two clusters of leaves, one cluster near the top, of green leaves, and one at the top, of red leaves. These are close translations.

[2] In Africa one of the exclamations which is called swearing is "My good sister."

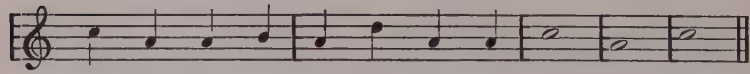
The Snail and the Deer[1]

Deer—
Good-day, small snail. Fathers serve their children well. Can you hear?

Snail—
I say, who's call-ing me? It is too far to tell.



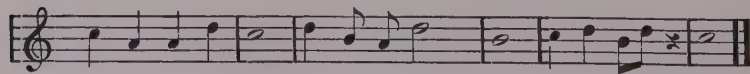
Deer—
I am the deer, Tall like the batu tree With a red head.



Snail—
That was well said. Good-day, deer, Tall like the batu tree,



With head of red, Do you want me to come near?

Deer—
No, I just spoke, I have noth - ing here,

Snail—
Good-bye, then, deer red, And may you be well fed.

[1] To be given in a lyric chant. This is the general theme: Africans do not have exact tunes. The African who gave us this tune never sang it twice alike. The time, therefore, and the number of notes, may be adapted to the words.

The Snail and the Deer[1]

DEER

Good-day, small snail.
Fathers serve their children well.
Can you hear?

SNAIL

I say, who's calling?
It is too far to tell.

DEER

I am the deer.
Tall like the batu tree,
With a red head.

SNAIL

That was well said.
Good-day, deer. Tall like the batu tree,
With head of red.
Do you want me to come near?

DEER

No, I just spoke; I have nothing here.

SNAIL

Goodbye, then, deer red—
And may you be well fed.

The Sun and the Moon

When children sit around the fire at night under the moonlight, they wonder a great deal about the moon and the sun and the stars. One night a child asked about the moon.

"The moon and the sun look the same size," he said. "Then why aren't they both hot? Why is the moon cool?" The elders answered the child in a story, and this is what they said:

"At first the moon and the sun were created of the same degree of heat, but the moon lost some of his heat. It happened this way. The two heavenly bodies decided one day to take a swim in the lake. Before the time agreed for the swim, the sun slipped away to the other side of the lake and hid himself behind some bushes where he could see when the moon came down to the water. The sun had changed his mind about wanting to swim; instead, he stayed there and played his rays out on the water. That was more fun than swimming for him. When the time came for the swim, the moon went to the house of the sun but found the sun was not there; only his children were there, who said:

" 'Our father went to the lake to bathe.' Then the moon thought he was late and rushed out to the lake. Without waiting to see if the sun was there, he plunged in. When he came out he was all cool. But the sun

[1] This is a free translation to fit the music. If the calls are not to be sung, the close translation may be used.

had never been in the water at all. He just rose up from behind the bushes and laughed brightly at the poor shivering moon. To this day the sun has remained hot because he never touched the water, and the moon is cool because he went into the water."

The Three Orphan Brothers

Once there were three brothers who lost their parents. They had no friends or relatives and got tired of living alone, so they decided to make some plan as to what to do. They came together and began to think over the situation and to reason about it.

"I am going to make a farm and raise food for us to eat," the oldest said.

"I too will do something," said the second brother. "I will set traps to catch animals for meat. I shall be a trapper."

"I want to die," said the youngest. "I am not going to do anything."

The other two brothers went in quest of their aim. The oldest cleared the wilderness and planted it in rice. The rice grew plentifully and the farmer soon found himself in great trouble. All sorts of animals came to destroy his crop. The farmer could grow rice if the animals would let it alone. But how could he keep the animals off? He did not know how to manage them. Suddenly he remembered his brother, the trapper.

"Oh, I know what I am going to do," he said to himself, "I am going to get my brother to catch these animals. He is a trapper and he will know how." So the second brother came and set the traps. Then both men went away and waited to see what would happen. A few days after they came to look at the traps and found one of them had caught something, but it was not an animal. It was merely a pot. They did not want to catch a pot. One of them started up to the pot to take it out of the trap, but when he drew near the pot said: "If you touch me, you shall die." That frightened the brothers. They stopped and stepped back and thought a while about what they should do. Neither of them wanted to die, but they both did want to get that pot out of the trap. They talked about it, and each one tried to approach the pot again. But every time the pot said the same thing: "If you touch me, you shall die."

At last the brothers remembered their youngest brother, and both exclaimed: "Our youngest brother wants to die. Let us go and have him get the pot."

So they went and found their youngest brother. He came and brought

a big sword and started up to the pot. When he drew near the pot, it called out just as it had before: "If you touch me, you shall die." The youngest brother did not mind that. He walked right up to the pot, took his sword and burst the iron into pieces. Immediately a big town grew up where the pot had been. All were greatly surprised, and each wanted to have the town for his own. Then began a great quarrel.

"The town is mine," the oldest brother said. "I cleared the forest where it came up."

"No, no, mine," the younger said. "I made the trap that caught the pot. If it had not been caught there would have been no town."

"Both of you are wrong," the youngest broke in. "The town is mine. You both were afraid to touch the pot. If I had not burst it open there would have been no town."

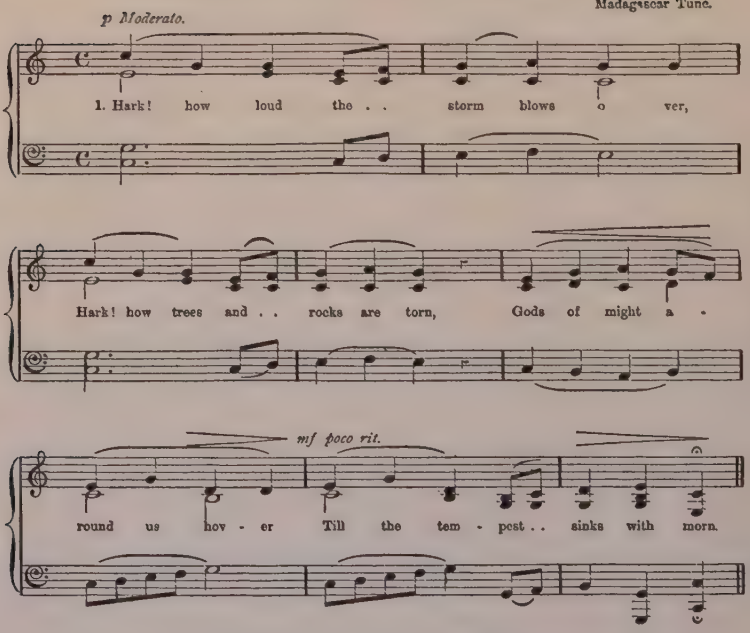
So the three kept on quarreling and could not settle the matter. At last they took it to the people to decide. The people listened to the three brothers and talked it all over, but they could not come to a decision and the question is not yet decided.

The rice was destroyed because no one caught the animals that were hurting it. The farmer never did much good with his farm, and the trapper never did much trapping because they both were too busy quarreling. The town had no one to manage it and went to pieces because the brothers never could settle their quarrel. Quarreling spoiled everything.

Malagasy Song[1]

"HARK! HOW LOUD THE STORM BLOWS"

Madagascar Tune.


p Moderato.
1. Hark! how loud the . . storm blows o ver,
Hark! how trees and . . rocks are torn, Gods of might a .
mf poco rit.
round us hov - er Till the tem - pest . . sinks with morn.

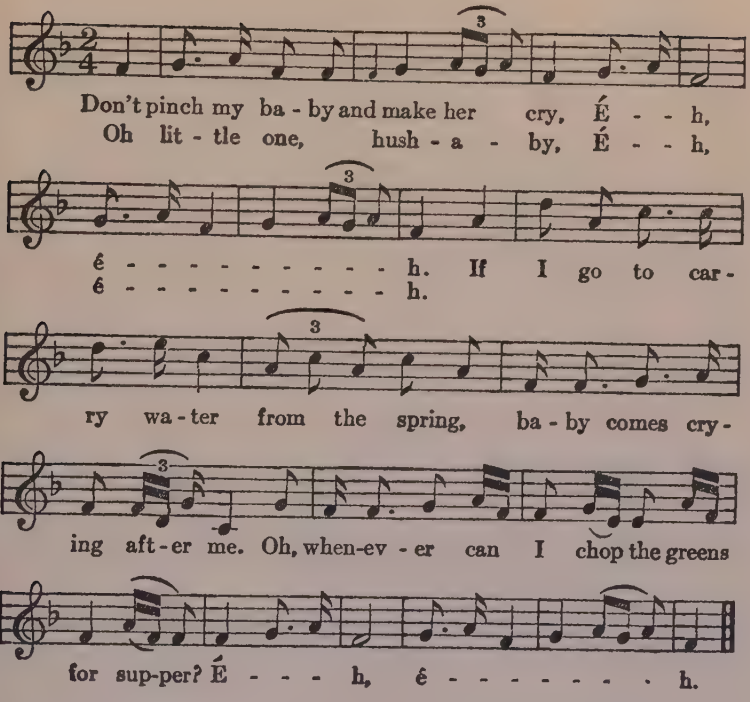
2. Hear the surf so madly beating!
   How the sand drifts at the door!
   Sea birds through the air are fleeting,
   As on tempest's wing they soar.

3. Noises echo through the forest,
   Lightning flashes through the sky,
   Every living creature longeth
   Till the break of day is nigh.

4. Hark! how loud the storm blows over,
   Hark! how trees and rocks are torn,
   Gods of might around us hover
   Till the tempest sinks with morn.

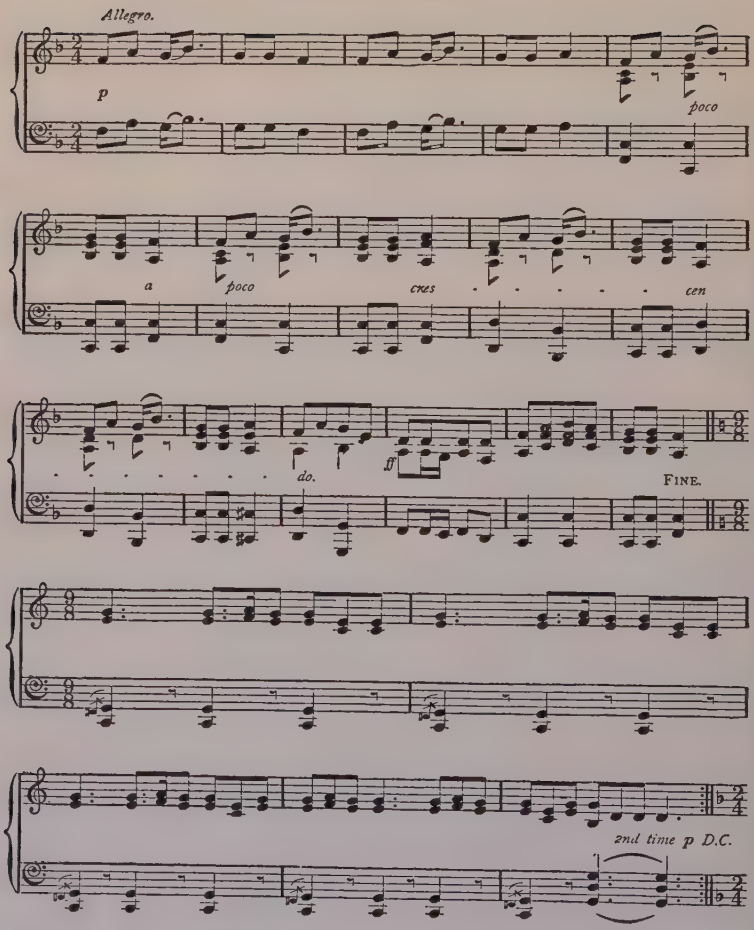
[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

African Lullaby


Don't pinch my ba - by and make her cry, É - - h,
Oh lit - tle one, hush - a - by, É - - h,
é - - - - - - - - - h. If I go to car -
é - - - - - - - - - h.
ry wa - ter from the spring, ba - by comes cry -
ing aft - er me. Oh, when-ev - er can I chop the greens
for sup-per? É - - - h, é - - - - - - - h.

West African Dances[1]

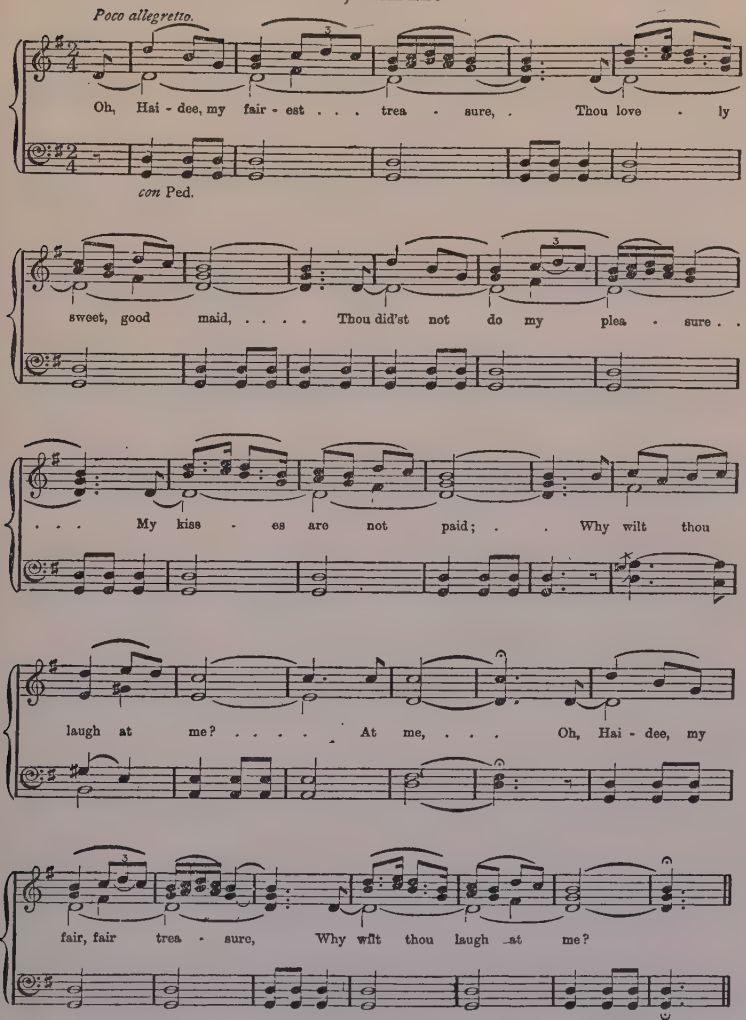
Asbanti and Fingo.



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

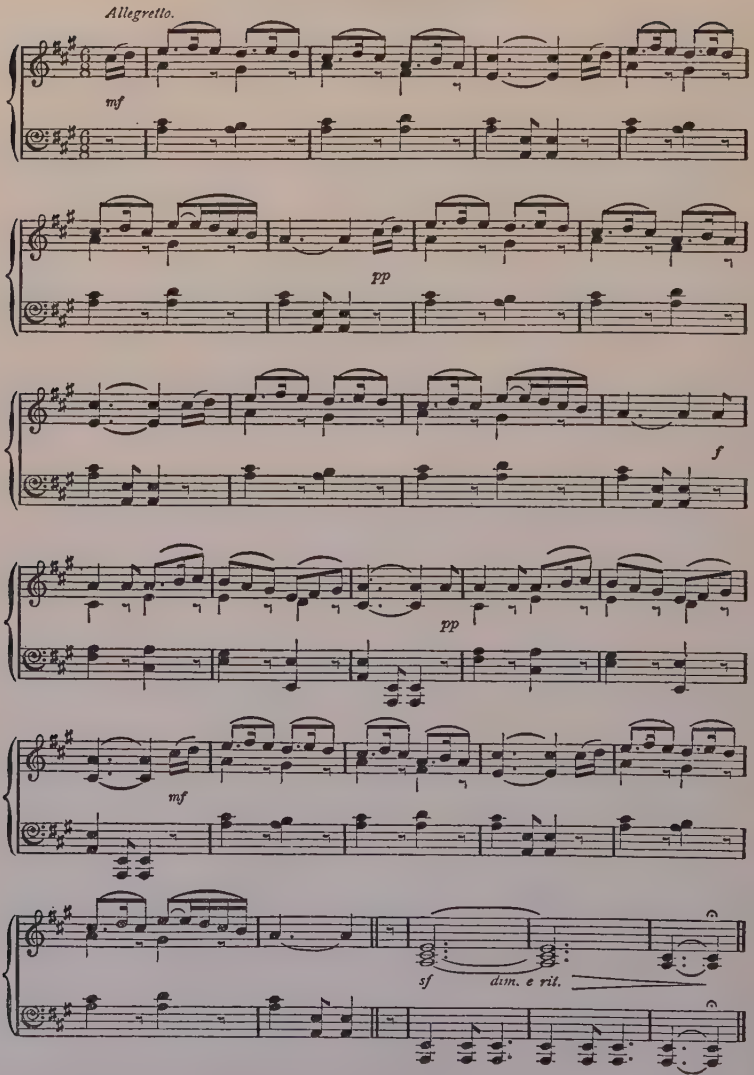
MOORISH SONG[1]

"OH, HAIDEE!"


Poco allegretto.
Oh, Hai - dee, my fair - est . . . trea - sure, . Thou love - ly
con Ped.
sweet, good maid, ... Thou did'st not do my plea - sure . .
. . . My kiss - es are not paid; . . Why wilt thou
laugh at me? . . . . . At me, . . . Oh, Hai - dee, my
fair, fair trea - sure, Why wilt thou laugh at me?

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

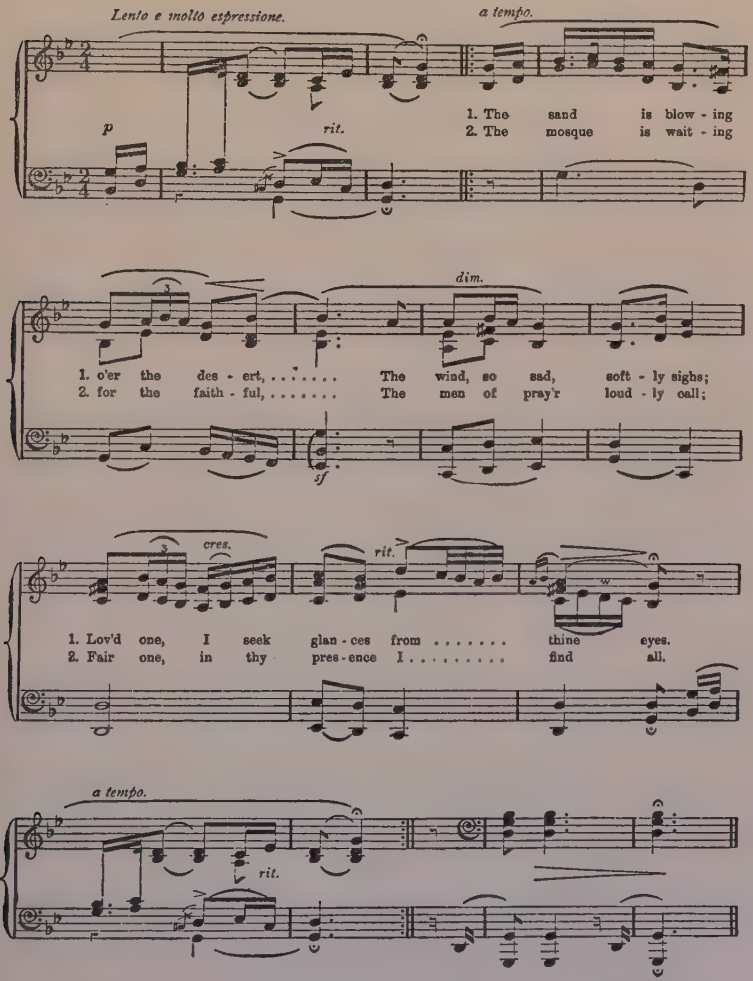
Moorish Instrumental Tune[1]



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

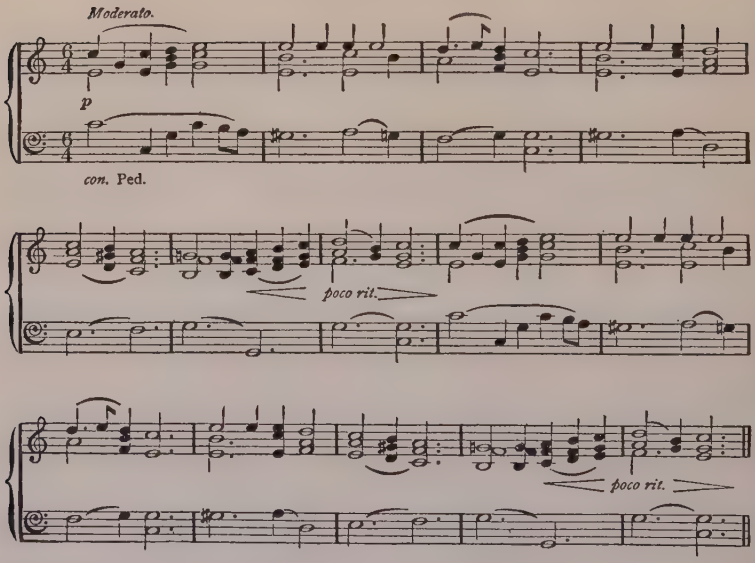
Tunisian Song

"THE SAND IS BLOWING"


Lento e molto espressione.
a tempo.
p
rit.
1. The sand is blow - ing
2. The mosque is wait - ing
dim.
1. o'er the des - ert, ... The wind, so sad, soft - ly sighs;
2. for the faith - ful, ... The men of pray'r loud - ly call;
sf
cres.
rit.
1. Lov'd one, I seek glan - ces from . . . . . thine eyes.
2. Fair one, in thy pres - ence I . . . . . find all.
a tempo.
rit.

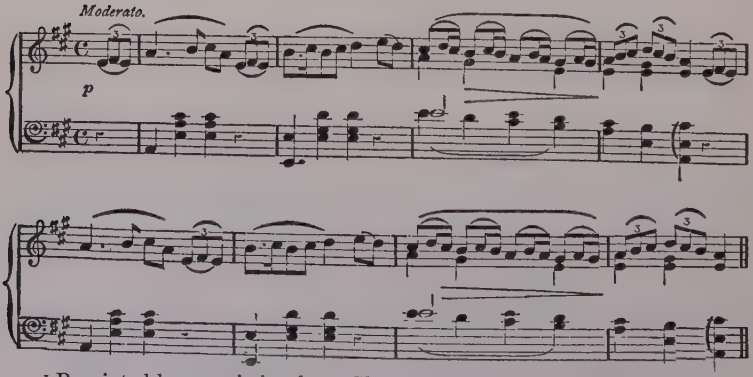
North African Air[1]

BEDOUIN



North African Air[1]

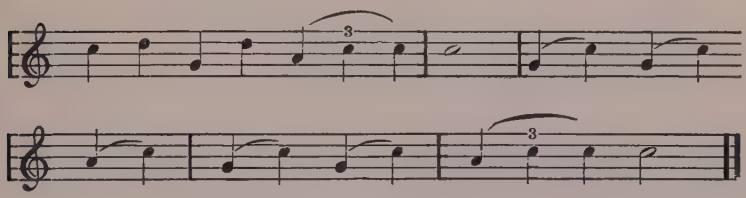
MOORISH



[1] Reprinted by permission from *Characteristic Songs and Dances of All Nations*. London: Bayley and Ferguson.

Contest for a Tiger Tooth

When the kingdom of the beasts could no longer stand the tyrannical tiger as their king, they decided to get rid of him. They gathered on one side of the river, threw a tree across it for a bridge, and one at a time tried to cross over to the tiger. None of them succeeded, for each time an animal stepped out on the bridge the weight caused the tree to sway and the animal was thrown into the river below. The plan was for each beast to fight the tiger until the tiger was killed. The victor as a reward was to get one of the tiger's teeth to wear around his neck. As the animals stepped out to cross the stream, the females of the kingdom sang this song, using each time the name of the animal who was then taking his turn.[1]

The Contest for a Tiger Tooth

1. When the little squirrel frisks across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

2. When the dog bravely goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

3. When the iguana goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

4. When the mountain goat goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

[1] The pitch should be varied for each animal: high for the little animals and low for the big animals.

5. When the big brown bear goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

6. When the buffalo goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

7. When the great dragon goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

8. When the great lion goes across
   He'll wear a tiger tooth;
   Roar, roar, he'll wear a tiger tooth.

POETRY

Song is poetry in Africa and poetry is song. Therefore, for music, some of the songs may be sung, and for poetry, others may be read.

For more poetry and songs, consult Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent* (New York: G. Schirmer & Co., 1920).

GAMES

Hide and Seek

The Africans play this game much as we do, the difference being that they have a group to seek as well as a group to hide. Usually the two groups are of the same number.

The Lion and the Deer

Another game much like out "Hide and Seek." In this case "It" is the lion and those who hide are the deer.

Circle in the Sand

A string tied into a circle is hidden in the sand. All try to find it by jabbing into the sand long thorns from a tree (or pointed sticks will do). Each person tries his luck. After all have had their turns, the sand is scraped away and the one who has come the farthest from finding the string is considered the defeated one. He must then place his hand palm upward in the sand, and all must strike him on the palm three times apiece.

Handball

All who want to play are divided into two sides. A ball is tossed up on one side. This side tries to keep the ball tossing up on its side, and the other side tries to stop the ball or get it over to that side. Whenever the ball is caught the one who has it holds it for a minute while all the other players slap their hands together once and stamp their feet.

Blind Man's Buff

This game in Africa is played by only two at a time, the others watching. Two are blindfolded, one to try to catch the other. The pursuer is given a cloth which he throws out to help him find the other; the pursued is given two sticks which he strikes together now and then to help the pursuer find him. After making a noise with his sticks, he runs away, then, if not caught, he gives another sign with his sticks and runs again. So on and on until he is caught. The company all the while have great fun watching. When the pursued is caught, then he has to become the pursuer and another is drawn from the company to be the pursued one.

African London Bridge

Two are chosen to form the bridge and one to be the mother. All the others are her children. The first two stand opposite each other and hold up their hands to form an arch. The mother and her children try to pass under the archway, but every now and then the archway is lowered and one is caught until only the mother and one child are left. These two then hide somewhere, but the mother comes out once in a while and tosses a handful of grass toward the others and they ask in chorus:

"How big is the only child now?"

"The only child crawls," answers the mother. The others laugh, then she goes back. Next time she comes out they ask:

"How old is the only child now?"

"The only child walks," is the answer. And so on until the only child grows up, is married, and has a baby of its own. Then the grandmother is asked questions about the child of the only child. He is made to go through all the same acts and more too, at last setting a trap, catching a deer, and killing an elephant. At that the child of the only child comes out of hiding and all rush up to beg a piece of elephant meat. One after the other all are refused except one whom "the child" chooses. These two then go off together, and that ends the game.

Hen and Wildcat

One is chosen to be the hen, another is the wildcat, and all the rest are the chickens. The chickens wander around with the hen, and the wildcat tries to catch them. The hen gives a cry of warning whenever the wildcat is near. If the chickens run to her and crouch down at the warning, they are safe, but any that fail to drop at the warning may be caught by the wildcat. When the wildcat has caught all the chickens, the game is ended and the first chicken caught becomes the wildcat.

REFRESHMENTS

Many of our foods are common in Africa also. The Africans have sweet potatoes and fish. The sweet potatoes they boil and eat with red pepper. Sugar cane they eat much as we eat candy. We might use it for refreshments from Africa. Peal off the outside of the cane, then cut the inside into small pieces and serve it raw. Coconut is a favorite both for food and drink. Serve the milk of the coconut for a drink. Cut the meat into small pieces and serve either alone or with other fruit. Bananas, pineapples, oranges, and dates all belong to Africa. The Africans do not mix fruits as we do, but they like to eat coconut with other fruit. Any of the foregoing fruit sliced with coconut would make enjoyable refreshments representing Africa.

DRESS

The Africans make beautiful cotton cloth. It is generally woven in pieces about sixty inches square, sometimes of a solid color and sometimes of a combination of colors. Black and white is a favorite combination, also black or white combined with one of the bright colors—blue, red, or green. The block pattern is common. When the Africans begin to learn civilized ways they often make robes of this cloth. Two squares of it are sewed together, which makes a piece a little over three yards long. This is draped diagonally around the body so as to fall loosely over the arms and leave one corner to throw back over the shoulder. The only difference between the way the men and the women wear this cloth is that with the men it comes down to the ankles, while the women wear it much shorter. These robes look very much like those worn by the ancient Hebrews. To drape one's self in this style gives a good idea of African dress. If material woven in the block pattern cannot be found, then two pieces of material in contrasting colors may be used.

The Africans also make brightly colored kerchiefs of a silky material. The women sometimes wear these around their heads. The kerchief may be folded into a bias band which is brought across the forehead and knotted at the back of the head, or it may be folded cornerwise, brought across the forehead and knotted in the back, leaving the corners to fall over the back of the head. The men sometimes wear these kerchiefs around their necks. In this case also the kerchief is folded cornerwise. Then it is knotted in front and the corners are worn in the back.

For decoration men and women sometimes wear earrings. The women wear bracelets and beads, often many strings of beads so that they fall thick and heavy around their necks. These beads are small and of different colors. The women also wear anklets of iron, decorated with something like sleigh bells. At every motion these bells give out a tinkling sound.

CHAPTER VIII

RUSSIA

Contributors: Brucia Dedinsky, Olga Hess

THE VISIT

Olga Hess was born and raised in Russia but her father is a German. That is why only the first part of her name is Russian. She does not look at all foreign. She is of medium size and has dark-brown hair and eyes. She seemed at first rather quiet, but she was very friendly, and when we came to know each other she was full of fun. She has been in this country only three years, but her way of talking sounded just like that of an American, and she looked like one of us. To know her started one to wondering, "Are Russians different from Americans, anyway?"

When asked what she thought about it she laughed, "Oh yes, not a bit alike. Americans are always in a hurry. Russians take more time and they have more fun; they are always joking and having a good time. Russians do not show their feelings the way Americans do and sometimes people think they are stolid; Russians do not laugh and cry as easily as Americans do, but their feelings run deeper. I think Americans are sentimental and Russians are emotional."

Olga is here studying biology and expects to do some sort of laboratory work when she goes back to Russia.

"Many things," she explained, "it is of no use to study here if you are going to live in Russia. Our economics and law and ways of teaching are all different from what they are in every

other place in the world. Our new government has new ways of doing most things. But facts are the same everywhere, and all science learned here can be used there."

Miss Dedinsky is thoroughly Russian yet seems more French. She is teaching French in one of our colleges and speaks with quite a French accent. She is small and dark and quick and manifests all the life and spirit of the vivacious Latin races.

"All Russians know many folk stories," she said. "The mothers and grandmothers and the old nurses all tell stories to the children. Russia is rich in folk stories, and many of them have never been translated. Russian stories are all beautiful; they are full of outdoor life, and nature always plays a part which helps the story along."

The story of "The Goldfish" is from Brucia Dedinsky; the other stories were told by Olga Hess.

STORIES

The Little Red Flower

A rich peasant had three daughters and the youngest was his favorite. Once he had to make a trip to the city on business, and he thought while he was there he would get each of his daughters a present. Before he left home he asked each one what she would like. The first daughter said she wanted a mirror which would make her more beautiful every time she looked in it. The second daughter said she wanted some handsome earrings. The youngest daughter said that the only thing she wanted was a little red flower, but she wanted the very reddest one there was in the whole world.

The merchant finished his business in the city, and then he began to look for the presents his daughters had asked for. He bought the wonderful mirror and beautiful earrings and looked for red flowers. There were plenty of red flowers, but everywhere he went he found one redder than any he had seen before. He went to a great deal of trouble and great pains to get what his favorite daughter wanted, but it came time for him to go back home, and he was sure he had not found the reddest flower there was. He could not disappoint his daughter, so as he journeyed he kept on looking for the flower. One day meeting a man, he asked him about it, and the man told him where he could find it. He pointed to a fire in the distance and said:

"Go in that direction. Where the fire burns, there you will find the reddest flowers."

The merchant went as the man had bidden him toward the fire which was reddening the sky, and he came to a palace surrounded by the most marvelous gardens he had ever seen. He went in and wandered around among the plants. Those gardens were filled with gorgeous flowers; there were many beds of red, and there he found the red, red flower he was looking for. Eagerly he leaned over and broke its stem. At once a terrific storm gathered. A high wind blew, dark clouds formed, it thundered and lightened, and an Awful-looking Creature appeared at his side.

"What have you done?" it questioned, and looked sorrowfully at the red flower. "Go home now and give your daughter the red flower, then you must give her to me."

Before the father could object, the fury of the gale picked him up and carried him to his home. It landed him at his door, and then the rain came down in torrents. The beloved youngest daughter came to the door and let her father in. There was great rejoicing to have him back. He gave out the presents he had brought, the mirror to the eldest daughter, the earrings to the second, and to the third he handed the little red flower. After they had all looked at one another's presents, they began to see that there was something troubling their father, and the youngest daughter asked:

"Why, Father, what is the matter? You are so solemn."

He took her off by herself and told her about getting the red, red flower and what had happened and what the Awful-looking Creature had said. When he finished she was gone. How she went or where, he did not know, but he found himself sitting there alone.

She had been carried away to the palace of the Awful-looking Creature, and she was kept a captive for a very long time. It was a lovely palace and full of all kinds of interesting things. There was a music-room, a library, an artroom, a billiard hall, a dance hall, and many others, and of course her own wonderful bedroom. Besides all this, there were endless gardens outside with fountains, lakes on which were swans, winding roads and beckoning bridges and deep, friendly woods. So there was plenty to do and see at the palace, and everything in the world was done for her. She had lovely meals and lovely clothes. Perhaps she ought to have been happy, but she was lonesome. There was no one to talk to, no one to go with her on her walks, and she could not go home. In fact, the high walls all around the palace grounds would not let her out at all. After a while she became so lonely that she called to the Awful-looking Creature and tried to talk to him. He answered, but his voice was so awful that it frightened her and she stopped talking. Of course she became lonely again, but this time she thought she would try another plan. She called to him and told him she wanted to know how her family was. When she looked around, there they all were in the great mirror at the end of the hall. The mirror showed her what each one was doing at that time. It seemed very good of her captor to do so much for her and let her have everything she wanted. She began to think that he could not be so awful looking after all, so one day she called to him and told him she wanted to see him. He came, but she wished he had not. He threw her into a tremble and she fainted. After that, she was more lonely than ever. The

time came when she could no longer stand to be away from her loved ones. Once more she called to the Awful-looking Creature. This time she said:

"Please, I want to be with my family. It's very kind of you to give me so many beautiful, wonderful things. I think if I can have a visit at home I'll do better here." The Awful-looking Creature replied in his awful, hollow, muffled voice that made her shake and tremble with fear:

"You may go home in the morning if you will come back here before nine o'clock tomorrow night."

"Oh, I will, I will," she cried with joy. "A whole long day at home," she thought. "That is too good to be true." She started to thank her captor but he stopped her to say:

"Remember; be back here by nine o'clock. If you are not, I'll surely die."

"Oh, I will, I will," she promised and ran up to her room for a night of happy dreams.

The morning dawned all blue and green and gold. Quickly she threw on her clothes and as quickly was down and out at the door. Once more came the voice of the Awful-looking Creature:

"Go straight ahead; follow the road that has no turnings."

She did as she had been told, and in a trice found herself standing at the door of her own dear home. It was fine to be there again. The family were all as happy as she, and they had a lovely time together except that her mother and sisters almost spoiled it by trying to make her stay. Her father knew that could not be and did not trouble her about it, but her sisters kept teasing her to stay "just a little longer" or begging her, "don't keep looking at the clock." Finally she felt that something was wrong. The clock said only eight; she did not need to start until half-past eight, but she had a queer feeling that it was really much later than eight. Could her sisters have set that clock back? A wild fear seized her; she did not wait to ask; nothing could stop her now. At once she was up and away. Again the straight road brought her quickly to her destination. The outer gates of the palace opened to her, but closed with a clang behind her. The door of the palace also opened to her, but the palace was all dark and quiet. She felt her way down the long hall to where a light gleamed—two lights she found it was—tall candles burning at each end of the couch. Their rays lighted up the clock above; its hands said five minutes after nine. Her heart thumped wildly; she was late. She bowed her head in shame, and then she saw that on the couch between the two

tall tapers the Awful-looking Creature lay still. She bent down and touched him, forgetting now his ugliness, but he did not move. Dead! and she had killed him! She sank down by the couch sobbing:

"My lover, O my lover, come back!" There was no answer, only her own heart crying aloud, "You were so good to me. You gave me everything on earth. What shall I do without you?" She buried her face in her hands. "I was so undeserving, and now I can never repay you. My lover, forgive me." Still she shook with sobs till the very couch moved, but she gave no heed.

Then a hand was laid lightly on her bowed head and a deep, lovely voice called her name. She looked up in wonder and there beside her stood a tall, handsome young man, her lover indeed! Gone forever was the Awful-looking Creature, gone was death from the palace, and gone was the spell which had bound her lover. He had been bewitched, and only the unselfish love of a woman could bring him back to himself. He waited now for nothing more, but raised her up and clasped her in his arms. True love had found its own. They were married and lived on in the palace, happy husband and wife.

The Goldfish

Once upon a time an old fisherman and his wife lived in a hut on the shore of a sea. They were just peasants, and the hut was a poor little adobe affair that was about to crumble away. Its walls were crooked, its roof ragged and full of holes, and its windows sagging. The old couple had hardly anything good left, even the fisherman's nets were too old and torn to use. But there was still the *korito*.[1] It was the main thing in the house; all their bread was made in it; and since bread was about all the couple had to eat, the *korito* was very important.

One day when the dawn came in gray and cold and misty and the sea was running high, the couple awoke to find they no longer had even a *korito*. There it stood split from end to end. Instead of a *korito*, they had two halves of one. That meant no way now to make bread. The poor old woman sat down beside the split trough and wept. There seemed to be nothing they could do about it, yet they must have food. The fisherman sat down to his poor torn nets and was trying to tie up a few of the broken places when she called to him:

[1] Pronounced *kor'i'to* (a wooden trough used to knead bread).

"Go and get us some fish. We must have fish."

Silently he gathered up his net and slowly made his way down to the sea. Perhaps again the old cords would catch them some fish. He cast his net and waited. All day long he sat beside it watching and waiting but no fish came. The weather continued cold and gray and dreary; all day long the wind blew and the sea tossed angrily. At last toward sundown when the fisherman pulled at his net he found it heavy. He could hardly believe that poor net had caught anything but it surely was almost too heavy for him to draw in. What he had caught was one little goldfish; that was all. How could one little fish make the net so heavy? He could not understand. It was such a tiny little fish that at first the fisherman thought there was no use in taking it out, then he thought, "If there's nothing else I had better take it anyway." He started to lift it out of the water when something wonderful happened. The fish spoke to him and said:

"Kind old man, do not take me out of my element. Please put me back into the sea. If you do, I'll repay you; I'll grant your every wish. Whenever you need anything you'll have only to come to the sea and call me. Say:

Little fish,
  Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
  Come out to me.

Then I'll come and grant whatever you ask." The fisherman listened and was filled with awe and let the fish go. As it glided off into the water it called back to him: "Thank you, good man. Come to me for any need, only do not come at night. Remember always to come between sunrise and sunset." The fish was gone.

For a time the fisherman remained sitting there beside the sea. What was this that had happened? A fish had spoken! What did it mean? Who had ever heard of such a thing before? He was sure it was a miracle, and he sat there quite overcome with the wonder of it. At last he came to himself and rose up and went home.

When the fisherman neared the cottage he saw his wife sitting sad and lonely on the doorstep. As soon as she saw him she called out:

"Get any fish?"

Then he told her about the little goldfish. She did not listen much at first, for she was cross with him for not bringing home anything to eat.

But she became more and more interested in his story and wanted to know what happened next. When he said, "Then the fish was gone," he stopped.

"Is that all?" she asked. He nodded. Then she was angry. "You old fool," she shouted at him, "you missed your chance! Why didn't you tell the fish about the broken *korito?*"

He scratched his head and looked at her in a daze. The broken *korito!* Oh, to be sure, but he had forgotten everything except the wonder of a fish talking and promising to help him. His wife got up and shook her fist at him, screaming all the while:

"Go back to the sea, you old fool, go back and call the fish and tell it we want a new *korito.*"

She jerked him up and pushed him off. Haltingly he took his way back to the sea. He wondered if he ought to call the fish so soon, and he wondered what he should say. When he reached the shore he found the sea had grown quiet. The stars had come out and the moon was shining. Above was the stillness of the deep-blue sky with its myriads of twinkling stars and below stretched the restlessness of the deep-blue sea, whispering and glimmering in the moonlight. He stood there quietly feasting his eyes upon the beauty he loved. For a time he forgot all about the fish and his cross old wife. Suddenly he remembered what he had come for and at the same time he remembered that the fish had said: "Never call me at night." Not now then. With a sigh of relief he turned and went back home and told his wife they must wait till morning. Of course she did not like that at all and fussed a great deal about it, but she had to wait, there was nothing else to do. However, she got her man off bright and early the next morning.

Again he came to the sea, and this time he found it quiet. Like molten silver it lay sparkling in millions of ripples under the brilliant light of the sun. He stood there a few minutes without saying a word. He did not like to disturb the fish, yet he did not dare go home to his wife until he had gotten the new *korito.* What could he do? Two or three times he tried to call, but no words would come. At last he made a big effort and called out loudly:

"Little fish,
Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
Come out to me."

Then he waited breathlessly. Soon he saw a shimmer of gold in the ripples on the sand and there was the same marvelous fish. When it had come near he sat down on the sand and at once began: "I am sorry to call you so soon. I do not like to be a trouble, but my wife made me come."

"Never mind, good fisherman," the fish said, "what is it you would have?"

"Our *korito* is broken," the man answered. "My wife wants a new one, for without it we have no way to make bread."

"Be at peace," the fish said. "Go home and your wish shall be fulfilled."

So the fisherman returned home and there before his eyes what should he see but his wife sitting beside a new *korito!* His wish was granted and again they would have food, but, best of all, he thought, his wife would be pleased. He was very happy and hurried up to her to talk it over, but he soon found that she was not happy. As soon as he came near she began scolding about their poor little hut and saying that she wanted a new place, a nice cottage this time. Not one word of pleasure or gratitude had she about the new *korito!* That made the poor old fisherman very sad. He sat down and looked at her silently, trying to understand. She went on scolding and fussing:

"Look at the holes in the windows! Look at the shaky walls and the old broken-down chairs. It's time I was having nice things. Go tell your fish to get us a cottage." The fisherman was too aghast to move. He sat still looking at her. At that she got up and stamped her foot at him. "Go, I tell you! Go back to the sea, you old fool, and call your fish."

He got up and stumbled out of the house. Slowly he made his way back to the sea. It was now near noon. The waters were moving gently back and forth, up and down, talking with the sun and playing with the breezes. The old fisherman sat down and watched it flashing blue and green into the distance. Long he sat there silent and motionless until the heat of the sun reminded him what he had come for. Slowly he pulled up his courage and looking out to the sea called:

"Little fish,
Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
Come out to me."

It was a very timid call, scarcely loud enough to be heard above the whispering of the sea. The fisherman felt timid. But soon there was a

glint of gold in the water at his feet and the little fish answered, "Here am I."

The fisherman was almost sorry it had come, for he did not want to seem selfish.

"I had to come," he said. "My wife wants something else. When she wants something she won't let me alone till I get it. She's so mean I can't stand to have her after me. What she wants now is a new cottage; our little hut is rather a bad one," and the poor man stopped all out of breath.

"Don't worry, good man," the fish answered. "Go in peace, you shall have a new house."

That put new life into the old fisherman. He got up quickly and started home thinking how good life was. Now his wife had all she wanted, and he would not have to trouble the fish any more. They all would be happy. He went joyfully homeward eager to see his wife and their new cottage. Soon he was near the place where they had lived, but what a change! The sight that met his eyes made him stop and gaze hard and take a look around to be sure that this was the right place. There stood a real house! No adobe this time, but a good-sized log cottage. When he came nearer he found it was beautifully made, the logs smoothly finished and cemented together, and the roof ornamented with turrets and much wood-carving. Oh, what joy! His wife was on the front steps and he hurried to her. But what did he find? No friendly greeting, no happy wife, only a cross old thing beginning to scold as soon as he came near.

"Don't come in here," she called to him. "Go straight back and finish this up right. I want to be a *bojariinja*.[1] I want beautiful clothes; I want satins and brocaded silk, velvet jackets with gold trimming, shoes with red heels, ribbons for my hair, beads and jewels and everything fine the same as rich people have." The poor fisherman could not find a word to say. Helplessly he stood there wondering, but his wife had no pity. "Go on back, you old fool," she said.

He went. When he reached the sea a light wind had sprung up piling the waters into great swells, then sending them on to the beach with a big dash and splash and roar. The wind was also chasing fleecy clouds across the sky, but still the sun shone over all, made the clouds wondrous white, and turned the foam into diamonds and pearls. The fisherman sat down

[1] *J* pronounced like *y*. Russian term for one who belonged to the old nobility of Russia.

with his hat in his hands, took one glance at the foaming waves, then in despair called out,

"Little fish,
Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
Come out to me."

In a moment the little fish came riding in on the waves. It floated around on the sand and shone brightly through the foam. For some moments the fisherman sat awkwardly turning his hat in his hands. He was embarrassed, but fear of his wife gave him words at last. "Little fish," he said, "she's at it again. My selfish old woman is never satisfied. Now she wants to be a *bojariinja* and have all kinds of fine clothes. What can I do?"

"Go home, kind man," the little fish answered. "Don't worry; she shall have fine clothes and be a *bojariinja*." Then it floated back with the tide and was gone.

When the fisherman returned to the cottage he saw that already his wish had been granted. There sat his wife all dressed up too fine for words and puffed up with pride. She was ready for him and waiting; ready with new demands and waiting to send him off again. When he reached the house she arose in her finery and began at once:

"Now it's time I was having people and parties and a gay life. What's the use of a good house and fine clothes if I can't have a good time?" The old fisherman gazed at her with his mouth open. Her clothes were too much for him and he did not know how to take her. Never in his life before had he seen such magnificence. He looked poor and ragged and dirty and mean beside her, and he felt it too. "Don't stand there gazing at me, you old fool," she yelled at him. "I'm really going to live now. Go back to your fish and get me society life."

He waited for no more but turned and fled. This time he hurried to the seashore as one would hurry for help. When he reached the water's edge he was panting and out of breath. Between breaths he gave the call:

"Little fish,
Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
Come out to me."

In a moment there was the fish shining in the water that came and went at his feet. "Little goldfish," said the fisherman, "I'm in great trouble.

Now my wife wants society life—parties and dinners and many people and all that." The fish understood.

"Go back, good man; it shall be as she wishes."

The fisherman returned to the cottage and sure as life there were lights in all the windows. He heard music, and when he came near he saw many people in there and saw that they were dancing. He stood on the steps spellbound. While he was gazing in at the door, a woman came out in a beautiful gown of satin with flowers of many colors embroidered all over it. She came up to him, for she was his wife, but he did not know her until she spoke.

"This is no place for you, old fool," she said. "Go out to the servants' lodge," and she pointed to the rear of the cottage. "That's where you belong."

Henceforth her husband lived there with the servants. For many days he did not see his wife, then at length she sent one of the servants for him. He was taken to the porch. There his wife met him.

"Well, old fool," she said, "I am enjoying very much being a *bojariinja* but now I want to be a czarina. Go tell the fish and tell it to come and be my servant." That was too much for the fisherman. Everything in him said "no," and he shook his head. "What!" his wife stormed at him. "You refuse? I guess we'll see who is master here!" Angrily she went at him and slapped him and beat him and pommeled him with her fists. So she drove her husband away from home.

The old fisherman went back to the sea. It was now black as ink and surging and boiling. The winds were howling and chasing black clouds across the sky. There was no sun any more; instead a storm was gathering. He sat down on the shore but did not dare call the fish. Yet he did not dare go home. The winds became stronger and fiercer and the waves rolled higher and roared louder. He was in despair. Before he knew it he was praying aloud:

"O Lord, forgive me for being such a trouble and wanting so much, but when there's a tyrant at home what can I do? I've done everything I could to please her but she's never happy and keeps wanting more and more. O Lord, help me!" With a weak voice he called the fish as before:

"Little fish,
Little fish of the sea,
Little goldfish,
Come out to me."

The fish came as it always had, and the fisherman began to tell it all his wife had said. It listened, but it was plainly angry; it lashed its tail back and forth and darted this way and that. Finally it said:

"Tell your wife 'no.' She can have anything else but not my service." At that a big wave came and carried the little goldfish away. The fisherman never saw it again.

He thought he would return to the cottage, but when he reached the place where it had been, he found it was gone. Gone were all the fine things his wife had had, gone were all the people and the servants' lodge and the servants, gone even was the new *korito*. Instead, there again was the little tumble-down adobe hut with its split *korito*. Beside it his old woman was sitting weeping.

The Princess Frog

In a certain kingdom there was a Czar who had three sons. All were splendid, fine-looking fellows, but especially so was the youngest. He was called Prince Ivan. When the princes reached the marriageable age, the Czar called them together and said:

"I want you each to get an arrow and come with me out of the palace." When they had gotten well beyond the palace grounds he said: "Now each of you send out an arrow to find your fate. Wherever your arrow falls, there you will find your life's mate, and you must go there to woo her."

Each son in turn sent out an arrow. The arrow of the first son fell in the yard of a rich man, and that son went to the home of the rich man and wooed the daughter of wealth. The arrow of the second son fell on the porch of a merchant, and that son went there and wooed the merchant's daughter. The arrow of the youngest son disappeared entirely. He hunted for days and could not find it. At last when he was about to give it up he came to a swamp and there he found a frog holding his arrow. Poor Ivan wanted to run away but the frog said:

"No, you must take your arrow and what it brings you or you'll never get home."

So Ivan took the arrow, put the frog in his handkerchief, and went home. When he arrived he showed his father the frog and told him about it.

"That is your fate," the father said, "you must marry her."

The Prince said to himself: "Whoever heard of marrying a frog?" He laughed at the idea and thought no more about it.

In due time the first two sons were married, and they each had beautiful weddings as princes should have. When it came time for the youngest son to marry, he found his father, the Czar, was planning the wedding just as though Ivan had a lovely maiden waiting for him. Prince Ivan soon saw it was no joke, but that he really had to marry that frog, and marry the frog he did. He had just as lovely a wedding as the oldest sons had had. The frog was brought in on a golden plate and held beside him during the ceremony. Thus Prince Ivan had a frog-wife.

Now after all the sons were married, one day the Czar sent out orders that each should have his wife bake some bread. The Czar wanted to see which wife could bake the best bread. The order greatly troubled Prince Ivan. He knew no frog could bake bread, yet the Czar's order must be obeyed. He was not going to tell the frog, for he knew it would only make her unhappy, but she saw that her husband was troubled about something and made him tell her what it was. To Ivan's surprise his wife did not seem to mind at all; she merely said:

"Don't worry! Let's go to bed now and have a good rest. The morning is better than the evening." So they let worry take care of itself and they had a good rest that night. In the morning the Prince was watching to see what the frog would do, and this is what he saw. She went out on the porch and called aloud: "Come, you servants all, and make me bread as good as ever I used to have in my father's house." Immediately servants entered the kitchen from Ivan could not see where, and in a trice there was bread as lovely as any that ever was. The Czar ate it and found it the best of any cooked for him.

Prince Ivan was greatly relieved and very thankful to be out of that trouble, but another one was soon upon him. The Czar next issued an order to his sons that each wife should make him a shirt. It grieved Ivan that his father should issue orders which could not possibly be carried out by any frog. He did not like to have his feelings hurt or his wife's either. He thought he surely must not ler her know about this, but while he was trying to think his way out of it, the frog again saw that he was worried and made him tell her about it. But it did not worry her; she merely asked:

"What is the trouble?"

"But how can you sew?" he answered. "My father ought not to ask it."

"Don't worry," she said. "Come, let us go to bed. The morning is better than the evening." So again they did not worry, but had a good sleep instead. The next morning early the frog went out on to the porch and called aloud: "Come, you servants all, and make me a shirt as fine as ever was in my father's house." Servants came and went to work cutting and fitting and sewing, and soon there was a shirt beautifully made. She sent it to the Czar, and he said it was the best shirt of all.

Prince Ivan thought surely now he was out of all such troubles, but the next thing to happen was that the Czar sent word all his sons and their wives should come to the palace for a festival. Now Ivan was more worried than ever, for how could a frog go to a festival? As before, the frog found out the trouble and again she would not let Ivan worry.

"Don't worry," she said. "The morning is better than the evening. Wait till tomorrow and see what I shall do." When the next day came and it was time for the festival, she said to her husband: "You go ahead and I shall follow you." The Prince did not object and he asked no questions. He had begun to feel that if his frog-wife said she could do a thing she could be counted upon to do it, so he went off to the festival without her. Being there alone was not very pleasant, however. Prince Ivan's brothers kept making fun of him and laughing because he had a frog-wife.

"Where's your wife?" one asked.

"I supposed your wife would get the dinner tonight," said another. Every once in a while someone would say something about frogs. The poor man had had just about all he could stand when suddenly there was heard a great noise which startled everyone.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Prince Ivan jumping up.

"Oh, that must be your wife coming," said one of the brothers. Then they all laughed "Ha, ha, ha!"

But they laughed too soon. In a few moments there was a sound of hoofs and six white horses came dashing up to the palace with a splendid carriage. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful maiden and sat down beside Prince Ivan. For a moment everyone was too surprised to speak but the man beside the beautiful maiden was happy indeed. The festival that night was a very gay one. After the feast came a dance, and all

wanted to dance with the beautiful new princess. She let them all have a good time with her, then after a while when they were out on the porch she waved her right hand and there on the lawn a lake was formed. Then she waved her left hand and beautiful swans appeared and swam around on the lake. The brothers' wives did not like to have this strange princess doing something which they could not do, so they waved their right hands, but no more lake appeared. Instead everyone was sprinkled with water. Then they waved their left hands, but what happened was worse still. Chicken bones flew out in every direction, and one flew into the Czar's eye. That hurt him and made him angry, and he sent those two wives away.

When Prince Ivan went home that night he found the frog-skin his wife had left, and before she knew it he had thrown it into the fire and burnt it up. When his wife saw he had done this she was in despair and sobbed and wailed:

"What have you done? What have you done? Why did you do this?" All he could answer was: "Why not? You have left it, haven't you?"

But she only wept the harder: "If only you had been patient I could have stayed with you forever, but now you will have to look for me all over the world," and she was gone!

Ivan could not believe his eyes. He went outside to look for her. She was not on the porch; he went out on to the lawn, and around the house, but there was no one there. Then he started down the road, and he walked on and on. He did not know where he was going, only going to find the beautiful wife he had lost. He continued to walk till he came to a dense wood. There he met a bear and was about to kill it when all at once the bear spoke to him.

"Don't kill me," it said. "Spare me and I'll be useful to you some time." Ivan did not know what to make of that, but he let the bear go. Then he came across a rabbit and he started to kill it, but the rabbit also spoke.

"Don't kill me," it said. "Spare me and I'll be useful to you sometime."

Nothing mattered much to Ivan now that his wife was gone, so he let the rabbit go. Next he saw a great bird that he thought he would like to have and he made ready to shoot it, but the bird spoke as had the bear and the rabbit:

"Don't kill me. Spare me; you may need me some day."

Finally, Ivan came to the seashore and there he saw a fish just ready to be caught. He leaned down to grab it, but the fish said:

"Ivan Czarevitch[1] leave me in the water and I'll be helpful to you some day."

He left the fish as he had the bird and the rabbit and the bear. They were none of them his wife, anyway. He was still looking for her.

He turned back into the woods again and soon came to a queer little hut set up on chicken legs. It was the home of the witch, and Ivan knew that there he should be able to find out something about his wife. The little hut had no opening on the side that faced him, but Ivan called out to it in a voice of command:

"Little house of the woods, and home of the wise witch, turn about with your back to the forest and your face to me."

At that the house turned itself around and opposite him, a low door swung open. Ivan entered and found the little old witch sitting there on her high three-legged stool with her broom beside her. When she saw him her face wrinkled all over in glee, and in her high cracked voice she said:

"Well, and what would Ivan Czarevitch have today?"

"Please, wise witch," he answered, "tell me where is my beautiful wife?"

At that the little old woman doubled up with mirth. She leaned over and swayed from side to side as though this was the best joke she had ever heard.

"Oh, so she's beautiful now, is she?"

But Ivan would not give up. "Yes," he answered, "and I want her. Where is she, most wise witch?"

Then the witch told him: "She is guarded by the *kastchey-bessmertnys*."[2] And the witch went on: "That creature will die and your wife be restored to you if you can break the tip of a needle which lies hidden in an egg. That egg is in a duck, the duck is in a rabbit, the rabbit is in a box, the box is standing on the branch of a high oak tree, and that tree is guarded by the dragon."

Ivan was dazed but the witch took him out and showed him where the tree was. While box, egg, rabbit, needle, and duck were going in a

[1] *Czarevitch* means "son of the Czar."

[2] The Russian name for the deathless dragon.

jumble through his mind, the witch left him, and at once a bear appeared and tore the tree up by the roots. The tree fell with a great crash and a box tumbled down breaking with the fall. Out of the box jumped a rabbit and at once another rabbit came along, chased it and tore it all to pieces, and out came a duck. Then the big bird he had spared swooped down, caught the duck, tore it to pieces and out fell an egg. The egg fell into the sea. Prince Ivan sat down by the water's edge and wept. Everything had seemed to be in his favor, but of course this ended it all, for how could he ever find an egg in the sea? But just then a fish came swimming up to him with the egg in its mouth. Overjoyed, he took the egg, broke it, and found the needle inside. He then broke the tip off the needle, and at that instant the dragon died. Sure in his heart that it must be so, Ivan Czarevitch went to the palace and there was his beautiful wife all safe and sound! He brought her back to his home, and ever after they lived happily there together.

Morózko

Once there was a family of a father and daughter, a stepmother and her daughter, and a little dog. This dog was very wise and sometimes told the family ahead of time what was going to happen.

The stepmother very much disliked her stepdaughter. She never let the child have much to eat and never did anything for her, but still Márfa was sweet and kind. At last the stepmother could stand it no longer and decided to get rid of Márfa. She told her husband to take the girl out to the forest and leave her there. The father grieved very much over that. It was winter time and cold. Of course anyone left alone in the forest would die. But grieving did no good, what his wife said he always had to do, so one morning he took Márfa and went off to the forest with her. They walked till they reached the edge of the woods, then with breaking hearts they bade each other goodbye. The father slipped some bread into her coat pocket and left her.

Márfa was alone in the forest. It was very strange and quiet there, and she was frightened. She had never in her life before seen so many trees. Everywhere she went—trees, trees, trees! Sometimes they seemed to be chasing her, sometimes when they bent their tall heads together they seemed to be plotting against her, and always they were whispering about her. There were dark, shadowy groups whose branches reached out and caught at her clothes as she went by as though they would hold

her. The air was full of the cracking and the snapping of branches. What could it be, unless the sound of someone else in the forest? She stood still a minute and looked around as she listened. Another snap, snap; she shivered, then she saw Morózko, the frost. He it was leaping around snapping the branches and making the air so cold! She did not want him to see her shiver for fear he would be displeased. She walked on a little farther. A clump of evergreens looked kind. She sank down amidst them to rest. They warmed her, and she took courage. Perhaps, after all, the forest folk were all friendly. She thought she would be friendly and see. Soon Morózko came skipping along.

"Good day, Márfa," he said.

"Good morning to you, Morózko," she replied politely. The trees were still whispering together. She listened, and she found they were speaking to her.

"How do you do, my dear?" they said. "Welcome to our home." Just then a rabbit ran out from under a bush near by and stopped a minute to look at her. She threw him a piece of bread. He ran for it eagerly and ate it right before her, saying between nibbles:

"Thank you, little friend." A bird flew down on a branch in front of her and began to chirp and sing.

"Maybe he is trying to talk to me too," she thought, and threw some crumbs of bread around on the ground. The bird flew down at once and began to peck them up. After he had eaten them all he flew back to the tree.

"You're a good friend," he sang. "Stay with us and we'll be friends to you." This encouraged her and she got up and went on into the forest. She had not gone far until off to one side she heard a piteous whine. She went that way at once to see what it might be. There she found a beautiful fox with one foot caught fast in a trap. She went up to the trap and got it open. The fox leaped up and licked her hand in gratitude, then lay down and licked his sore foot. But every little while he barked up at her:

"You are good; hope you'll stay with us."

Life in the forest was becoming very interesting. She went on and on, getting acquainted with more animals and birds until night came. Then there was Morózko again, cracking the branches and snapping his fingers at her. She was frightened as before, and a little shiver ran down her back. She was cold and tired and sleepy, but where could she sleep? Perhaps

she might find some more sheltering evergreens or some leaves piled high. She wandered on. At last whom should she spy coming toward her through the trees but her fox! She knew him from his sore foot and the way he was limping. He came right up to her wagging his tail and stopped for her to pat his shaggy back, for all the world like a dog. Then he trotted ahead, looking back every little while and calling to her:

"This way, kind friend, come with me. I'll show you a place to sleep." She followed the fox and he brought her to an opening in the hillside. "This is my cave," he said, "come on in and stay with me." She crawled in with the fox, and Morozko came crackling his way through the firs and spread his cold mantle right to the edge of the cave, but she called cheerily to him:

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, little girl," he replied. "I'm glad you're making friends with all our forest people." So Márfa slept warm and happy all night. In the morning when she awoke she found the fox had already gone. She crawled out of the cave and stretched herself. The sun greeted her brightly, and Morózko sparkled at her from every tree and vine.

"Fine morning, little friend," he called. "We want you to go back today to the entrance to the forest. We have a present waiting there for you."

"Oh," said the girl, too astonished to say more. She wondered why a present and what kind of a present it might be. And she wondered how she ever could find her way back. But Morózko went on:

"Because you've been good friends with us, we give you this. The forest people will show you the way." And he was gone.

"Well," she thought, "I've nothing to do but walk around in the forest. I might as well walk one way as another, I suppose." Already the birds were calling to her and she followed where they called, eating some bread as she went.

That morning the stepmother wanted to make sure her stepdaughter had perished in the forest as she should, and she sent her husband out to see. He had been gone quite a while and it was about time for him to return when her little dog fell to barking. He barked till the stepmother was furious with him.

"Quit that," she yelled at him. But he only barked the more, and this was what he was saying:

"Well, well! Here comes the stepdaughter with a dower-trunk of wonderful things." Angrily the stepmother threw a pancake to the little dog.

"Stop barking! Here's a pancake. Now say instead, 'Here comes the father with a coffin and his daughter's bones.' " But just the same the dog kept on barking:

"Well, well! Here comes the daughter with a dower-trunk full of wonderful things," until at last the father really came walking into the house. He was half-carrying, half-dragging a huge trunk, and his daughter was with him! The stepmother was so angry that she did not want to speak to the girl nor see the trunk, yet she was curious to see what was in it and she had to look. When it was opened it was found to be full of every wonderful, beautiful thing that a girl could want. Then the stepmother was more angry than ever.

"Where did you get all this?" she screamed.

"Morózko gave it to me out in the forest," Márfa answered.

"In the forest," she exclaimed. "Well, is that all? Here, Father, take my daughter out into the forest now. Leave her the way you did yours, and let my daughter also get a trunk full of beautiful things." So it was that the father went again into the forest as his wife commanded, this time taking her daughter. He took her to the woods as he had his own child, then left her there and returned to the house. But this daughter did not fare as well as his own had. She was mean and unfriendly to the forest people, and they would not help her. When Morózko spoke to her she insulted him.

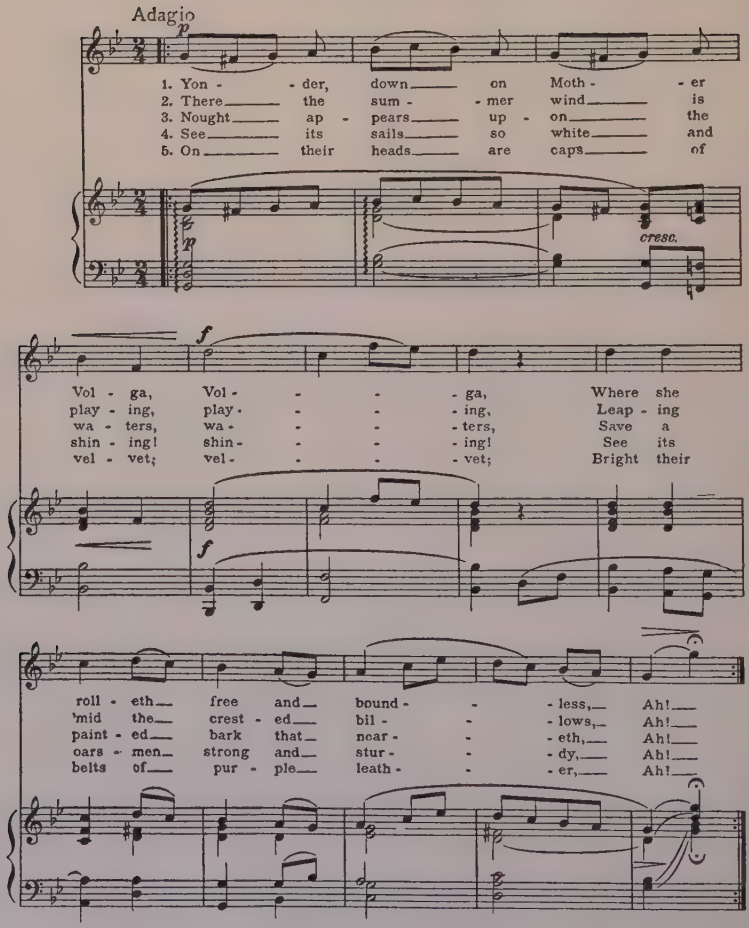
"I hate you and this old forest," she screamed, "and I am going to get out of here as quickly as I can." She would not do a thing but sit under a tree and shiver and shake her fist at Morózko and every little while ask him crossly: "Where's my dower-trunk? I want my dower-trunk." Morózko would not give her any dower-trunk, but froze her to death. And that was the end of the stepmother's daughter.

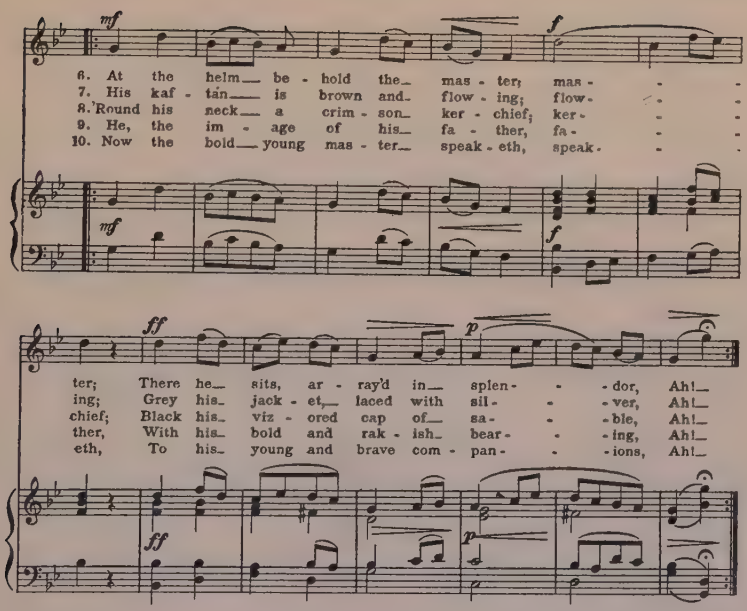
The next day again the stepmother sent her husband into the woods, this time to bring back her daughter, as she thought. When it was about time for them to be coming home, the little dog fell to barking as before, but now what it said was:

"Well, well! Here comes the father with a coffin and your daughter's bones." Of course that made the stepmother angry.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked at the dog. "Don't say that," and she threw it a pancake. "Here, eat this and say, 'Well, well! Here comes the daughter with a dower-trunk of wonderful things.'" But the dog kept on barking about the daughter's bones till the father really did come bringing a box with the dead girl in it. That was more than the stepmother could bear. She was furious, and at the same time she was grieved to the heart. She fell over dead, and that was the end of the stepmother. The father and his daughter were then left alone together. They found another home and went to live in it, and they were happy there all the rest of their lives.

Down on Mother Volga


Adagio
p
1. Yon - der, down on Moth - er
2. There the sum - mer wind is
3. Nought ap - pears up - on the
4. See its sails so white and
5. On their heads are caps of
cresc.
f
Vol - ga, Vol - - - ga, Where she
play - ing, play - - - ing, Leap - ing
wa - ters, wa - - - ters, Save a
shin - ing! shin - - - ing! See its
vel - vet; vel - - - vet; Bright their
f
roll - eth free and bound - - less, Ah!
'mid the crest - ed bil - - lows, Ah!
paint - ed bark that near - - eth, Ah!
oars - men strong and stur - - dy, Ah!
belts of pur - ple leath - - er, Ah!


6. At the helm be - hold the mas - ter; mas -
7. His kaf - tán is brown and flow - ing; flow -
8. Round his neck a crim - son ker - chief; ker -
9. He, the im - age of his fa - ther, fa -
10. Now the bold young mas - ter speak - eth, speak -
ter; There he sits, ar - ray'd in splen - dor, Ah!
ing; Grey his jack - et, laced with sil - ver, Ah!
chief; Black his viz - ored cap of sa - ble, Ah!
ther, With his bold and rak - ish bear - ing, Ah!
eth, To his young and brave com - pan - ions, Ah!

11. "Yonder, down on Mother Volga
Let us swiftly row together! Ah!

12. "Till we reach the friendly homestead
Of sweet Helen, Ivan's daughter, Ah!"

13. Yonder, down on Mother Volga,
Swifter now the lads are rowing, Ah!

14. Till they reach the friendly homestead
Of sweet Helen, Ivan's daughter, Ah!

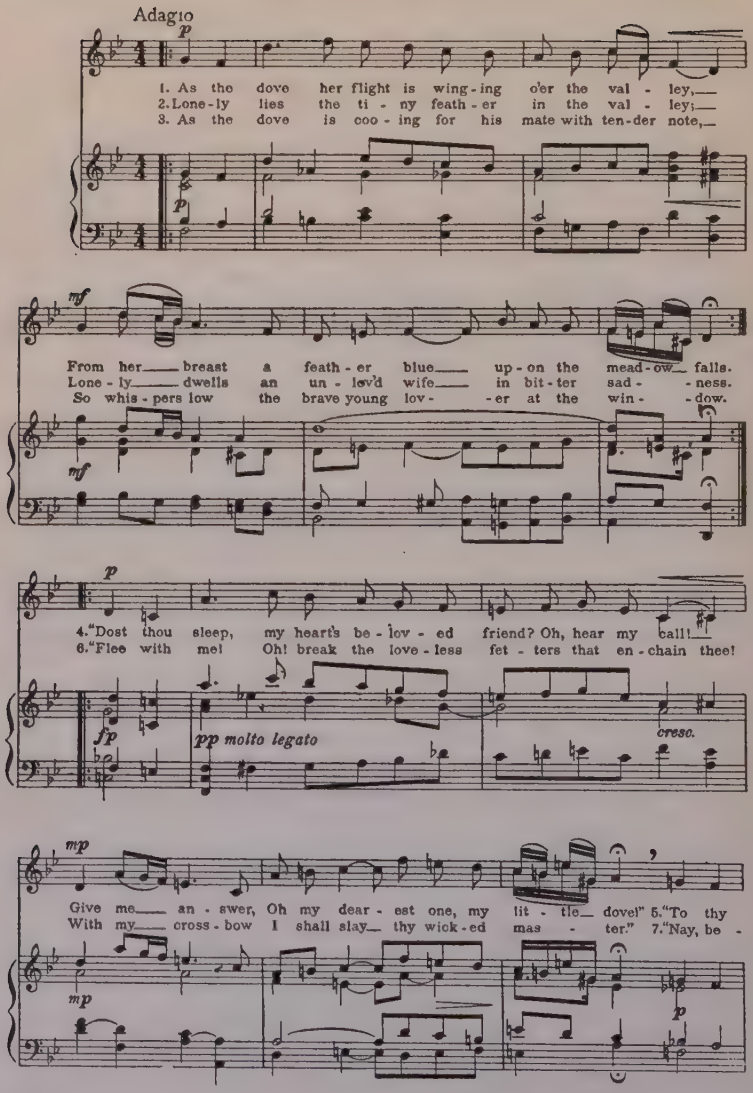
15. Helen meets them in the doorway,
Greets them there and bids them welcome, Ah!

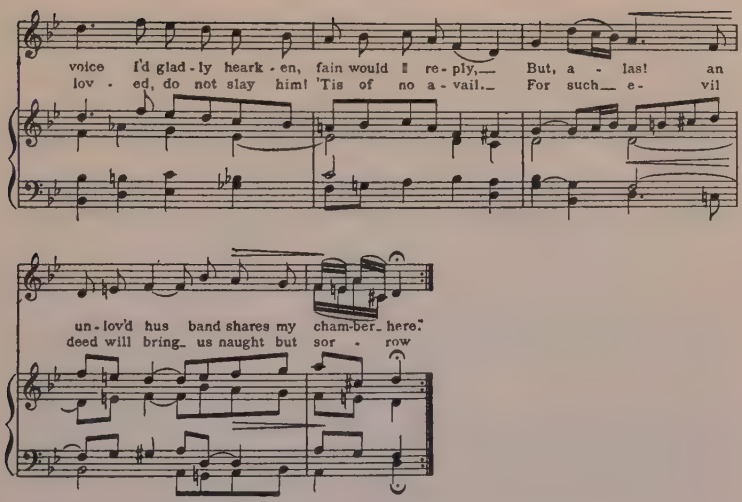
16. "What delight," she says, "to see you!
Never guessed I such a meeting, Ah!

17. "Be not angry, guests and comrades,
That I wear such simple garments, Ah!

18. "I have but a shift of linen
Underneath my quilted jacket, Ah!"

The Blue Dove

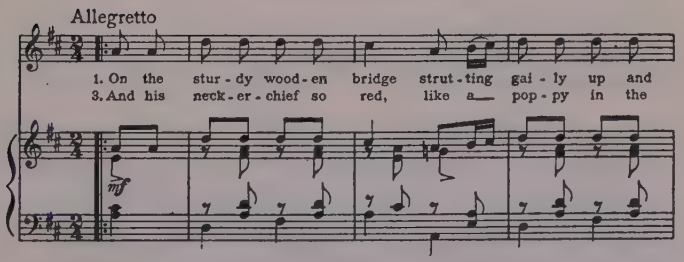

Adagio
p
1. As the dove her flight is wing-ing o'er the val - ley,
2. Lone-ly lies the ti - ny feath - er in the val - ley;
3. As the dove is coo - ing for his mate with ten-der note,
mf
From her breast a feath - er blue up - on the mead-ow falls.
Lone - ly dwells an un - lov'd wife in bit - ter sad - ness.
So whis - pers low the brave young lov - er at the win - dow.
4. "Dost thou sleep, my heart's be - lov - ed friend? Oh, hear my call!"
6. "Flee with me! Oh! break the love - less fet - ters that en - chain thee!
fp
pp molto legato
cresc.
mp
Give me an - swer, Oh my dear - est one, my lit - tle dove!" 5. "To thy
With my cross - bow I shall slay thy wick - ed mas - ter." 7. "Nay, be -
mp
p

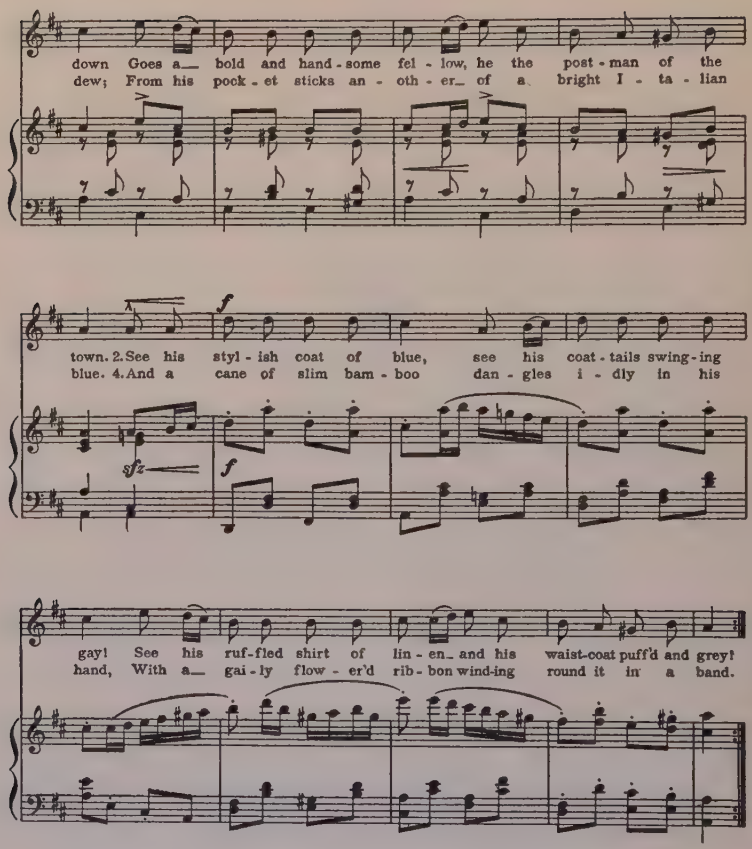

voice I'd glad - ly heark - en, fain would I re - ply,— But, a - las! an
lov - ed, do not slay him! 'Tis of no a - vail.— For such— e - vil
un - lov'd hus band shares my cham-ber- here."
deed will bring— us naught but sor - row

8. Nay, disaster greater far would then befall us,
Such misfortune as would doom us both forever.

The Village Don Juan

POSTILION'S SONG




down Goes a bold and hand-some fel-low, he the post-man of the
dew; From his pock-et sticks an-oth-er of a bright I-ta-lian
town. 2. See his styl-ish coat of blue, see his coat-tails swing-ing
blue. 4. And a cane of slim bam-boo dan-gles i-dly in his
gay! See his ruf-fled shirt of lin-en and his waist-coat puff'd and grey!
hand, With a gai-ly flow-er'd rib-bon wind-ing round it in a band.

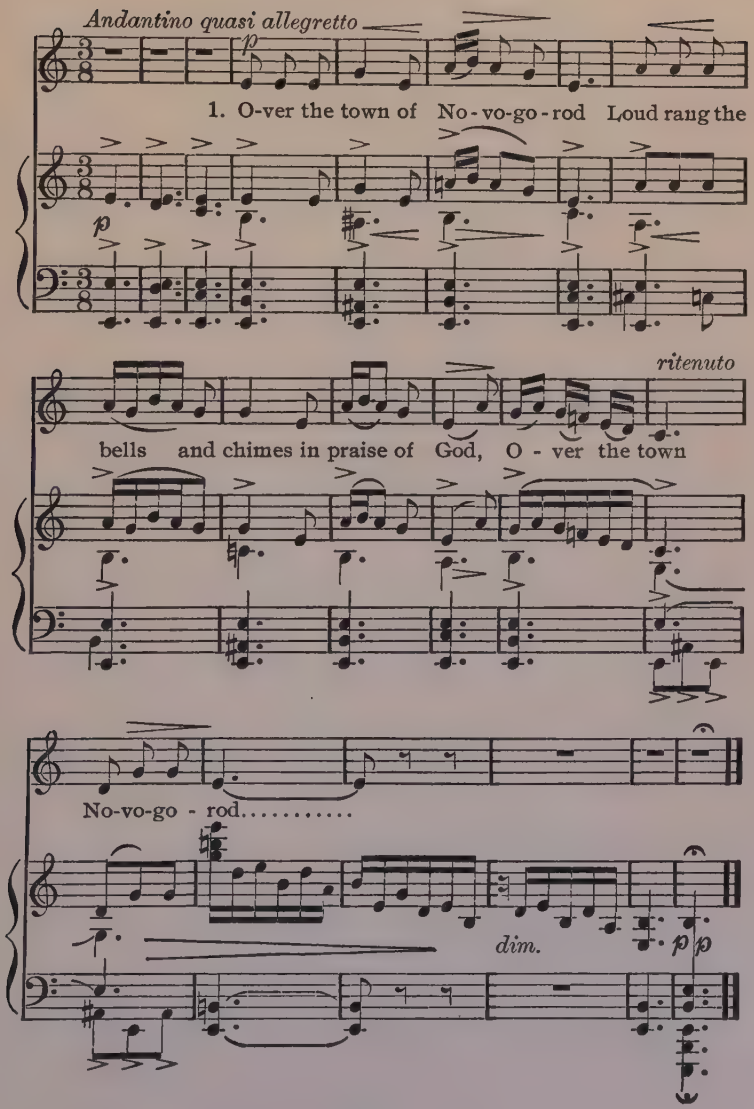
Now he strides across the bridge with a grin that seems to say:
"See this ribbon that my little Masha gave to me today!"

Comes another pretty maid, while he stands before his door,
And with weeping she begins the gay postilion to implore:

"If you are no longer mine, then I gladly leave you free;
Go, I pray, and find another fairer, wiser maid than me!"

But the gay postilion says: "Do not worry, pretty dove!
I have done with little Masha, she no longer is my love."

The Bells of Novgorod



The bellringer's daughter toll'd the bells,
Young Vasilissa, so the story tells,
So the story tells.
Young Master Luka went into town,
Gabriel's son, a youth of great renown,
Luka, the youth of renown.
Hearing the chimes that fill'd the air,
Lo, he beheld the maiden wondrous fair,
Young Vasilissa the fair.
As in a dream he came away:
"Mother, a wonder befell thy son today,
Wonder befell me to day.
I saw my bride by Fate's decree,
Slender and tall as any birchen tree,
Tall as a birchen tree.
Crimson her lips, her breast is white,
Deep are her glowing eyes and black as night,
Black are her eyes as night.

POETRY

Demons[1]

Clouds are shifting, clouds are flying,
Scarce the hidden moon's pale light
On the drifting snow is lying,—
Wild the heavens, wild the night.
Swiftly o'er the stormswept lowland—
Jingle, jingle bells amain!
Swiftly still, though heavy-hearted,
Drive I o'er the frozen main.

"Ho there! driver, onward!" "Faster,
Good my lord, we may not go,
For the stormwind blinds me, master,
And the road is choked with snow."
Useless all! the track is hidden;
We are lost to help and home;
From afar the demon spies us—
Closer circling see him come!

Ha! beside us he's careering,
Hissing, spitting,—now, I ween,
Round the steeds so madly veering
On the brink of yon ravine.
There—if near or far I know not—
He was whirling in my sight.
There again he pined and dwindled,
Vanished into empty night!

Clouds are shifting, clouds are flying,
Scarce the hidden moon's pale light
On the drifting snow is lying,—
Wild the heavens, wild the night.

[1] All poetry from Leo Weiner, *Anthology of Russian Literature* (Putnam, 1909).

Courage fails to struggle longer,
  Suddenly the sleigh bells cease—
Pause the team—Declare thou yonder—
  Wolf or tree-stem—is it peace?

Hark, the wind is wailing sadly,
  Loudly snort the startled team.
There, see there he gambols madly,
  Through the murk his eyeballs gleam.
Once again the team has started—
  Jingle, jingle bells amain!
Lo, the spirit-hosts assemble
  O'er the faintly gleaming plain!

Form they have not, have no number,
  Lightly whirling round, they seem
Like the dead leaves of November
  In the moon's uncertain beam.
Are they endless? whither fly they?
  Why this wailful chanting, Say!
Mourn they now their dead? In marriage
  Give they, else, some witch away?

Clouds are shifting, clouds are flying,
  Scarce the hidden moon's pale light
On the drifting snow is lying,—
  Wild the heavens, wild the night.
Still they come and still they vanish
  In the darkness o'er the plain,
Still their moaning and imploring
  Rends my very heart in twain!

—Evgéni Abrámovich Baratýnski

Tryst

A whisper, a gentle sigh,
  Trills of the nightingale;
The silver flash of the brook,
  Asleep in the sleepy vale.
The shadows and shine of night—
  Shadows in endless race;

The sweet of a magical change
Over a sweet young face.
The blush of a rose in a mist,
An amber gleam on the lawn;
A rush of kisses and tears;
And oh, "the Dawn! the Dawn!"

Night

Night, thou art so blest with odours sweet and strong,
Thou rousest endless fancies in the mind!
All listen unto thee, and I cannot but long
To speak of what I in thy stillness find.

Thine azure vault spreads wide before my wondering eyes,
And all thy golden lights are burning bright;
It is as if thy stars were one great sun that tries
To cast its rays upon my garden's site.

Even the moon, no longer swimming o'er tuft-crowned trees
With placid gaze, seems like thyself to burn,
Though all the while the brook glistens in plashing ease
Beneath the boughs which hide its very turn.

The feeblest noise resounds throughout thee like a blow;
Air whispers, like the strings of a guitar,
So tenderly to thee that all who hear him know
The call to love from lands both near and far.

All Nature seems aroused, in concert to cry out
In speech that will not let our fancies die;
We push the casement open to look on night without,
And trembling try to read the silvery sky.

—Afanási Afanásevich Shenshín

A Legend

Christ, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there.
He watered them three times a day
To make a garland for His hair;

And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share.
They tore the flowers from every stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown
Now that Thy roses are all dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head,—
A garland for His forehead made;
For roses, drops of blood instead.

—Aleksyéy Nikoláevich Pleshchéev

A Moral Man

A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I lent my friend a sum he could not pay,
I jogged his memory in a friendly way,—
Then took the law of him th' affair to end,—
The law to prison sent my worthy friend.
He died there,—not a farthing for poor me!
I am not angry, though I've cause to be.
His debt that very moment I forgave,
And shed sad tears of sorrow o'er his grave.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

I sent my slave to learn the art of dressing
Meat;—he succeeded,—a good cook's a blessing;
But he too oft would leave his occupation,
And gained a taste not suited to his station.
He liked to read, to reason, and discuss—
I, tired of scolding, without further fuss
Had the rogue flogged,—all for the love of him:
He went and drowned himself,—'t was a strange whim.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

My silly daughter fell in love one day,
And with her tutor wished to run away:
I threatened curses and pronounced my ban;
She yielded, and espoused a rich old man.
Their house was splendid, brimming o'er with wealth,
But suddenly poor Mary lost her health,
And in a year consumption wrought her doom:
She left us mourning o'er her early tomb.
A strictly moral man have I been ever,
And never injured anybody—never.

—Alexander Koumanin

The Waterfall

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
  Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light:
  They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all
With infinite refulgence, while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along,—

Rolls through the woods,—they send its accents back,
  Whose last vibration in the desert dies:
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
  Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest shade; then sweetly flows
  A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,
  Skirting the darksome grove. But list! the hum
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
  Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoes come
On the fast-travelling breeze! Oh no, no voice
Is heard around but thy majestic noise!

When the mad storm-wind tears the oak asunder,
  In thee its shivered fragments find their tomb;
When rocks are riven by the bolt of thunder,
  As sands they sink into thy mighty womb:
The ice that would imprison thy proud tide,
Like bits of broken glass is scattered wide.

The fierce wolf prowls around thee—there it stands
  Listening,—not fearful, for he nothing fears:
His red eyes burn like fury-kindled brands,
  Like bristles o'er him his coarse fur he rears;
Howling, thy dreadful roar he oft repeats,
And, more ferocious, hastes to bloodier feats.

The wild stag hears thy falling waters sound,
  And trembling flies forward,—o'er her back
She bends her stately borns, the noiseless ground
  Her hurried feet impress not, and her track
Is lost among the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

The wild horse thee approaches in his turn;
  He changes not his proudly rapid stride;
His mane stands up erect, his nostrils burn,
  He snorts, he pricks his ears, and starts aside;
Then rushing madly forward to thy steep,
He dashes down into thy torrents deep.

—Gavriíl Románovich Derzhávin

During a Thunder Storm

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
  Ancient of days! Thou speakest from above;
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
  That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! Trembling like a child,
  I hear Thy awful voice, alarmed, afraid,
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
  And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! What is man? Up to the sun he flies,
  Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries,
  And here in error and in darkness lost.
Beneath the stormclouds, on life's raging sea,
  Like a poor sailor, by the tempest tossed
In a frail bark, the sport of destiny,
  He sleeps, and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest, and the obedient storm is still.
  Thou speakest, silent the submissive wave;
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
  And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! Compared with Thee,
  Life is a shadowy, momentary dream,
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
  Less then the mote of morning's golden beam.

—Iván Ivánovich Dmítriev

GAMES

Czars

One is a czar. The others get together and agree upon doing something he is to guess by the motions they make. When they are ready they give a signal, the czar comes out and asks: "Well, my subjects, what have you been doing?" They answer by giving some motions for him to guess. If he guesses correctly, they all run and he tries to catch someone. The one he catches exchanges places with him and has to be czar. If he does not catch anyone, then he must be czar again.

Guessing Game

Played the same as we play it. One is sent out of the room. The others choose some object in the room he is to guess. He comes back and tries by various questions to find out what the object is. He must ask only questions that can be answered by "yes" or "no."

Gorelky

The people, two by two, form a double line. A leader stands at the head of the line with his back to it. He sings:

Burn bright, burn bright,
Fire must not die tonight.
Look above the sea,
Birds are singing
Bells are ringing,
One, two, three!

When he says "three," the last couple from the line behind him run out, one on each side, around in front of him, and try to clasp hands before he touches them. If he catches one of them, then that one becomes his partner and the other must take his place as leader.

The Golden Gates

Two persons stand opposite each other and make a gate by holding their hands up and forward so that they touch. Each chooses a symbol—a flower, an animal, or a color. They tell the company the symbols they

have chosen but do not let them know to whom either symbol belongs. All the other people form a line. The game begins by all singing:

Go through the golden gates, go, go,
Go through the golden gates, go, go.

This is sung over and over again, while the line seeks to pass through the gates. Every once in a while the gates are lowered and catch someone. After the line has passed through, all those caught are asked which side they want to be on. They name one symbol or the other without knowing to which side that will send them. After all have been caught, they arrange themselves by sides and close the game with a tug of war or other contest.

The Sea Is Getting Stormy

Somewhat similar to our "Going to Jerusalem." Chairs are arranged in two rows, back to back, one chair less than the number of people playing. Each person gets a seat if he can. The one left without a chair must be the leader of the game. He walks around the room while telling a story. As a part of the story he calls from the chairs first one and then another of the company to rise and follow him, until he has them all marching around after him. Then suddenly he shouts, "The sea is getting stormy," whereupon all, including the leader, try to get a seat. The one left without is the one to be the leader and tell the story next time.

Blind Man's Buff

Played the same as we play it. One is blindfolded and gropes around until he catches someone. If he guesses the name of the one caught, then that one takes his place as guesser.

Cat and Mouse

The company forms a circle, leaving one outside to be the cat and one inside to be the mouse. Those in the circle clasp hands to protect the mouse. The cat runs around the circle and in and out as fast as he can, trying to catch the mouse. Those in the circle seek by barring the way with their clasped hands to keep the cat from the mouse. When caught, the cat and mouse exchange places with the two in the circle who allowed the mouse to be caught.

REFRESHMENTS

Tea

Tea may be served with sugar and cream, but usually it is served with apple or with jam. A slice of apple in a cup of tea gives it a good flavor. A spoonful of jam taken between swallows of tea is delicious to Russian taste, or, better still, the jam may be put directly into the tea. Great quantities of jam are eaten thus by Russians. Lemons are very expensive in their country, never less than ten cents apiece and often as high as fifty cents apiece, hence are little used.

Caviar

Caviar, or fish eggs, is a Russian dish and is very much liked. They would of course be accessible to some people in our country.

For Easter

In Russia it is not Christmas, but Easter, which is made the festive time. For this occasion there are two things which are always made—*koulych* and *pasha*.

KOULYCH

Make regular yeast bread, but sweeten it considerably and put in plenty of raisins. The Russians bake this in an upright vessel, and when removed, the loaf is stood upright on the table.

PASHA

Beat curds into a soft cottage cheese; sweeten, add eggs, sour cream, vanila, and raisins. Mold into a pyramid and mark one of the following characters on each of its sides: †, *X*, *B*. The † is of course the Easter symbol, *X* means Christ, and *B* is the character beginning the Russian word for "resurrected," so *B* stands for "resurrected."

These two Easter foods are served together on the table, both standing upright with decorations of paper roses on top. Easter eggs, that is, hard-boiled eggs which have been colored, are laid all around and between the *koulych* and *pasha*, making a very pretty table decoration.

DRESS

Women

Of course the dress is different in different parts of Russia. In some of the south it is much simpler than in the north. In Little Russia, or the southern part of the country, the peasants wear a kind of dress much like what used to be worn here and which we called a "guimp dress." The main part consists of a plain straight slip low in the neck and sleeveless. Underneath is worn a waist, which supplies the sleeves and upper part of the dress. This waist is generally white, and the main part of the dress some dark color.

The more elaborate dress is found in Great Russia, or the northern part of the country. This is formed of an elaborately embroidered white-linen waist (rather heavy material), a plain, full skirt usually black or dark blue, and a narrow white-linen apron. The apron is embroidered to match the waist in the fine red-and-blue cross-stitch of Russia which has become so famous for its beauty. The apron is edged with some of Russia's lovely handmade lace—also famous.

The waist is simply cut straight down and gathered very full into a neckband which is large enough to slip over the head. The sleeves are very wide and full. They are set in with deep gussets underneath the arms and made with wristbands large enough to be worn pushed up above the elbow. The waist is usually embroidered nearly all over. The neck and wristbands are embroidered and most of the front, and the top sides of the sleeves. Beads are worn around the neck and tied at the back with ribbons.

This dress is sometimes varied a little by making a draped skirt. In this case a wide piece of goods is simply fastened around the waist with an overlapping at one side. With this sort of skirt the waist worn is cut very long, long enough to serve also as an underslip.

Waists and aprons and men's blouses are always made of linen or cotton. There is very little silk in all Russia; what there is, is imported and is very expensive. Linen, cotton, and wool, however, are raised there. Women's skirts and men's trousers are usually made of wool. Woolen hose are much worn, black or gray principally.

Peasant women do not wear hats; instead they wear over the head a bright-colored cotton or linen square. This square is folded three-cornered and tied over the head with the corners in the back. Married women bring the ends straight down and tie them under the chin. Girls bring the ends around the head above the ears, and tie them in the back.

Men

Men wear half-length trousers much like what we call "knickers." With these they wear blouses of bright colors and high boots that come up to their knees. These blouses are made of linen or some such heavy material, have a narrow neckband, and fasten across the left shoulder and down the side. They are well known to us as the "Russian blouse."

Fur or sheepskin hats are worn by the men. These hats are made square in shape and rather high, the height allowing room to pull them down over the ears when the weather is very cold.

Fur coats are common for both men and women, but the fur is never worn on the outside, always on the inside for a lining.

APPENDIX

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

Africa

Darlington, Anne C. *Through the Dark;* a one-act play on Africa (four characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement.

Ferris, Anita B. "Livingstone Hero Plays" (one scene each): *The Faithful Friend* (five characters); *The Fight with a Lion* (twelve or so characters); *The Mill Boy* (five characters); *The Slave Raiders* (thirty or so characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1918.

McCauley, Clarice V. *Dinah, Queen of the Berbers* (a play of three acts; twelve or more characters). New York: Abingdon, 1920.

Swain, A. C. *Livingstone and Stanley Meet and Part* (a play with Prelude and two scenes; nine or more characters). New York: Baptist Board of Education.

Willcox, Helen L. *In Congo Land,* "Dramatic Sketches of Mission Fields," No. 4 (a play of one scene; thirteen or more characters). New York: Baptist Board of Education.

Willcox, Helen L. *Kanjundu, or from Fear of the Enemy* (a play of three scenes; fifteen characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1913.

Willcox, Helen L. *The Test* (a play of one scene; seven characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1916.

China

Applegarth, Margaret T. *Broken China* (a play of four scenes, with Prelude and Postlude; eight characters). Chicago: Women's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

Applegarth, Margaret T. *A Stitch in Time* (a play of six scenes; twenty characters). New York: General Board of Promotion, Northern Baptist Convention.

Brown, Jean H. *The Honorable Mrs. Ling's Conversion* (a play of three acts; fourteen characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1920.

LITTLE, ARCHIBALD. *Plot and Counterplot, or the Lovers' Vengeance* (in his *Gleanings from Fifty Years in China*) (a play of two acts; four characters). Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1911.

MACNAIR, IRENE T. *The Color Line;* a one-act play of Present-Day China. New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1928.

MANLEY, MARIAN, *The Hour of Waking* (a pageant of one scene; about fifty characters). New York: Abingdon, 1920.

MURPHY, HELEN A. *No Lantern for Wu Lee* (a play with music, one act; about twenty characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1924.

SUNG, KYUNG SHIEN, AND SUTTON, V. R. *Betrothal of Mai Tsung* (a play of three acts; seventeen characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement, 1924.

WILLCOX, HELEN L. *The Auspicious Day,* "Dramatic Sketches of Mission Fields," No. 2 (a play of one act; eleven characters). New York: Baptist Board of Education.

WILLCOX, HELEN L. *Slave Girl and School Girl* (a play of three scenes; seven characters). New York: Missionary Education Movement.

INDIA

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